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CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

AUGUST, 1938

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET

for

AUGUST

1938

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ONE FRITZ SCHMIDT

TOTALITARIAN DIARY: A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SIMPLE CITIZEN OF THE THIRD REICH

WHETHER the Rhineland is a military zone or not, whether or not Abyssinia is a Fascist colony and Austria a Nazi province, in the long run matters less for the daily life of the citizen and his family than the price of meat, the quality of milk and the extent of decent individual liberty.

How is life for the average man under an airtight system of autocratic command, where a small group rules without responsibility to anybody?

The best answer to this big question is the simple description of a day in the life of an unpretentious peaceful man.

★ ★ ★

Herr Fritz Schmidt is an inhabitant of a medium-sized town, assistant manager in the local branch of a bank, with a monthly income of 450 marks. He is forty-three years of age, a war-veteran. He has a wife and two children, Karl, a student of twenty-one, and Gertrud, a girl of twelve.

In the morning the bread was set on the table for breakfast. It was made from rye and potato flour and easily got mouldy in the breadbox.

Herr Schmidt, who had a weak stomach, looked sadly at the bread:

"Can't you tell the baker something about the bread?"

"Fritz!" said Frau Schmidt. "What are you talking about? Don't you know the baker is a platoon-leader in the storm troopers?"

"All right, all right," grumbled Schmidt, picking up the morning paper.

"We have to economize," his wife said. "Can't we cancel one of the two papers we have subscribed for?"

"No," Schmidt said resolutely, "this one is the party paper of the Gau and the other the big daily of the Führer himself. Didn't I tell you I was the last one in our bank to subscribe? The manager finally gave me a hint that further resistance might be dangerous, marking me as a secret enemy of the state."

Leaving his apartment, he met the janitor and was very careful to return the man's salute with stiffly lifted arm. He remembered the case of Mr. Lüdecke.

Lüdecke had somehow neglected the janitor's smart salute. The janitor promptly denounced him to the au-

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thorities. Lüdecke, a former Free Mason and therefore a suspicious character as a matter of course, lost his job.

In his office, Schmidt received a visit from the manager of the bank. Making sure that the door was firmly closed, the older man sighed:

"What times—one simply can't be too cautious. Did you hear what happened to Frau Holzmann, a customer of ours? She went to Switzerland, to see some friends of hers there. After her return, the customs police asked how she had financed her trip. She told them her friends in Zürich had made her a loan. Now she awaits her trial, for having contracted debts in a foreign country without first obtaining the special permission of the Reichsbank. She called me up yesterday, crying she didn't do anything wrong. The poor woman can't understand. . . ."

In Schmidt's home his wife had just gone out to do her shopping.

"Lard is on sale today!" the dairy woman announced in one store—"One-half pound per customer!"

Somebody demanded:

"A pint of sweet cream. I will make some whipped cream for my afternoon party."

"Say, where are you from?" screeched the dairy woman. "Don't you know the sale of cream is forbidden?"

The other woman slinked away. She really had forgotten. There were so many regulations now, one-half pound of butter per week, sometimes less, only cold storage eggs, if any.

At the butcher's Frau Schmidt met the same crowd. The butcher declared:

"No bacon this week, no pork today, maybe tomorrow, but you must come early."

In the grocery store one woman demanded one pound of split rice (the cheapest grade). Weighing the rice, the grocer said:

"I must warn you not to use rice as food for dogs or birds. It is strictly forbidden."

The customer remained silent. After she had gone, another woman in the store threateningly said:

"Quite right! I know her, she keeps a dog and two parrots. Some day I must tell the Frauenbund-leader to look over her household."

"I am the block-leader in our section," another woman pompously declared. "Last week we searched the pantry of a family in our house because the woman looked suspicious to me. Can you imagine what we found? Ten big pots with melted butter and lard. It is against the law of course. We informed the police, and they took all of it away from her."

Going home, Mrs. Schmidt met her girl coming from school. Gertrud, a nice-looking sturdy girl, wore a perplexed and thoughtful expression.

"What is the matter, Trudi?" asked her mother.

"The teacher talked today about the Christian religion, mother. She said the New Testament is no good.

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and the Old Testament is just Jewish trash and bunk.

"Teacher made us write it down, mother. Here it is: 'The dogma of our religion must be the Nordic myths, the fanatic conscience of the German race being superior to everything, and the faith to the Führer!'"

Mrs. Schmidt sighed:

"Well, my dear, you better ask our good pastor about all that next time. Now let us go in here, I need some lining for my coat."

In the store, Mrs. Schmidt asked, fingering a piece of material on the counter:

"Is this pure wool?"

"Sorry," the merchant said, "we are not allowed to speak about the raw materials in the fabrics. This is strictly forbidden by law."

In the evening the family Schmidt was seated around the dinner table.

"Say grace, Gertrud," father Schmidt demanded of the girl.

The girl blushed, looking at her mother. Frau Schmidt said:

"Never mind, Gertrud. As decent Christians we believe in Christ as we have learned to do. We are not heathens yet. Now say: *Komm, Herr Jesu, sei unser Gast . . .*"

After the soup Mr. Schmidt said:

"What's on tonight? Shall we all go and see grandmother? You know how she enjoys a visit from the children."

"Sorry, dad," Karl said, "I have

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to attend the sports exercises. That is compulsory."

"How many evenings have you left?"

"Practically none, sir."

"Not much time left for your studies!" grumbled Schmidt.

"It doesn't matter," Karl said with defiance. "We are always told that political training and military smartness make the man, not dry science. Nordic preponderance and pureness of blood and race are the only ways of promotion for an Aryan scientist. We hear that every day from our professors, so there must be something in it."

"I can't go to Grandma," Gertrud chimed in. "Tonight we have a Kulturevening in the Hitler youth house. A professor is reading a paper about the high moral standard of the ancient Teutons. Tomorrow evening it is sports and anti-airraid exercises with gasmasks."

"That reminds me," Frau Schmidt interrupted quickly, seeing the dark brows of her husband, "our section leader said you have a fat job, and we only pay a measly three marks to the anti-airraid bund."

Schmidt groaned.

"Money, always money! Our cashier told me today he had to collect a special 'sacrifice' for a purpose not specified, by order of the party. That will be another ten marks taken from me. Well—" looking at his son's spiteful face, he hastily added—"it is all right with me."

After the meal, when the children in their smart uniforms had left, Schmidt resumed his trend of thought. Looking at the closed windows first, he said to his wife:

"Really, Elisabeth, all these payments and fees are a very heavy burden for us. More than 30 per cent of my income is gone before we spend a single pfennig on ourselves."

His wife touched his shoulder caressingly.

"I know how it is, dear. But yet we are happy that we can pay it. Let's be quiet!"

Schmidt nodded. He knew less lucky friends of his.

There was the case of Mr. Butsch, who must have been too frank with his opinion about public affairs or some ruling men. One night the secret police came for him. Now he was in a concentration camp, living behind barbed wire. Frau Butsch had tried everything possible to free her husband. The official in command of the concentration camps, a young fellow in the black uniform of the "SS," had told her curtly:

"Your husband remains in the Ka-Zet until we find him sufficiently educated to the high theories of the Hitler-Reich. How long we keep him, is at our discretion. The least term is one year; but I can tell you, we have some fellows here for three years and more. Yet we don't think them ripe for liberty—haha!"

Fritz Schmidt looked at his wife and said, tenderly taking her hand:

"Yes, you are right, dear. Let's be quiet!" —MARTIN PROCTOR

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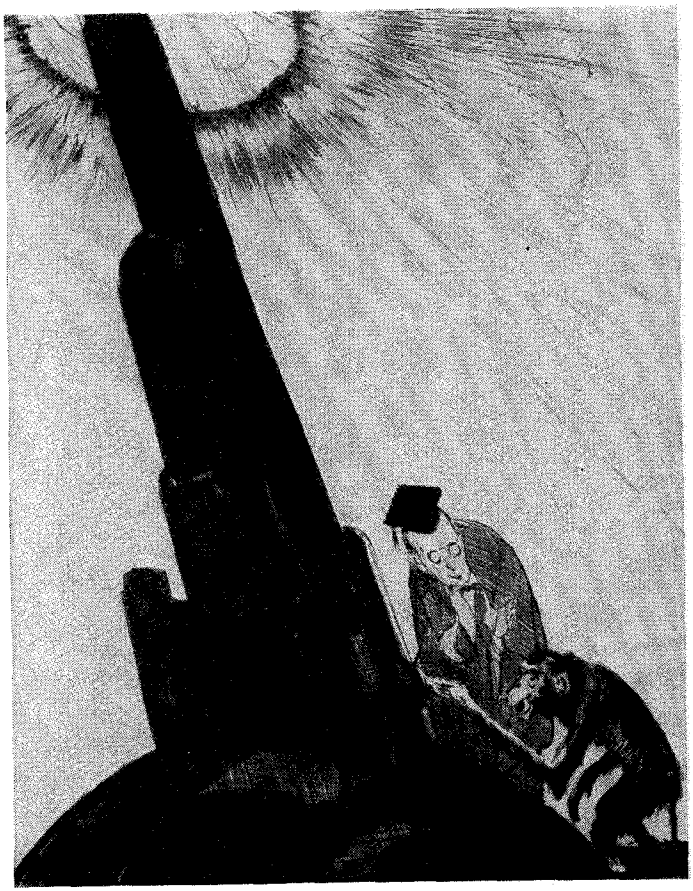

FERARGIL GALLERIES, NEW YORK

ETCHING BY WILL DYSON

"You see! A child could work it."

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FARMHOUSE BURNING AT NIGHT

The dark old farmhouse long since dead
Has come alive, and a vast dread
Is on the firs that have come near
Apples and lilacs year by year.
A terrible day is at the bars
Of all its windows, and new stars
Are rising up to join the old.

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Shy creatures with their backs to cold
And faces to strange heat draw nigh
And watch what they have hated die,
Rabbits, moles, and trembling deer,
That live by music in an ear,
Stand aghast and cannot flee
From this solemn symphony.

This is the end of the unholy
Place where creatures that moved slowly
Went in and out on legs upright
And never felt the fear of night,
Never crept home with the suns
But went about with little ones
Beside them in the night and lit
Great trees up from below, and it
Made the sleeping birds aghast
To see a day go moving past
Under them. This is the end,
And now the apple will be friend
To the fir. Feathers and hairs
Will never bristle again when squares
Of daylight blaze up in the side
Of the cave where the two-legged hide
Who play with suns and do not fear.

This is the end, and fear is here,
And it will stay till the world ends,
The fir and apple will be friends.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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SIGHT UNSEEN

STAGE DESIGNS IN SEARCH OF AN AUDIENCE: THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF TWO ARTICLES

THE United Scenic Artists of America is a concise little group of big men. After serving years of apprenticeship and then going through one of the most punishing five-hour examinations in the world, the members of the United Scenic Artists are privileged to design scenery for Broadway productions—and to disport themselves, accordingly, as one of the strongest unions in the country. They admit, usually, one new member a year. A handful of them are never unemployed . . . Jones, Simonson, Oenslager, Johnson, Chaney; these are members whose names decorate a great many theatre programs in a single season. Two of the busiest are Jo Mielziner and Norman Bel Geddes.

Mielziner has designed ten shows this season. Geddes, in between shows, runs one of the country's great industrial designing plants. Yet these two find time to look beyond the immediate Broadway horizon, to design projects on their own which have never been ordered by any producer. They find time to paint their visions in the vicarious reality of water color.

In the fourteen years during which Jo Mielziner has been a disciple of Scenia (the tenth Muse) he has designed more than one hundred and ten productions. That is a figure calculated to keep any designer busier than a certain celebrated paperhanger, but there are designs in Mr. Mielziner's files that still wait to be blessed by actual production. Two of them adorn these pages. The first one, *Dance of the Three Cabbies*, was designed in 1930 for a revue that never came to town. Here is one of the most ingenious backdrops to come out of the Mielziner studio. The line of cabs is painted on muslin which is lit from the rear, while the dancing cabbies are picked out by spotlights that come from the front of the house.

The second design, *The Red General*, was for a play which Joseph Verner Reed and Kenneth MacGowan bought at the height of their hectic productorial career and then hired Mielziner to design. They never produced it, but Mielziner spent several months making an elaborate set of drawings, one of which appears here —with some indication of the raw Revolutionary atmosphere that runs

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The Dance of the Three Cabbies

The Red General

STAGE DESIGNS BY JO MIELZINER

through all of them and which would have vitalized the entire production.

Norman Bel Geddes designed the two sets for *Aïda* in 1933, when Mary Garden was planning one of her periodic comebacks to opera. She never came back.

Geddes designed the sets to fit the proportions of the Metropolitan Opera House. The columns in the first act

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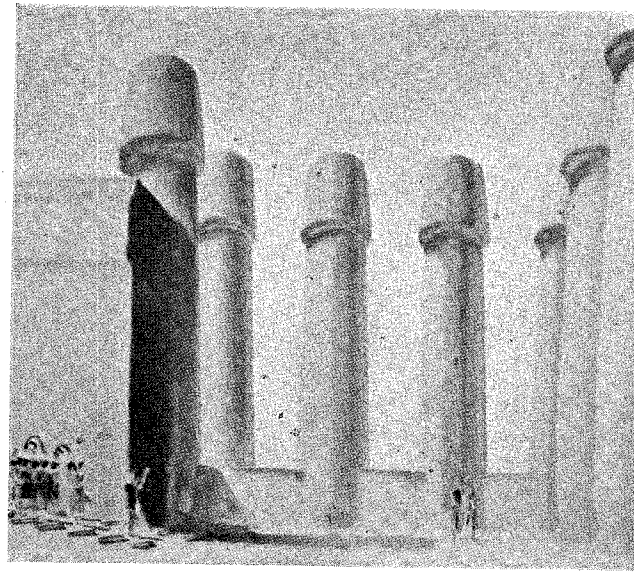
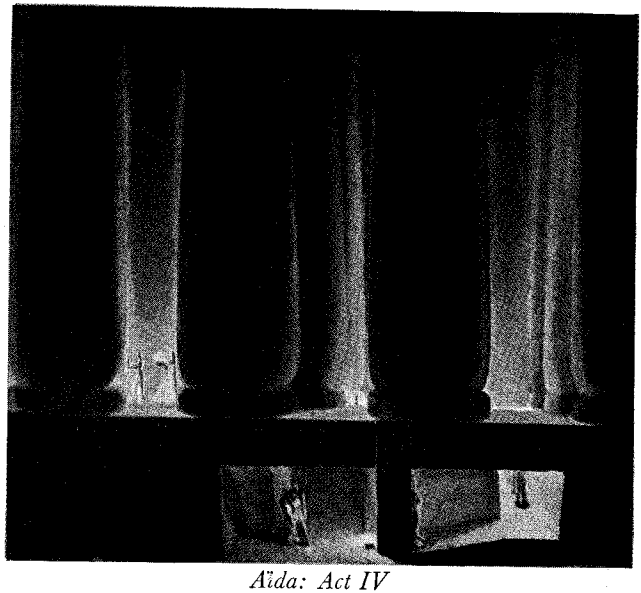


Aïda: Act I



Aïda: Act IV

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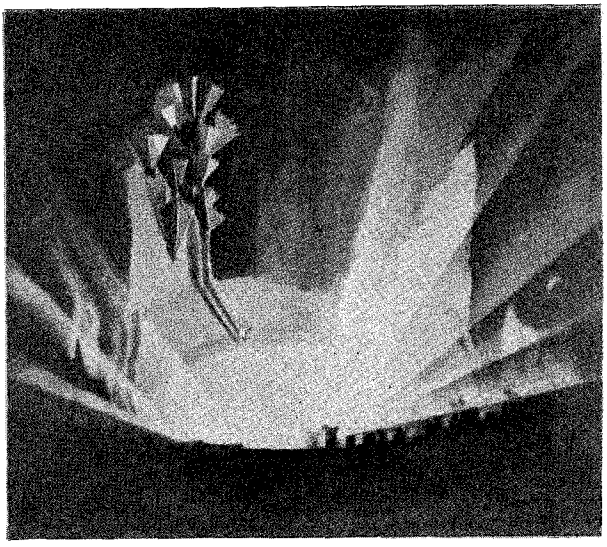

Setting for Dante's Inferno

STAGE DESIGNS BY NORMAN BEL GEDDES

are the same columns that cover the tomb in the second act; they were to be made of cloth and held in shape by a series of hoops; they change color when the lights that play on them change color. In the fourth act the entire stage has been lifted (via the elevator system) to create the tomb underneath.

The flaming scene for Dante's *Inferno* that is reproduced here is but a single suggestion of the great circular stage out of which the drama grows—a drama of words, movement, light, in which all the changes of scenery are accomplished by the change of lights on the great mass movement of hundreds of actors. This *Inferno* represents Geddes' most inspired step toward a new theatre. He has actually designed a special theatre to house it, and all details have been worked out in the magnificently precise manner that is a Geddes hallmark. But, as yet, there have been no takers to step out of the ranks of the commercial producers.

The *King Lear* drawings were made in 1917. Geddes sees *Lear* as a play to be done in a primitive setting with brilliant, pagan (as he calls it) lighting. The figures are to seem as earth-bound as the rocks that form the throne room. It is an exceptionally powerful conception.

The designs by Mielziner and Bel Geddes discussed here, and those by

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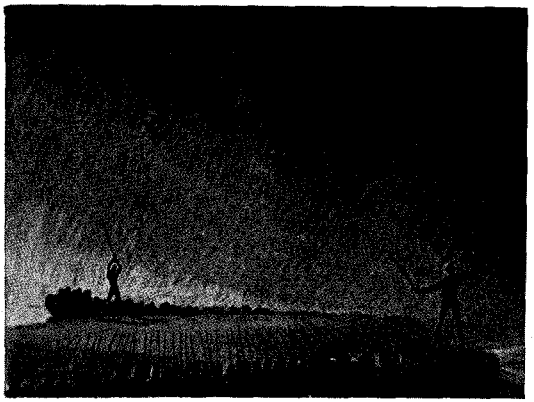
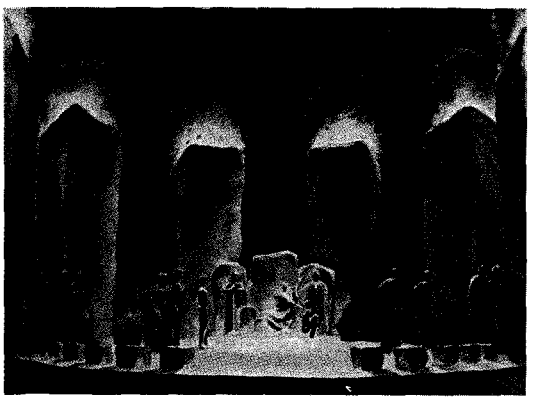


The Battle at Dover



The Throne

KING LEAR, DESIGNED BY NORMAN BEL GEDDES

Lee Simonson, Donald Oenslager and Nat Karson treated in a previous article, are but a fraction—although a brilliant fraction—of innumerable visionary stage settings.

Some were created for productions which, through an act of God or of man, never emerged from the planning period. But most are the spontaneous work of designers who, unwilling to live by bread alone, have spent their talents on conceptions which they well knew would most likely profit only their artistic souls.—S. C.

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BIRDS OF A FEATHER

EVEN THE HEART OF A SOVIET JUDGE CAN BE TOUCHED, IF ONE STRIKES THE RIGHT CHORD

VIENNESE taxi-drivers are more reckless and ferocious than the French, which means a lot to those who know the hazards of Paris streets. They seem eager to destroy pedestrians and little boys and girls on bicycles and have a defiant attitude to large solid trucks and motor buses which fills their clients with dismay. But they always slow up for pigeons. Vienna is full of pigeons, the tamest, plumpest pigeons in the world, and they mostly sit in the street and hold a pigeon soviet or gabfest or what-have-you, and the taxi-drivers know it. When they approach the pigeon soviet they blow their horn in a way they never do for any human being, and the pigeons take no notice. Whereupon the driver slows down and creeps up toward the pigeons, which finally arise in a slow disdainful flock and let the taxi pass.

Aristophanes once wrote, "Know yet not, poor witless race of men, how great is the might of the Birds?" And was not Rome saved by geese from the flames and sword of a barbarous invader? Birds are interesting, especially pigeons, which reminds me of Chief Engineer Smirnov on trial for his life in Moscow. The case had small political importance and was not reported in the daily press. It was tried by a People's Court, which I visited by accident one autumn afternoon. But it meant a lot to Comrade Smirnov because he was accused of diverting, misappropriating, or permitting with treasonable intent the loss of some million roubles of the People's money, for which, as you know, the penalty is Death.

I came into the courtroom as the prosecutor concluded what must have been a terrific denunciation, with the conventional phrase, "So I demand against this rascal the highest measure of social protection, namely, Death by shooting."

He sat down and mopped his forehead with a dirty handkerchief.

The presiding judge raised his big bald head and looked harshly at the people in the courtroom. At first sight he was like an English bulldog with heavy jowls and round protruding eyes, but there was something different, less kind and more Oriental. Can you imagine a Pekingese as big as a

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lion and not very pleased with anything or anyone? That's what this judge looked like, the kind of judge no prisoner likes to face.

"Citizen Chief Engineer Smirnov," he said heavily, "you have heard the charges of misconduct and misappropriation of State Funds as described by the prosecutor. You have heard too the evidence in support of the prosecutor's charges. Having dispensed with a defending advocate you have the right in this Soviet Court to speak for yourself and to answer these grave charges. Stand up!"

From a bench in the corner a large fat man bounced jauntily toward the witness box. Only when he stood there under the central light did I recognize him. Yes, there could be no mistake . . . that curly yellow hair, the strong square frame, the brown tweed suiting, which had not been bought in Moscow. And of course when he opened his mouth and I heard that clear but booming voice I knew that I was right. He was the one we called "The Mysterious Playboy," a noted, but to us unknown, figure in such night life as Moscow offers. We had seen him countless times in Caucasian, Central Asian and Gypsy restaurants around the town. More than once he appeared, conspicuously, at the Metropole Hotel. He was mostly somewhat drunk but never rude or unpleasant.

Always late in the evening he would take a guitar or balalaika from one of the players in the orchestra and entertain the company with gay gypsy airs or mournful peasant songs, careless at that late hour if some of those songs and words were no longer approved by High Authority, or indeed had been condemned as diverging from the Party Line.

He never talked to foreigners and we knew not who he was but we had often wondered how and why he got away with it, to dress in foreign clothes and get wide and high in public and sing songs that were not in favor at the Kremlin.

He surveyed the courtroom nonchalantly, then bowed with respect to the Pekingese-bulldog presiding and gave the prosecutor a noncommittal look. The judge showed no sign of interest but the prosecutor glared.

"Comrade Judge," said our friend in a sonorous voice, "as you told me I have heard what the prosecutor has said about me. What is more I find it very accurate, in fact quite true for the most part." The judge rolled his goggle-eyes toward the prosecutor and nodded with the air of one who waits. "I confess fully to all that the prosecutor has brought forward with such force and eloquence. The witnesses were also right; what they said was true. I feel myself unworthy to be called a Soviet engineer. But, Comrade Judge and Citizens"—he turned to the audience like a candidate for Congress addressing free and enlightened electors—"there is something I must say. The prosecutor appears to me a little harsh. He speaks of mis-

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conduct and misappropriation. He would have you believe—I beg pardon, Comrade Judge—he would have this court believe—he would even have me believe that I am a scoundrel and a hooligan."

"So you are," broke in the prosecutor, who cared nothing for the calculated flattery of this opening address.

Engineer Smirnov threw his head back and looked with sorrow at his accuser as though these hard words had stabbed him, then recovering himself cried bravely, "Comrade Judge and Fellow-Citizens, this is a Proletarian Court. You have heard the charges of the prosecutor. You have heard me confess my faults with courage and frankness, but I beg you to remember that all men are prone to error and the question is, What am I? . . . Who am I? . . . that you must also remember. I am a simple hard-working son of a worker, a conscientious toiler among the masses."

Again the prosecutor interrupted. "Son of a worker, you say? But where did your father work?"

The defendant appeared to hesitate, like a man who trips deftly through a quaking bog because he knows the way and has a lantern in his hand, and then his light goes out and he feels the ground beneath his feet is dangerous and shaking. In Russian courts the question of social origin is a matter of ticklish interest.

He stroked his nose, paused and replied cautiously, "My father worked . . . in the country . . . in the village."

"A peasant, was he?" said the prosecutor unpleasantly.

"Y—yes, a peasant." Smirnov's voice was less vibrant as if he wondered how much the prosecutor might know. Then he added slowly, looking straight at his accuser, "Well . . . not quite a peasant . . . an employee in a public institution."

"What sort of institution?"

"A public institution . . . where he served the peasants . . . and the public . . . as an employee."

"What work did he do?"

"He . . . well, he just worked. I mean . . . I mean . . . he rang bells."

The prosecutor's face went blank for an instant, then he raised his hand. "What kind of bells and why?"

The defendant gave it up as a bad job. "Church bells. He was a sexton in a church, but I was a toiler from my earliest days, a worker among the masses, striving to build Socialism."

The prosecutor caught that one on the fly. "What you should have said, Accused Engineer Smirnov, is that your father was a servant of the priests working not for the toiling masses but against them."

Smirnov took it on the chin, "Well yes, I suppose you're right. I must admit that he worked for the priests. I admit it, let's say he did. But I myself was a toiler, one of the toiling masses. I worked hard and at last I came to Moscow and became an engineer."

"How did you become an engineer? Where did you study? From what in-

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stitution of higher learning did you graduate?"

As I watched this interplay I thought the constant questions were wearing on Smirnov's patience. Obviously, in previous dealings with his fellow-men his own suave talk had been good enough to get him by. What was more, the prosecutor was ruining the effect of a carefully planned speech upon which, Smirnov knew as well as I did, his own life depended. He turned to the judge.

"Comrade Judge, the prosecutor asks how I became an engineer. What kind of a question is that? But anyway I'll tell you. I did it as everyone else becomes an engineer. I was first a foreman in the automobile factory and then I was an expert in the Power Plant and eventually I was named Chief Engineer of the Canning Trust—in charge of all the most important mechanism."

He looked severely at the prosecutor and waited to let the full weight of his words sink in.

The prosecutor was cruel and persistent. "Have you an engineer's degree, or did you ever study the principles of engineering?"

"No, I have no degree, nor any other scrap of paper, but I've had a job as an engineer for the past six years; and for eighteen months I've been—by appointment from the Commissariat of Light Industry—Chief Engineer of the Canning Trust. Isn't that enough to make me an engineer? I ask you, Comrade Judge."

His voice was louder and full of fervent appeal, but the old bulldog at the table seemed deaf or drowsy and cared for none of these things, like another judge before him in a more important trial.

Smirnov's hands dropped to his hips in a gesture of dejection. He knew he was losing and felt the net close round him, and before my eyes came a vision of a dark bleak courtyard and a squad of soldiers and the rifles aimed like lances at his breast. Then he straightened up, ran his fingers round his collar and went back into the fray.

"The prosecutor states that there have been losses in enterprises conducted by me or for which I held responsibility. He mentioned a matter of some hundred thousand roubles in the Power Plant and three million in the Canning Trust. He is entirely right; he is absolutely accurate; there were such losses. His figures are correct and I will not contradict them."

He turned to the prosecutor and smiled as if to show that despite the gulf between them they still were friends and comrades, then went on quickly. "However, Comrade Prosecutor, a man of your experience must know that such losses in industry are frequent. Certainly one cannot always make an enterprise pay. But why, you ask? I will tell you why. There are contracts that go wrong, for one thing, and products that one makes which the inspectors won't pass . . . they become a complete loss.

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Then there are machines to be made by contract, but you can't get materials to make them. Who can tell about these things? But they occur and may cause heavy losses to any industrial enterprise."

He paused, then faced the courtroom with the air of a conjurer bringing out a rabbit from a hat. "I have here a clipping, a small excerpt from the *Pravda*, the party organ of our great Communist Party." His smile was that of one who lays a royal flush upon the table as he drew the clipping from his pocket. "It states that in America last year there were no less than three thousand four hundred and thirty-three industrial bankruptcies. How then, Comrade Prosecutor, can you blame *me* when these startling figures, as reported by the *Pravda*, can be true of what Comrade Lenin once called the most industrially advanced country in the world, which it is the mission of the Soviet to surpass."

The prosecutor countered energetically. "America," he said, "is a capitalist country. Bankruptcies of course happen in the capitalist system, which is doomed, rotten and obsolete. But" —he waited and glared balefully at Smirnov—"the accused seems to forget that he is living in the Socialist Fatherland."

Smirnov sighed with an aspect of deflation—he had pinned high hopes on the clipping. Once more he tugged at his collar and stretched his neck out to resume the battle.

"We have spoken of the losses and I have given you reasons, honest and objective reasons, although I admit —I admitted from the outset—I have confessed frankly—I made errors. I was to blame. But I did not steal the money; I am not a thief."

Poor devil, his voice was fading. Where now was the gay companion of the Caucasian cabarets? He was dying on his feet and I knew it, and I knew that he felt the hard cold hand of Death had touched his shoulder. A man in fear and danger —it was pitiful to watch.

But Citizen Smirnov had guts. He rallied and went on with his defense. "Then this other little matter—the bill of four thousand roubles for taxi fares. You say it was wasted. And why? That money was *not* wasted. I considered it then, and beg the court to believe me now, that it was legitimate expense . . . for my pigeons. There was no one at home to take care of them. I live simply, I am a worker and the son of—" he checked himself—"I am a simple worker. But I had to feed the pigeons."

The huge portentous head of the presiding judge heaved upwards suddenly. "What did you say?" he asked in a loud voice. "To feed what?"

The prisoner passed a nervous hand across his forehead. "My pigeons, Comrade Judge. You see I own some pigeons, one fan-tail, two plain white ones, and a pair of racers, homing or carrier pigeons as some term them, of the very same strain which won the first of the Brussel -London races."

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There was silence in the court as Smirnov made this statement, but I sensed something new. Then I saw what it was. The judge was sitting upright, his bulbous eyes alert. "What's that you said? Pigeons? Racing pigeons . . . the first Brussels-London contest. . . ."

"Yes," said the prisoner, "everything is true as I've admitted, what the prosecutor said. I did go home regularly every afternoon from the office to feed the birds, and had to do it in a hurry so as not to waste time, and of course I took a taxi and charged it to the Canning Trust. Whom else should I charge it to? The State Opera? After all the birds had to be fed. The racers were breeding, they had four eggs."

The prosecutor sprang to his feet. "I object," he cried. "These statements are irrelevant and I demand that the Court . . ."

The judge scowled at the prosecutor. "The objection is dismissed," he barked, then turned quickly to the prisoner, "You were saying, Citizen Smirnov, that the racers had four eggs. Are you *sure* there were really four. Of all the pigeons I have kept a nest has never had more than three. This is really most surprising—four" His eyes were bright and eager and he waited for the answer.

"The proof is easy," the accused replied. "By great good fortune there is an office boy and . . . after my arrest . . . that is, I received a message . . . this honorable young Soviet toiler nurtured my pigeons from his own resources in his spare time. So the eggs were hatched. I say . . ." His voice was now firm and booming as I had heard it in Moscow night clubs. "I say there are four young racers, six birds in all with the parents, two white pigeons and, as I declared before, one fan-tail, but the racers are the best and bred from the purest strain."

"Can they fly in rough weather?" asked the judge. "After all, Comrade, that is the test of a racing pigeon. In the race from Montargis to Brussels in 1876 in bright and clear weather all the first three birds did two hundred and seventy miles within three and one-quarter hours, while in the same race in 1877 on a thick and stormy day thirty hours passed before the first bird reached home."

"My birds can race in any weather," the accused replied, "but of course, Comrade Judge, you are right that no pigeon, however pure its strain, can make its best time when conditions are unfavorable. About that there is no discussion."

"Very good," said the judge.

I sat back and rubbed my eyes. Was this the cruel bulldog, the hard judge waiting to condemn his victim? Or was it man to man, brother to brother, pigeon-fancier to the owner of racing pigeons?

"The Court will now retire," said the judge, "to consider its verdict." His tone and mien were kind.

—WALTER DURANTY

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MOTHER BICKERDYKE

FORTUNATELY, THERE WAS NOTHING ANGELIC ABOUT THE CIVIL WAR'S DRAGON OF MERCY

A CHILL rain fell on Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, that day in April, 1862. Wounded men still straggled in from the battlefield of Shiloh. A few overworked regimental surgeons, savage with fatigue, cut and sawed at mutilated limbs on improvised operating tables. The dead lay about unheeded. The near-dead waited their turn on the crimson planks. The slightly wounded, the sick, the weary and disconsolate, sat or stood about in dejected groups. A confused muttering of anguish welled up from the sodden bluff, punctuated by shrieks of sharper agony and by the gibberish of delirium.

In all this Golgotha, there was but one center of warmth and cheerful activity. Here a draggled woman, clad in the grey overcoat of a Confederate officer and topped by a soaked and flopping felt hat, bustled about over a group of steaming kettles. Swarms of cold and hungry men gathered around, sniffing the hot soup, the tea, and the whisky. Volunteer aides, already warmed inside and out, sprang to do the draggled one's bidding, feeding the fires, serving the walking cases at the kettles, carrying pails and haversacks and flasks to the stretcher cases.

A staff officer, making his way down to the river, stopped to take in the scene. There was nothing in the regulations to cover the situation. Still, the woman seemed to be doing good work.

"Where did you get these articles?" he asked. "Under whose authority are you at work?"

"I have received my authority from the Lord God Almighty; have you anything that ranks higher than that?"

Mother Bickerdyke did well to cite a lofty source for her commission, for at that time she held no official position of any sort, although she was using the relief supplies of the Sanitary Commission. Mary A. Bickerdyke was a widow living in Galesburg, Illinois, when the Civil War broke out. Her inexhaustible energy and driving personality had already worn out the will and the life of a husband who had old-fashioned ideas in the matter of womanly subjection. No candidate for his place had shown up when the war came and opened up an undreamed-of field for her peculiar talents. Descend-

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ing on Cairo, the nearest point of troop concentration, she put the fear of God into the hearts of the contract surgeons, the orderlies and the hospital cooks in that sink-hole of sickness, ignorance and incompetence. From her kitchen she carried food directly to the patients, brushing aside regulations like cobwebs. By the example of her furious energy and the compelling power of her biting tongue, she galvanized the attendants into action. Wards were scrubbed out, beds were kept neat and clean, surgeons learned to make regular visits to their patients.

After the capture of Fort Donelson, she went to the late scene of action on the first hospital boat. Five trips she made from the battlefield to Cairo, each time shepherding a load of wounded men. When it was believed that all wounded had been evacuated the officer of the guard saw, at midnight, a solitary lantern flitting here and there over the abandoned field. Sending a soldier to investigate, he found that it was Mother Bickerdyke, still groping among the dead, unable, after days and nights without sleep, to rest without one more look to be sure no living were left behind.

Following Shiloh, Mrs. Bickerdyke was made a regular field agent of the Sanitary Commission. From then on, her needs at the front were met as systematically as possible. When unforeseen emergencies arose the redoubtable lady never hesitated. She would scour the country, collecting what she needed, sending the bills to the commission with her endorsement.

Mrs. Bickerdyke served in the field during the whole summer of 1862, in the campaign which culminated in the bloody assault of the Confederates upon Corinth. Here her hospital suddenly came under the fire of the enemy's batteries. Unhesitatingly she ordered the removal of all the wounded to an open grove, even closer to the hostile lines but so placed that shot and shell passed harmlessly over it. After the battle she stayed until every man had been carried back to the hospital.

In January, 1863, Mrs. Bickerdyke reported to the medical director at Memphis, at that time the Union base for the campaign against Vicksburg. Here she reorganized three hospitals in succession, one of them being a pesthouse for smallpox patients, where neglect had brought about a loathsome state of affairs. In this place she not only revolutionized the regime but also raised such a hurricane of denunciation that official heads dropped right and left. Mother Bickerdyke, roused to anger, was such a fury that few generals cared to cross swords with her and by this time she had the backing of the higher command. General Grant gave her a pass covering his whole department, with right of entry to all camps and hospitals, past all pickets, with authority to draw on the nearest quartermaster at any time she desired for transportation. This pass was enlarged from time to time as Grant's department was extended.

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On one occasion, one of her ward-masters came to her at noon to report that the ward surgeon had not made his appearance. The special diet list had not yet been made out and the men had had no breakfast. Mother Bickerdyke sprang into action. Tin pails and trays were filled with coffee, soup, toast and other food and dispatched to the ward. Seizing another pail of soup in each hand, she followed. As the distribution was in progress the surgeon came in, obviously the worse for a night's heavy drinking. Instantly the good woman's tender solicitude changed to scorching anger.

"You miserable, drunken, heartless scalawag!" she opened the battery of her wrath, "What do you mean by leaving these fainting, suffering men to go until noon with nothing to eat and no attention? Not a word, sir! Off with your shoulder-straps and get out of this hospital! This is your fourth spree in a month and you shall go where you belong. Off with your shoulder-straps, I tell you, for they've got to go."

Mother Bickerdyke was as good as her boast. In less than a week she had secured the surgeon's dismissal from the service. He made an appeal to General Sherman, at that time commanding the Memphis district, contending that false charges had been made against him.

"Who was your accuser?" asked Sherman.

"Why—why—I suppose," said the surgeon, reluctantly, "it was that spiteful old woman, Mrs. Bickerdyke."

"Oh well, then," said Sherman, "if it was she, I can't help you. She has much more power than I—she ranks me."

General Sherman thereafter was Mother Bickerdyke's *beau ideal* of a soldier and following the fall of Vicksburg she attached herself to his corps. Sherman on his part fully appreciated her.

The battle of Chattanooga was scarcely fought before Mother Bickerdyke was established in a field hospital at the base of Mission Ridge, with two thousand wounded in her care. Winter came early and with unusual severity. Men were detailed to fell trees and to keep huge log fires continually burning. By these fires Mother Bickerdyke, with her aides, did all the cooking for her patients. Here she made tea and coffee, soup and toast, broiled beef and even baked bread.

The cold weather continued, snow alternating with icy rain which froze as it fell. The winds sweeping down from the mountains tore savagely at the tent ropes. At last a terrific arctic blast whooped down from Lookout Mountain and ripped several tents from their moorings. Some hundreds of wounded were exposed to the freezing rain or even tumbled out of bed upon the ground.

Night came on, intensely cold. The overturned tents were set up once more, but many of the men had been soaked and chilled through. Mother

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Bickerdyke worked feverishly to save her boys. The fires of logs were extended all the way around the tents, until the entire hospital was surrounded by an immense pyre that leaped and crackled in the stinging cold.

Before midnight the fuel gave out. Mother Bickerdyke turned to a nearby detachment of pioneers and begged them to take their mules, axes, hooks and chains and tear down the log breastworks set up during the siege. But no officer could be found who dared to give the order. In this crisis she passed out to each of the shivering pioneers a cup or two of panada, heavily loaded with whisky. The men went to work without further ado, tearing down the breastworks and hauling the logs to the fires. All night the work went on, Mother Bickerdyke from time to time leaving her patients to urge it forward.

As morning came the post commander was informed of what was going on. Hurrying down to the hospital, he saw hundreds of yards of good breastworks going up in flames. Taking in the situation, he made no serious effort to halt the work of destruction but, for self-protection in case of trouble over the affair, he approached the prime mover in the night's work.

"Madame," said he, "consider yourself under arrest."

"All right, Major," replied Mother Bickerdyke, as she flew past him with a pail of coffee, "I'm arrested. Only don't meddle with me till the weather moderates. My men will freeze to death, if you do."

After that winter of toil and suffering, Mother Bickerdyke accompanied Sherman's army on its long and bloody campaign to Atlanta. At Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, Kingston, Altoona and before Atlanta itself she was just behind the fighting lines, feeding the hungry, caring for the wounded and comforting the dying.

When Sherman cut loose from his base and started on his famous march to the sea, Mother Bickerdyke went North at his order to gather a steamer full of supplies and meet him when he emerged on the Atlantic coast. But Sherman's army, coming to the sea, was fat and sassy. It needed nothing which the government could not supply in abundance. The shipload of supplies was not wasted, however, for it met the released Andersonville prisoners at Wilmington. By the time the last of these were buried or able to go home the war was over.

While Mother Bickerdyke's fame quickly subsided, her boys, the Western veterans, never forgot her. At their reunions, when the reminiscing began, stories of her were always told. When she could come to these affairs she was always the guest of honor. In her old age contributions from the veterans kept her in comfort and their efforts, after eighteen years, finally secured for her a small pension. After her death the state of Illinois erected a monument over her grave at Galesburg.

—THOMAS M. PITKIN

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We are inferior, they say,
In reason, sense and skill—
And yet they do not choose their prey
Nor eat the thing they kill!

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MONKEY SENSE

CHIMPANZEES AND FINANCIERS HAVE OPPOSING POINTS OF VIEW—ONE OF THEM MUST BE WRONG

I HAVE just been reading a report from the Yale Laboratories of Primate Biology regarding a series of experiments which serve to indicate whether chimpanzees have or could develop much sound financial sense. Though the subjects of the experiments showed more business shrewdness than might have been expected, and there is much in the report to arouse optimism over monkey mentality, yet I can't help doubting if the average chimpanzee could ever become a dominant figure in Wall Street or an outstanding business entrepreneur. There may be chimps just as bright and capable as many now in business or finance, but temperamentally a chimp is probably better adapted to some other line of endeavor. For one thing, these apes appear to be too philosophical to make the personal sacrifices necessary for financial success, and they have other handicaps, as we shall see.

Six chimpanzees were used in most of the experiments. To introduce the chimps to the value of money, the experimenters used a food-vending machine which could be operated by poker chips. If you put a white chip into the slot, a moment later a nice large grape would drop into a receptacle. At first, Dr. John B. Wolfe, in charge of the experiments, poked the chips into the slot himself, and the chimps soon learned to reach for the grapes. Indeed, in a short time, the chimps began to anticipate the action of the machine and reach into the food receptacle as soon as they saw the chip going into the slot. Then, after only a few trials, the chimps caught the whole idea well enough to put the tokens into the slot themselves.

The next stage of the experiment was to have the chimps distinguish between good money and bad. Brass checks, the same size as the poker chips, were offered to the chimps but they soon discovered that these checks failed to operate the vending machine. After a few trials, the chimps would gather up the white tokens from the floor, but they ignored the brass checks which they now knew had no exchange value. Rivalry soon appeared in the quest for the white chips. The chimps were beginning to

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develop an acute business sense!

All this was preliminary to a more important part of the experiments—to see if they would be willing to *work* for their money. An apparatus with which the operator could lift weights by pulling a lever, was rigged up, and the chimps were encouraged to lift from twelve to eighteen pounds in return for alternate rewards of food or tokens. Once they got the idea most of the chimps were just about as willing to work for money as for food itself. However, all were much less interested in the job if there was not opportunity to spend the tokens in the food-machine soon after they were paid off. To their notion, money was intended to be spent and not to be saved or invested for a rainy day. It was shown that if a chimp were paid one token at a time, but had no opportunity to exchange the tokens for food until the end of a ten-minute session, the amount of work done decreased as the time passed. This led to a suspicion that perhaps the chimps felt too prosperous to work hard once they had collected a little money.

To test that theory, experiments were made with chimps supplied in advance with five, ten, fifteen or more tokens, on up to thirty. Sure enough, the more money they had, the less inclined they were to work. The one that had only five tokens lifted away at a twelve-pound weight over and over and made a creditable showing at the work task; but the one that had thirty tokens did almost no work at all. This result was not just accidental, but was invariably the same during repeated trials with different subjects. Thus we see that these chimps are too philosophical ever to become great financiers. They seem to think: "Why toil and sweat for money when you already *have* money?" If they could ever be raised to the human level of intelligence, then surely they would come to appreciate that no matter how much money a person has, he should strive to get more.

On the other hand, all these simian subjects promptly developed much sense about relative values in money. They easily learned that one color of chip had higher purchasing power than another. With a white chip they could get from the machine only one grape, but with a blue one, two grapes. They worked harder for a blue chip than for a white one and continued to spurn the worthless brass check. Likewise, they learned to discriminate between chips that would buy a slice of orange or a whole banana, and they sought chips for food or for water according to whether they were hungry or thirsty. They were willing also to toil for a chip that could be used to buy greater freedom, that is, to gain release from a small cage. With a little training they might have learned how to bribe their keepers.

What might be considered an encouraging phase of the experiments was a demonstration that the chimps would compete for tokens. When two chimps were placed in a cage with

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tokens scattered over the floor, the stronger animal was able to browbeat the weaker one into letting him collect more than his share. Thus they might be expected to take readily to civilized business practice. Additional indication of this was shown by one chimp's response to the begging gestures and whimpers of his companion. He used his chips to buy slices of unpeeled orange, then ate the pulp and gave to his companion the peeling. Another chimp showed promise of developing even greater business leadership. He went leisurely about picking up tokens from the floor and permitted a companion to collect some, but he then insisted on the companion turning over part of *his* share.

Nevertheless, anyone who thinks monkeys might finally show enough cultural advance to enter the great world of affairs and become successful bankers or brokers, is probably expecting too much. True, the chimps have *some* of the same instincts that make for business success; but, as we have seen, they don't care for money just for its prestige value. Their only interest in money is to buy consumer goods for immediate use. Moreover, a chimpanzee seems to be much handicapped, also, by lack of mathematical ability. They are not Einsteins. Though they learn that a blue chip will buy more grapes than a white chip, it seems impossible for them to catch the idea that another chip is worth exactly ten white ones, or that a dime is the equivalent of ten pennies. If they could somehow learn to count, to add, multiply and divide, a bright future might be open to these creatures. But until ethical standards in business are much higher than they are today, the average chimp would doubtless be cheated in most of his everyday commercial transactions, and would find himself wishing for the tranquillity of the jungle. The time has not yet come when it would be prudent to put a stock-ticker in a chimp's cage.

The point may be raised that even though monkeys are not entirely qualified for business leadership they might work under human direction for subsistence wages and thus provide a new source of cheap labor. But here again there is a difficulty. Another series of experiments at Yale showed that apes can become co-operative. A box containing food was placed in front of an ape's cage and the animal learned to pull it within his reach by a rope. Then the box was weighted to make it too heavy for one ape to pull it. Whereupon two apes learned to pull it together. Using that as a starting point, they got into other co-operative activities. For all any one knows, apes might in time become co-operative enough to join trade unions. It might then be only a short step for them to become downright troublesome—addicted to various subversive un-American practices, and sooner or later come under the influence of Moscow.

—Fred C. Kelly

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SUICIDE HOTEL

THE SERVICE WAS PERFECT, ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE TORMENTED BY RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES

"WHAT'S Steel?" asked Jean Monnier.

"Fifty-nine and one-fourth," answered one of a dozen clerks.

The clicking of their machines formed a jazz-like rhythm. Outside the window loomed the giant skyscrapers of Manhattan, their thirty or forty stories pierced by precise rows of windows. Telephones screamed and ribbons of paper unrolled with incredible rapidity, filling the office with their sinister serpentines, covered with letters and figures.

"What's Steel?" said Jean Monnier again.

"Fifty-nine," answered Gertrude Miller.

She stopped a moment to look at the young Frenchman. Huddled in an arm chair, his head in his hands, he seemed crushed.

"Another one who has gambled," she thought. "Tough luck for him. And tough luck for Fanny."

For two years before Jean Monnier, attached to the New York office of the Banque Holmann, had married his American secretary.

A voice halloed outside the door. Harry Cooper entered. Jean Monnier rose.

"What a session!" said Harry Cooper. "Every stock down 20 per cent. And one still finds imbeciles who say this isn't a crisis."

"It is a crisis," said Jean Monnier.

And he went out.

"That one's been hit," said Harry Cooper.

"Yes," said Gertrude Miller, "he's gambled his shirt. Fanny told me so. She's going to leave him tonight."

"Tough luck for him," said Harry Cooper.

★ ★ ★

The beautiful bronze doors of the elevator slid open.

"Down," said Jean Monnier.

The whole of the little fortune amassed in Arizona had been advanced for margin in his stock transactions. He was through. In the street, hurrying for his train, he tried to imagine the future. If Fanny withheld her blow, it was not impossible. He remembered his first struggles, his rapid rise. After all, he was barely thirty. But he knew Fanny would be merciless and she definitely was.

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When he woke up alone the next morning, he felt drained of all courage. Despite Fanny's harshness, he had loved her. The maid served his melon and cereal and blandly asked for money.

He gave her fifteen dollars, then cast up his accounts. He had left a little less than $600. It was enough to live on for two, perhaps three, months. After that? He looked out the window. Almost every day for a week there had been stories of suicides in the newspapers. Bankers, stock salesmen, speculators chose death to a battle already lost. A fall of twenty stories? How many seconds? Three, four . . . then that quashing on the pavement. But if the shock did not kill him? He imagined atrocious sufferings, his limbs broken, his flesh crushed to pulp. He sighed, then, a newspaper under his arm, went to lunch at a restaurant, where he was surprised to find how good pancakes flooded with maple syrup still tasted.

★ ★ ★

"Thanatos Palace Hotel . . . New Mexico . . . Who is writing to me from that bizarre address?"

Below three engraved cypresses, one read:

THANATOS PALACE HOTEL
Manager: Henry Boerstecher

Dear Sir:

If we approach you today, it is not by chance but because we have information about you which permits us to think and to hope that our services may be of use to you.

You certainly cannot but have noticed that, in the life of the most courageous man, there may arise circumstances so completely inimical that further struggle becomes impossible and the idea of death comes to seem a deliverance.

To close the eyes, to sleep, never to wake again, to hear no more questions or reproaches. . . . Many of us have fashioned this dream, formulated this wish. However, aside from a few cases, men do not dare to flee their ills, and this is understandable when one observes those among them who have tried to do it. For most suicides are frightful frustrations. Someone who has attempted to shoot himself through the head succeeds only in severing the optic nerve and making himself blind. Someone else, who has thought of going to sleep after poisoning himself with some compound, makes a mistake in measuring the dose and wakes up, three days later, brain liquefied, memory gone, limbs paralyzed. Suicide is an art that does not permit mediocrity nor amateurism, and which, moreover, by its very nature does not allow the acquisition of experience.

This experience, if, as we believe, the problem interests you, we are ready to put at your disposal. Proprietors of a hotel situated at the frontier of the United States and Mexico, freed of all troublesome control by the desert-like character of the region, we have believed it our duty to offer to those of our fellow-men who, for serious and irrefutable reasons, wish to quit this life, the means of doing it without sufering and, we almost dare write, without danger.

At the Thanatos Palace Hotel, death will come in your sleep and in the most peaceful manner. Our skillful technique, acquired in the course of fifteen years of uninterrupted success (we received more than 2000 visitors last year), permits us to guarantee a minute dose and immediate results. We may also add that, for clients affected by legitimate religious scruples, we put an end to things by an ingenious method, and, if you honor us by turning to us, relieve you of all moral responsibility.

It is important to add that Thanatos

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is situated in a region of great natural beauty, that it has four tennis courts, an eighteen-hole golf course and a beautiful swimming pool. Its clientele being composed of persons of both sexes who almost all belong to a refined social milieu, the social delights of the sojourn are incomparable. Travelers are requested to get off at Deeming, where the hotel automobile will meet them. They are asked to announce their arrival by letter or cable at least two days in advance. As for the fee, the sum of $300 will cover your entire expenses.

★ ★ ★

The hotel was built in Spanish-Indian style, very low, with terraced roof and red walls of a cement crudely simulating clay. The rooms faced south on an open vista, streets like those of a great city, flower-lined boulevards.

Henry Boerstecher, the manager, was a quiet man with gold-rimmed glasses, very proud of his establishment.

"The hotel belongs to you?" asked Jean Monnier.

"No. The hotel belongs to a corporation, but it was my idea, and I am manager for life."

"And how is it that you don't have the gravest difficulties with the local authorities?"

"Difficulties?" said Mr. Boerstecher, surprised and shocked. "But we do nothing that is contrary to our duties as hotel-keepers. We give our clients what they want, everything they want, nothing more. Besides, there is no local authority here. The boundary is so loosely defined in this territory that no one knows exactly what is Mexico and what the United States."

"And the families of your clients never prosecute you?"

"Prosecute us!" exclaimed Mr. Boerstecher indignantly. "And why, in heaven's name? In what court? The families of our clients are only too happy to see liquidated without publicity affairs that are delicate and at the same time almost always painful. Would you like to see your room? It will be, if you really wish it, Room 113. You are not superstitious?"

"Not at all," said Jean Monnier. "But in this connection, I ought to tell you that I have been reared religiously and that the idea of suicide is repugnant to me."

"It is not a question of suicide," said Mr. Boerstecher in a tone so peremptory that his interlocutor did not insist. "Sarconi, you will show Mr. Monnier 113. As for the $300, if you would be good enough to pay in advance in passing the cashier's office, next to mine here."

It was in vain in Room 113, bathed in a beautiful sunset, that Jean Monnier looked for traces of death-dealing machines.

"What time is dinner?"

"At eight-thirty, sir," said the valet.

"Is it necessary to dress?"

"Most of the gentlemen do, sir."

"Very well! I'll dress. Get out a black tie and white shirt."

When he went down to the lobby, he saw, indeed, that the women were in décolleté and the men in dinner jackets. Mr Boerstecher appeared, officious but perfectly deferential.

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"Ah! Mr. Monnier! I was looking for you. Since you are alone, I thought perhaps you would find it pleasant to share your table with one of our clients, Mrs. Kerby-Shaw."

Monnier made a gesture of ennui.

"I did not come here," he said, "to lead a worldly life. However, that depends. Can you show me this lady without presenting me?"

"Certainly, Mr. Monnier. Mrs. Kerby-Shaw is the young woman in the silver-spangled gown sitting near the piano looking through a magazine. I don't think that her physical aspect can displease. Far from it. And she is an extremely pleasant woman, with good manners, intelligent, an artist."

Certainly Mrs. Kerby-Shaw was a very pretty woman. Her hair, arranged in little curls, was drawn into a low knot at the nape of her neck to reveal a high and vigorous forehead. Her eyes were soft and intelligent. Why the devil did such a charming being want to die?

"Is Mrs. Kerby-Shaw . . . that is, is that lady one of your clients on the same terms and for the same reason as I?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Boerstecher, and he seemed to charge the adverb with a heavy significance. "Certainly."

"Then present me."

After dinner Jean Monnier spent the entire evening in a small deserted salon, whispering words to Claire Kerby-Shaw which seemed to move her. Before going up to his room, he sought out Mr. Boerstecher. He found the manager in his office, a large black register open before him. Mr. Boerstecher was checking his accounts, and, from time to time, with a stroke of a red pencil, he struck out a line.

"Good evening, Mr. Monnier. Can I do something for you?"

"Yes, Mr. Boerstecher . . . At least I hope so . . . What I have to say is going to be a surprise . . . Such a sudden change . . . but that is the way life is . . . In short, I have come to tell you that I have changed my mind . . . I don't want to die."

Mr. Boerstecher raised his eyes, surprised.

"Are you serious, Mr. Monnier?"

"I know very well," said the Frenchman, "that I am going to seem incoherent and indecisive. But isn't it natural that if circumstances change your desires also change? Eight days ago when I received your letter, I felt desperate, alone in the world. I didn't think life's struggle was worth the trouble to be enterprising. Today everything is changed. And fundamentally, thanks to you, Mr. Boerstecher."

"Thanks to me, Mr. Monnier?"

"Yes, because the young woman whom you seated across from me at the table is the one who has performed the miracle. Mrs. Kerby-Shaw is a delightful woman, Mr. Boerstecher."

"I told you so, Mr. Monnier."

"Delightful and heroic. Told of my

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miserable situation, she really wanted to accept and to share it. Does that surprise you?"

"Not in the least. We are used to these sudden changes here. And I am glad, Mr. Monnier. You are young, very young."

"There remains only the settlement of a rather delicate question. The $300 which I have advanced and which constitutes almost all I have in the world, has it been irrevocably paid over to Thanatos, or may I, to buy our tickets, recover a part?"

"We are honest people, Mr. Monnier. Tomorrow morning the cashier's office will prepare your bill, and the rest will be returned to you."

"You are most courteous and generous. Ah! Mr. Boerstecher, what gratitude do I not owe you. Happiness rediscovered! A new life!"

"At your service," said Mr. Boerstecher.

He watched Jean Monnier make his exit and disappear. Then he pressed a button and said:

"Send me Sarconi."

After several minutes the porter appeared.

"You asked for me, Signor Manager?"

"Yes, Sarconi. It will be necessary to turn on the gas in 113 this evening .... about two o'clock in the morning."

As the porter went out, Mrs. Kerby-Shaw appeared at the office door.

"Come in," said Mr. Boerstecher. "I was about to call you. Your young and charming client has just been in to announce his impending departure."

"It seems to me," she said, "that I deserve compliments. That was quick work."

"Very quick. I have taken that into account."

"Then it is set for tonight?"

"It is set for tonight."

"Poor boy," she said. "He was sweet, romantic."

"They are all romantic," said Mr. Boerstecher.

"All the same, you are cruel," she said. "It's exactly at the moment when they regain a taste for life that you do away with them."

"Cruel? On the contrary it is in that that the humanity of our method lies."

He consulted his register.

"Tomorrow, rest, but day after tomorrow I have a new arrival for you. It's another banker, but a Swede this time. And this one is no longer very young."

"I really liked the little Frenchman," she said, dreamily.

"One doesn't choose one's work," said the manager severely. "Here, here are your ten dollars, plus a two-dollar premium."

"Thank you," said Claire Kerby-Shaw.

As she placed the bills in her bag, she sighed.

When she had gone, Boerstecher looked for his red pencil. Then, carefully, using a little metal ruler, struck a name from his register.

—Andre Maurois

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ALL BARBERS AREN'T BORES

A TRUE PHILOSOPHER NEVER YAWNS AS HE PERCHES IN THE BARBER CHAIRS OF LIFE

"HOLY smokes, who gave you *that* haircut?"

Looking into the mirror I was unable to see how *that* haircut differed from any other haircut I had ever seen. The only thing wrong with it was that it needed a new one. The mirror showed a pair of large but decorative white hands groping around my scalp with the crafty touch of a phrenologist. A handsome Levantine face, features molded into an expression of secret joy, was bent over my head. On the table was an engraved copper sign: "Your barber is Horace Strunk."

"Where did you get it?" repeated Horace Strunk.

"I got it on a boat," I said stiffly. "What's wrong with it?"

"What's *wrong* with it?" The Strunk hands shot up into the air. "Why, everything's wrong with it. I bet a German gave it to you."

"Why a German?"

"Because that's what German barbers do to you. They skin you tight like a rabbit. You've been skinned tight like a rabbit. Now when *I* get through with you . . ."

To keep myself from thinking how I would look when he got through with me, I closed my eyes and tried to meditate on the headlines in a morning tabloid, "Firebug Kills Mother of Three." No use. I couldn't keep my mind off barbers. How many had I met during my three decades on the planet? How many had persuaded me that their ministrations would transform me from a plain-looking male into something dashing and handsome in the movie manner? How many times had I wrestled with strange jargons merely to say that I wanted it short and no nonsense about perfumes? How many little tidbits had I picked up over an obbligato of snip-snip-snip and buzz-buzz?

"He did you up all wrong," Horace was saying.

"Very well, do it any way you like."

"Now that's a wrong thing to say to a barber."

"Why?"

"Because you should have some ideas of your own. Look what it's got you into."

This was a disquieting thought. Were all my failures and frustrations

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in life due to flabby indecision in barber chairs?

"But all the same," Horace muttered, "I think something can be done for you."

Is it true that barbers are the most garrulous people alive? I doubt it. I doubt if they are any more garrulous than Grade A dowagers at the opera, than brokers who prattle incessantly about Rooseveltian wickedness, than waiters who always pick the critical moment of the conversation to ask if you want a big or little cup of coffee.

As a matter of fact I've met silent barbers. A few were actually sinister in their silence. I prefer the gabby ones on two grounds. First, their chatter is usually more sprightly than a Grade A dowager's, a broker's, a waiter's. Second, their gabbiness is reassuring. So long as they wag their tongues one has a feeling that they'll use their lethal weapons only in an honest way.

The French have a saying they like well enough to put on ash trays: *Tous les raseurs ne sont pas perruquiers.* Since it's a pun on *raseurs* which means both "shavers" and "bores" it must be put into English in a de-punized version: "All bores are not barbers." It's an oblique way of doing justice to the situation.

Making generalizations about barbers is difficult. The only one I'm willing to hazard is this: All I have met, whether short or tall, fat or lean, yellow, black, brown or white, silent or talkative, expressed the view that the last barber to work on me botched the job.

"Yes sir-ee!" This from Horace. I wondered if he had been talking all along or had just started again. "He sure did you up wrong. Germans always skin you like a rabbit. Italians and Spaniards have some good ideas but they always turn you out like a gigolo. And French barbers have fancy ideas but they make you look like a freak."

"You're right about French barbers," I said. I was thinking about Pierre of the Boulevard Saint-Germain. I wasn't thinking about the twenty or thirty other French barbers who did not make me look like a freak.

Even Pierre had good intentions. "I'll give you something distinctive," he told me.

Obediently I crawled into the apron they use in French shops. Even when Pierre boasted he would make me look as I never looked before, I didn't get suspicious. As a matter of fact I dozed off.

When I came to, the deed was done. Pierre had clipped me short and achieved a forehead effect that resembled Irene Bordoni bangs.

"Now you look like a poet," he said triumphantly.

In all my life I had committed but one piece of verse—something about "the desolate nacre sky." I had tried to forget. "Why in hell should I want to look like a poet?" I shouted.

I didn't murder Pierre. I merely went out into the winter night, won-

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dering how it would feel to sleep in a hat. In the café where I stopped on my way to work, I forgot and took off my hat. Some nudged, some looked away, some howled. I went to another barber and got a convict's special that lasted two months.

No Spanish barber ever tried to make me look like a gigolo. I nearly always went to Jesús who kept shop in a little street off Madrid's Gran Via. Jesús always acted as if I came for a social call. The haircut was as incidental as pulling a thread off a coat.

We talked about bullfighting.

"Which *torero* do you like best?" Jesús asked.

"Bienvenida," I said.

"*Muy bueno*, you shall look like him."

All the efforts of Jesús failed to produce anything that looked like a bullfighter.

Jesús was an ardent *aficionado*. He used the razors and scissors in wide slashing movements to indicate the technique of the *espada*. All his lessons, particularly those he emphasized with the razor, are engraven imperishably on my cerebrum. I often wonder why other teachers don't use this method. Had my Greek and trigonometry instructors flounced around the room with razor and electric scalp stimulators, I wouldn't be so ignorant of these subjects today.

When Horace said Italians tried to turn the customers into gigolos, he was wrong again. I know a dozen Italian barbers including Roberto of the Via Babuino in Rome and not one ever helped me to earn a dishonest penny.

Roberto was too interested in himself to worry about my sources of livelihood. He was a specialist in autobiography. I heard his memoirs from the cradle to the fall of Addis Ababa but the most interesting incident of his career, in his opinion and mine, was the time he got arrested for pinching a strange woman in a bus.

"Do you ever get a feeling you'd like to pinch?" Roberto asked.

"Sure," I said. "Even Tuesdays and odd Thursdays."

"But how can you be so . . . oh, you're kidding. But it's true. You can get it, a funny feeling you want to pinch someones. Someones you never met before. It comes over you all a sudden."

Horace's ministrations and conversation evoked memories of other barbers. There was Karl who worked summers in a small Tyrolean village. He was getting ready for the opera.

"Do you want to hear me sing?" he would ask.

The answer was "yes" and the piece was always *Il Mio Tesoro*. I went back three times to see if he knew anything else but reached no conclusions. He always sang *Il Mio Tesoro*. When that big bassoon voice of his got going, the chandeliers shook and the paint peeled off the walls. I always look for Karl's name in opera advertisements. So far no luck. But funny things happen in opera and if I should see it I shouldn't be surprised. I shouldn't even be sur-

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prised if I took a ticket for the next town.

Then there was Youssef of Marrakesh who may have been violating one of Allah's precepts in shaving Europeans. Youssef spoke the rarest brand of English I've ever heard. He said he "perfected" it by listening to Greta Garbo in the films. It was during one of his Greta Garbo monologues that he absent-mindedly sliced off half of my mustache.

"Allah will restore it to you," he said imperturbably.

He was right. It took two weeks but Allah restored it. It proved the power of prayer.

And then there was Charlie of Chicago who told me the first time we met that he was a sculptor, not a barber.

"Where do you work on it?" I asked. "At home?"

"No, right here. I'm a sculptor in hair. Every man can be handsome if you look at it from a sculptor's angle. I'll sculpt you so that even your worst enemy will call you handsome."

Neither worst enemies nor best friends ever made any comment.

"You see them ears?" asked Horace.

I looked although I had seen them before. "Yes," I said feebly.

"Well, they're floppers. Clark Gable's got floppers, too.

"He's got the same problem as you," said Horace. "The trick here is not to cut short around the ears but to pad it out so the floppers won't flop so much. Now another thing, you've got a neck like Robert Taylor. The cords show and it makes you look too delicate and refined-looking."

"I'll let your hair grow out there. And then if we change the part, you'll look more like a man of the world."

I've been going back to Horace for three months. The ears are padded and still they flop. He's changed the part this way and that. And the mirror shows no man of the world. Whether the back of the neck still looks delicate and refined, I don't know. I haven't the heart to look. —LOREN CARROLL

MR. BRANDELL'S BREAKDOWN

Mr. Brandell keeps himself fit.
So he tells his doctor.
He plays polo—golf—tennis.
He skis and skates a little.
He diverts his mind with dancing.
It's not the work at the office!
It's "keeping fit" that seems to get him.

—OTTO S. MAYER

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THE LADY OF LOURDES

HE WAS BITTER IN HIS DISBELIEF, AND YET THE MIRACLE OF FAITH PREVAILED

"SAVE us—save us—save us!" From two hundred Irish voices that cry burst out like dynamite. They were led in their prayer by their Irish priest, while their sick lay on stretchers on the ground. They had brought them all the way from Ireland to southern France, to Lourdes, at the foot of the Pyrenees; Lourdes with its sacred grotto and spring, world famous for its miracles.

They stood in a deep little valley there—behind them a small river and before them a cliff of rock, in the foot of which yawned the mouth of the grotto, with canvas curtains, which every few moments were parted, as some prostrate form upon a stretcher was carried inside. On the hilltops far and near huge gilded crosses shone in the sun.

And down a winding road poured more processions with their sick, their crippled and their paralytics, their deaf and their blind and their insane—as others before them from all over Europe had been coming day after day for over seventy years to this place, to be cured by the Mother of Sorrows, whose statue stood on a ledge of rock above the entrance to the cave.

Close by me a young Irish girl lay on her stretcher on the ground. Thin as a little skeleton and too weak to lift a hand, into her white hollow cheeks I saw a flush of excitement come, and into her big dark eyes a shining light of such absolute faith as I had never seen before.

"Save us—save us—save us!" As the priest continued his fervent appeal to the Madonna for her aid, and louder, louder, louder that cry kept bursting from the crowd, the very air around me seemed charged with some invisible force.

"What do you think of it?" asked a voice. I turned and saw behind me a French army officer standing there. Though a man of early middle age, his thick hair was already streaked with grey, and my attention was caught at once by some poignant tragic quality in his lined and wrinkled face and his clear honest likable eyes. In spite of his ironic smile, I caught no sign of mockery. He had spoken to me in French. In the same language I replied:

"What do I think of it? I don't

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know. I've seen things I can't understand."

I told him I had been there two weeks with an English medical research friend, who had come a couple of months ago. In the receiving hospital, where the most desperate cases were taken from the train for the rest they needed before the cave, he had been allowed to examine them and diagnose their various ills—take temperatures and blood tests and do a lot of other things. Later we had followed those same cases down into the grotto; and by the sacred spring in there, in less than an hour I had seen paralytics and cripples get up and walk, I'd heard blind people swear that they could see and babbling lunatics grow sane.

"I've seen queer things happen," I said. "Fully ninety per cent, I am told by my friend, are cases of hysteria or countless other sicknesses due to disordered nerves and minds. And it is not hard to understand how such cases can be helped or cured by such high powered religious faith as we have just been witnessing. But for the other ten per cent he has no explanation—none at all. That's why he keeps on staying here."

"Why are *you* here?"

"I'm curious. And I'm a writer. It's my job to try to see things as they are—and write what I see and nothing more." A strange swift gleam came from his eyes.

"Then write this story," he replied. "It has never been printed yet. It is about the Madonna of Lourdes—and also it is about myself. And the part about myself is a story so strange to me that still it keeps me wondering."

"Tell me about it. Please." He did:

"What lies behind these miracles? The story of how the Madonna, in 1858, was repeatedly seen at dusk in visions by a peasant girl—seen standing in the mouth of this cave with arms upraised as though in blessing—seen all robed in purest white. The peasant girl gave to her neighbors her news and the word went around that Our Mother of Sorrows had come down and blessed this cave and the healing spring inside. From that time it became a holy place, a place of many miraculous cures.

"But all this time another story has been told by word of mouth in the French army," he went on. "I heard it myself as a young recruit, only a little before the great war. And the story told in the barracks is this. In 1858 one of our cavalry regiments happened to be stationed down here, and there was soon a love intrigue between a gay young officer and the quite seductive young wife of an eminent merchant in the town. In spite of all the new joy of her love, she was very discreet, this little young dame, so the lovers met only in this cave, where she could feel safe from the eyes of her old husband and of the town. Late one afternoon in the dusk, when this gay and joyous pair at last had had their fill of love, she came out cautiously alone. She had thought

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that by now it would be dark—but the twilight was not yet so deep but what a young peasant girl, passing below on the river side, caught sight of that dim figure in white. Upon seeing the girl, the little dame was so startled that she threw up her arms. And at the sight the girl cried out and ran screaming to the town that she had beheld the Holy Mother come down to earth to bless this spot!"

He smiled at me and I at him.

"A wonderful story, if true," I said. "But as a war correspondent I learned you could not always believe the French army."

"That is true enough," he agreed. "I am only telling you what they say."

"There is more to it than that," I said. "In all the years since then I think another lady has been here."

Again that glance from his poignant eyes.

"Yes, another lady has been here. For I have not finished my story yet. I have not told you the strangest part—the part that has to do with me. When my older brother, who is a priest, brought me here at the end of the war—a boy shell-shocked and half-crazy with fears, my nerves all stretched as though to snap and launch me into a madhouse soon—when I saw in a moment of sanity that I lay in front of this famous cave with its gilded crosses above on the hills—I remembered the story I had heard and bitterly I laughed inside! As I looked at that figure over the cave, I thought: 'You were not the one who was here!' As they carried me to the spring within, bitterly I was laughing still! I was a hard nut to crack—crack open and let faith pour in!"

He paused. Finally in a low voice, he said:

"But then came something stranger than anything in my whole life that I had ever felt before."

"The other lady?"

"I don't know. I am like you—I cannot say. I can only tell you that soon all my bitterness flew away—and then those grisly nightmares, too—those sudden terrors, stabs of fear—all, all lifting from my mind—while down and down I sank into such cool blessed depths of peace that almost I felt like a little boy—a very tiny little boy—freed from some fear that had come in his dreams—resting in some great mother's arms. It was like a dream—a spell—a trance. When I was brought out, I rose up from my litter and walked—for the first time in a year. And though in that evening my troubles came back, and with them bitterness at the trick which I felt had been played upon me here—when I returned here the next day I became that tiny boy again—resting—in some great mother's arms. And so each day for a month or more I rested—rested—rested—until at last I was wholly restored from that black madness of the war."

He stared at me and I at him.

"That is all that I can tell you," he said, "about the other lady here."

—Ernest Poole

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CHIEF BLACKHAWK

TRICKED BY THE WHITES AT EVERY TURN, HE FOUGHT BACK WITH THE ONLY WEAPONS HE KNEW

A QUARTER-CENTURY ago Lorado Taft created a huge figure of an American Indian, idealizing in his sculpture the best qualities of the aborigines who once lived happily in this land. Although it is not a true likeness of Chief Blackhawk, the monument, which stands today on a high bluff overlooking the Rock River near the town of Oregon, Illinois, was named for the Sac chieftain. An unusually imposing sight, the enormous statue—forty-eight feet high—of the old warrior is seen brooding over the land that was once his people's, for which his braves fought valiantly, but which white cunning wrested from them. The story of his quarrel with the land-hungry settlers a hundred and odd years ago reflects little credit on the superior race.

There on the Rock River in 1767 Blackhawk was born, son of a famous chief of the Sac Indian nation. When Blackhawk, or Makataemishkiakiak, was about sixteen his people went out to war against the Osages. The youth volunteered to go with the war-party. In battle he watched his father kill an Osage and ferociously rend the scalp from the foe's crown. Young Blackhawk was so inspired by the sight that he, too, struck an enemy with his tomahawk, pierced him with his lance, and carried off his scalp. Thus did this young man prove his right to be considered a brave of his tribe. When he returned to the village he joined his elders in the scalp-dance.

In this war-loving society the young man soon achieved a name as a brave and resourceful warrior, one who knew when to order the attack and when, if the situation warranted, to order the retreat without loss of his braves. Again and again he led parties against the Osages. But the enemy were not idle and by their own raids caused the Sacs and Foxes much trouble.

Finally Blackhawk recruited a strong war party and invaded the Osages' country on the Missouri River. In battle the young chief himself slew five braves and one squaw. He lost only nineteen of his own men in the conflict while the enemy lost about one hundred. This overwhelming victory put an end, for a time, to the marauding activities of the Osages.

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Now the Sacs and Foxes, strong with the feeling of triumph, turned toward another enemy, the Cherokees, who had long preyed on them. But though the Cherokees were defeated in an engagement fought in 1788 Blackhawk's father suffered a mortal wound. His son inherited the great medicine-bag of his people and, with it, a chieftain's responsibilities.

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For the next five years Blackhawk mourned his father. He blacked his face, prayed and fasted and engaged in no combat. Thus, in this primitive civilization, did he at once purify himself for the leadership which he had inherited and wait for the spiritual sign that would signify that the Manitous had found him worthy.

At last, as the Osages were again beginning to harass his people, the sign came and Blackhawk daubed on his warpaints. The next ten years he was occupied in marching war-parties into battle against the Osages, against the Cherokees, to avenge the death of his father, and against the Chippewas and Kaskaskias. When Blackhawk entered his thirty-fifth year the Sacs and Foxes were at last beginning to enjoy peace.

As the tribes about the lakes periodically made pilgrimages to Detroit so the people of the Upper Mississippi Valley went annually to St. Louis. On one of his trips to St. Louis Blackhawk learned that the Americans had taken over possession of the land. The Indians were grieved to hear of the change, for the Americans had anything but a good name with the redmen who had dealt with them. Nevertheless when a party of American soldiers arrived at the Rock River village the Sacs treated them graciously and requested the Foxes likewise to receive them in a friendly fashion.

A short time later one of Blackhawk's people killed an American. In St. Louis a suspect was confined for the crime. The Sacs and Foxes held a council and delegated four warriors to go to St. Louis to negotiate for the release of the imprisoned man. According to their custom, the Indians were prepared to pay a sum for the person killed to satisfy the kin of the deceased and thus "cover" the blood.

When the delegation returned home the braves were clothed in bright coats and wore fine medals. The prisoner had been released, they reported but had been killed by the white men after he had gone a short distance. The negotiators had been kept drunk most of the time they were in St. Louis and had been persuaded to cede land to the white men.

So did the white men win the treaty of 1804. By its terms the Indians were to get the miserable sum of $1000 a year and also the *privilege* of living on the land as long as the federal government owned it, that is, did not open it to settlement. In return the Indians gave away about *50,000,000 acres* of the Sacs' and Foxes' land in Missouri, Illinois and Wisconsin! Blackhawk, the Chief, had not been consulted;

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nor had a council of his people been called to discuss the treaty. Firewater had won the day.

The whites began to penetrate the Sacs' and Foxes' land. The Shawnee Prophet and Chief Tecumseh now invited Blackhawk to their village on the Wabash. There the Sacs and Foxes were exhorted to join Tecumseh's plan for an Indian confederacy to crush the Americans. But Blackhawk remained lukewarm to the proposal. However, when warfare did break out, Blackhawk joined the Winnebagoes in the unsuccessful siege of Fort Madison.

In 1815 and again in 1816, with peace made, new treaties were signed. This time Blackhawk "touched the goose-quill," and although he did not know it, signed away his own village. As he later defended himself sadly, "What do we know of the manners, the laws, and the customs of the white people? They might buy our bodies for dissection, and we would touch the goose-quill to confirm it and not know what we were doing."

★ ★ ★

White men began to settle the countryside thickly. The Indians, with their hunting-grounds limited and therefore compelled to work diligently at their crops and at their trapping to gather enough stores for the poor season, were content to be fairly peaceful. But a few arrogant settlers caused difficulties. Blackhawk himself was one day set upon, disarmed and badly beaten by three white men.

Soon the Indians were reminded of the treaties and were advised to leave the Illinois side of the Mississippi. The principal Fox chief, Keokuk, was persuaded of the wisdom of this step, and he coaxed others to support him. In 1823 the majority of Sacs and Foxes left with him.

Blackhawk, however, declared he had never consented to the sale of his village; the white men with their chicanery were, to his mind, capable of proving anything. He proposed that the Sacs should give up their lead mines in return for a clear title to the land upon which their village stood.

Keokuk was to negotiate with the whites, but he had no success. Indeed, while Blackhawk was away white men came and took over some of the lodges in his village. Even his own lodge was occupied. Conferences with the local Indian agents availed nothing. Keokuk again urged that the village be abandoned. Blackhawk was still against it. But the whites were pouring into the land, taking possession of the cornfields, burning the lodges they did not occupy, ill-treating the squaws, beating lone braves.

Chief Blackhawk was sixty years old now, but he was not killing enemies or tearing scalps. He was going from agent to agent, from one post to another, seeking advice and aid, hoping to keep his village, if not the cornfields and the tribal burial-ground. But he got no help. The Indian agent at Rock Island ordered him to evacu-

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ate the village. And Keokuk now had considerable influence, which he brought to bear against Blackhawk.

At last the military was sent to the village. The old chief counseled no resistance and his people left and crossed the Mississippi into Iowa, compelled to leave their growing corn crop behind them.

In June, 1831, Blackhawk determind to make an attempt to regain his village. With all his people he crossed the river and invaded Illinois.

In the first skirmishes the American soldiers fled, apparently convinced that a great force stood behind Blackhawk, who had only his own braves and their women and children. Soon, however, the entire countryside was aroused. On the Wisconsin River, on July 21, 1832, his warriors were beaten by forces under General Dodge, and at Bad Axe River on August 1, by General Atkinson.

Bravely the Indians tried to cut their way back to the Mississippi, but only a few succeeded. The whites shot down many of the braves and parties of Sioux Indians massacred many of the women and children. On August 2, Chief Blackhawk surrendered at Prairie du Chien. The Blackhawk war was over.

★ ★ ★

Together with two sons and several lesser chiefs Blackhawk was held as a hostage and confined in Fortress Monroe in Virginia. In the summer of 1833 the Indian prisoners were released and paraded through the larger cities of the East and Middle West to impress them with the might of the paleface's civilization. Before President Jackson Chief Blackhawk stood with his two sons and spoke not as a defeated man but as one chief to another: "If I had not struck for my people you could have said that I was a woman."

Blackhawk returned to his home west of the Mississippi. There he dictated his autobiography, giving his story simply and with evident sincerity; it remains a moving document, meriting a place in Americana alongside Benjamin Franklin's autobiography. Keokuk was now the active chief of the Sacs and Foxes but the old warrior's voice was listened to with deference.

At his home on the Des Moines River Makataemishkiakiak lived to the age of seventy-one years; on October 3, 1838, the Great Spirit called him away. Medals and trophies from Henry Clay, President Jackson and ex-President John Quincy Adams were placed at his side when he was interred. A year later the body was stolen by a doctor. On the complaint of the chief's sons the bones were returned, but their final disposal was never definitely ascertained.

It is fitting, since his body was unfortunately not permitted to find peace in the Indians' happy-hunting-grounds, that the spirit of Blackhawk should rise over his old lands in the huge Taft monument.

—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

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A PLEA TO RICHELIEU

HONOR DEMANDED THAT THE YOUNG MARÉCHAL ASSUME A VIRTUE THOUGH HE HAD IT NOT

On JUNE 14, 1642, in Narbonne, a captain of Louis XIII's Musketeers arrested the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, who at twenty-two was already Master of the Horse and the king's favorite, through the influence of the Cardinal-Duc de Richelieu. With him were taken his friend Gaston de Thou and the Duc de Bouillon, on a charge of high treason incurred through a conspiracy with the king of Spain to murder the cardinal.

Although sentence had not yet been pronounced because of certain legal technicalities, the question in all France was only whether all three prisoners would be beheaded, or whether Bouillon, as the least guilty, might still somehow gain his freedom. For the cardinal was recognized as sufficiently relentless and courageous to bring the independent nobility under the dominion of the royal power by force as well as by guile.

And so the household of the young Cinq-Mars, the Maréchal d'Effiat, resigned itself to the inevitable, for at that period, in the era of conspiracies, death on the scaffold was no dishonor to a French nobleman. But hardly had they so accustomed themselves when a message arrived, fated to bring horror and trembling to the family of the prisoner: Henri had fallen into a deep melancholy and refused to take sufficient nourishment. He had become pale and was growing thin . . . This could mean only that the subterraneously consuming fear of death had seized him, threatening the family with the danger of dishonor. His collapse would be considered by everyone as a cowardly and ignominious fear of the sword, and with his memory the honor and reputation of the family would be unendurably sullied. It was necessary to use every means to avoid this, and after three days of anxiety and confused deliberation, the Maréchale-Marquise d'Effiat, Henri's mother, had herself carried in her sedan chair to the cardinal, who received her after a short delay.

He sat, a very lean and martial old man, shivering in his great chair despite the stream of sunlight and the heat of a rainless July. He was in poor health, as everyone knew, and many spoke of slow poisons in that body,

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hardened by much riding in many campaigns. He abruptly began the interview by expressing the hope that *Madame la Marquise* had not come to plead for the life of a person who would have been his own murderer. The lady paled beneath her rouge and fashionable powder. Thereupon, in a cold voice, she explained that she had no such intention, and she soon informed him of the report she had heard and its consequences; that something must absolutely be done to avoid them, and that she had come as soon as she could to suggest a plan.

"I require your consent, Cardinal, and you shall give it, for even if my son has merited death, the rest of us have not earned lives of dishonor."

Richelieu held his long and yellow hand in the sunlight, twisted it silently a moment, and then answered.

"If I were certain of living a long while yet—say two years—the disgrace of your son would be welcome to me, my duty even."

He stopped for a moment and shifted a great black-handled magnifying glass in order to concentrate the warmth of the sun along his left side, while the marquise, beside herself with anger and pain, with difficulty restrained herself from interrupting him.

"That disgrace would be a valuable warning to the whole family of my creatures to keep faith with me." But, he went on, and rather quickly, for he saw how the fingers of the marquise were gripping the arms of her chair, he no longer had two years before him; he mistrusted new creatures and he gave only too much weight to the friendship and great affection that had formerly bound him to the guilty man and his house. And so he would agree to anything she might suggest—so long as the sentence was carried out.

"There will be no question of that," said the marquise, in a voice weak with relief. "Everything will be done under the eyes of Your Eminence." And with grim strength she restrained the tears of happiness that were about to overflow her eyes, for it did not suit her that her enemy and torturer should see the magnitude of his gift.

To the question of what she intended to do, the marquise explained that the prisoner must be secretly informed that he would suffer only the penalty of exile. Then she informed him of her intentions, whereupon he promised to issue corresponding instructions to the governor of the prison. The marquise rose at once. Richelieu did not neglect to kiss her hand, and with the aid of a cane, to escort her to the door.

Two days thereafter, his jailer gave Cinq-Mars for breakfast four eggs in a silver basket that bore the arms of his family: his mother begged him to roast these eggs himself by way of diversion. The young man took the basket with that surge of joy with which those long imprisoned receive every change in their surroundings. Accustomed to obedience, he approached the fireplace.

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As he warily revolved the uppermost egg over the coals, holding it with the firetongs, it began to cover itself with black dots and lines, which drew together and ranged themselves into letters. The sweat stood out beneath his hair as the handwriting of the marquise took form on the surface of the white shell! He read: "Messages on all eggs great secret." He put down the deciphered shell: she had had chemical ink mixed, he thought, as his heart and pulse made his whole body tremble.

Then he roasted out the messages: "King's grace promised—exile," said one; "More tomorrow—eat eggs, otherwise suspicion," the next; and "R. ill—mock trial—courage," the last. Whereupon he wept, long and uncontrollably, and still in tears, went on roasting eggs. He ate all four with a bone spoon and the salt in which they had lain, and watched the writing disappear as the shells cooled. "R." means Richelieu, he thought for an hour afterwards, still without comprehending; "R." means Richelieu.

Cinq-Mars had been an ill man, wasting away because of his approaching death. From that day on, he was young and healthy, and ate heartily. Suddenly, but not surprisingly, for the eggs had foretold it, he was permitted hours to exercise in the court of the castle. He took this as a sign of the certainty of everything the won-

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der-working fire had prophesied—in broken sentences, as the golden morning gift of every new sunrise.

Taken all together, his mother's messages had informed him that the trial would apparently conclude with a sentence of death, but a lieutenant's commission in the regiments going to the West Indies had already been prepared, and in the harbor of Lyons, as he mounted the scaffold in that city's market-place, the fleet already lay which was to carry him to a new land, a new France. No one doubted that he would distinguish himself there, and later, after the cardinal's death, his return was certain. That he must hear his own death sentence and bow his head on the block before the grace of the king could be accorded him—these were constant stipulations. But two signs were to assure him that all was not in earnest: the executioner would only tie his hair together instead of cutting it off, and before his eyes were bound, he would see the family coach at the foot of the scaffold, not in mourning, but with garlands decked about the horses' heads as on gala days.

On the morning of September 12, he stood on the scaffold as on a pageant stage. Sparkling in gold and pearl-white the city lay beneath him; magic hills rose from the autumn forest, and beyond, blue as some divine gem, the sea rose to the heavens. The wind brought a convulsing joy to his heart; the colors of his house nodded green and white from the horses' heads. Eyes shining, he strode impatiently to the block. The little white stick was broken. The sea, the sea, he thought, as the executioner tied his hair, and meant thereby: freedom, freedom! And before his eyes were bound, the joy in his heart rose to a happy smile on his lips, and he kneeled down. Then the sword fell in a flashing circle.

But when the executioner showed the head, dripping and with eyes unbound, and dangled it by the hair before the spectators, so shining and proud a joy blazed forth from the white countenance that an answering cry of wonder turned the curiosity of the people to adoration.

The fame of this laughing death was in Paris before the coach which, garlands gone, returned the son's body to his parents. All Paris, the whole upper nobility of the provinces, presented itself that day at the family's door, and the marquise received them all.

She sat stiff and weak in her great ornamental bed and permitted herself to be honored. A week later she died, and only the cardinal knew how all her strength had so quickly been burnt out—in the fires that had roasted those eggs. And so he brusquely forbade Gaston d'Orléans to follow the bier, despite his kinship with the king. Behind it, next to the king's, went his own coach, in which he himself sat, meditatively, admiring—and shivering despite his heavy furs.

—Arnold Zweig

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THIS SCIENTIFIC WORLD

IN AN AGE OF SPECIALIZATION IT'S NOT EVEN EASY TO GIVE THE NAMES OF THE SPECIALTIES

HERE are fifty definitions of more or less widely known branches of science and the arts. How many of them can you recognize? Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 60 is fair, 74 is good and 90 or over exceptional. Answers are on page 84.

1. Science treating of the history of the earth and its life, especially as recorded in rocks.
2. Science of the mind.
3. Science of life.
4. Science of mankind, including study of man's place in nature.
5. Science treating of celestial bodies.
6. Art of instruction or discipline.
7. Study of antiquities; of art, customs, etc., of ancient peoples as shown in their relics.
8. Science of plants.
9. Art of delineating, usually on maps or charts, physical characteristics of a region.
10. Science probing conditions and laws affecting production, distribution and consumption of wealth.
11. Study of birds.
12. Science treating of human society and function of social groups.
13. Branch of hygiene treating of diets and dieting.
14. Science and art of prevention, cure and alleviation of disease.
15. Art of healing in which cutting instruments are used.
16. Science of diseases, their nature, causes, progress, results, etc.
17. The pathology of mental diseases.
18. Branch of biology dealing with bacteria.
19. Biology dealing with the embryo.
20. Science that treats of poisons.
21. Branch of aerostatics treating of navigating in the air.
22. Science dealing with lines, angles, surfaces and solids.
23. Science or art of conducting vessels on water.
24. Study of skulls.
25. Science or art of hurling missiles by an engine; of the motion of projectiles.
26. Science treating of laws and properties of matter.
27. Science treating of light and vision.
28. Art of smelting, refining and parting metals.

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29. Nomenclature as a field of study; the technical terms used in any business, art, science, etc.
30. Chemistry of living organisms.
31. Art of compounding medicines.
32. Science of coins and metals.
33. Study of influence of heavenly bodies on earthly affairs. A pseudo-science.
34. Treatment or study of mental diseases.
35. Art or profession of a dentist.
36. Art or science of tracing and recording pedigrees.
37. Science and art of government.
38. Science of Egyptian antiquities.
39. Study of crime or criminals.
40. Science of speech sounds.
41. Science of the functions of living organisms.
42. Art or practice of making or using telegraphs.
43. Science treating of the skin, its structure, functions and diseases.
44. Art of making articles of baked clay, as pottery, tiles, etc.
45. Science of languages.
46. Medieval chemical science, main objects of which were to transmute baser metals into gold and to find means of indefinitely prolonging life.
47. Art of producing pictures on objects by action of light.
48. Science of animal natural history.
49. Department of zoölogy dealing with insects.
50. Science of minerals.

—A. I. GREEN

"ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL"

THE premise of the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal" is not an American contribution to political thought. The vaunted theorem did not originate with Thomas Jefferson, but Jefferson lifted the idea, without giving credit, from a pamphlet that had been sneaked into the Colonies and circulated long before the Revolution.

It was an Irishman who first enunciated the principle, one William Molyneux, a Dublin barrister. He used his pen in the Irish struggle toward independence. The English Parliament introduced prohibitory laws that seemed to Molyneux unjust and tyrannical, and he immediately wrote a pamphlet called "The Case For Ireland Stated." It appeared in 1698.

It is worth noting that Molyneux opens his case by laying down the principles later set forth at the beginning of the American Declaration of Independence in virtually identical phraseology. Here is the beginning of the Irish Declaration:

"All men are by nature in a state of equality in respect of jurisdiction and dominion; this I take to be a principle in itself so evident that it stands in need of little proof."

Jefferson also said the truth was "self-evident." —T. F. HEALY

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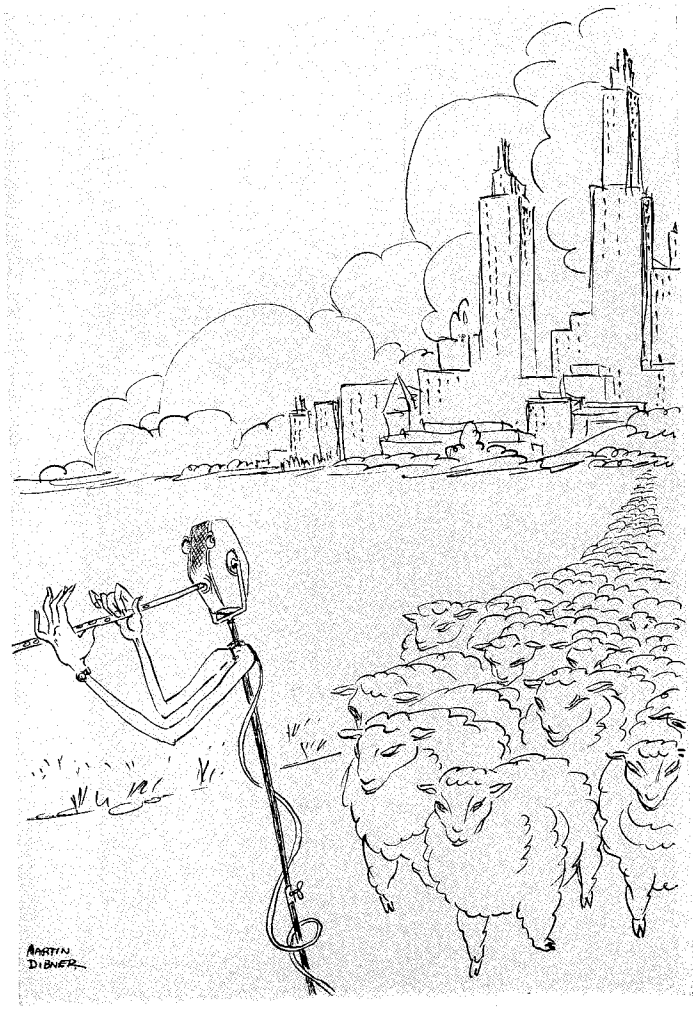

MODERN PIED PIPER

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NOTES ON DIPLOMACY

THE DIPLOMATS KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO PREVENT WAR—AND HOW TO CONDUCT IT WHEN IT STARTS

FOR a great many years I have been an admirer of international diplomacy, and have been in wholehearted sympathy with its efforts to prevent the world from constantly becoming embroiled in wars. Diplomacy, it has always seemed to me, has always combined high idealism with a cold logical practicality, and when you get a combination like that, what more could you ask for—except possibly fewer wars?

The best way to study diplomacy is, of course, to observe closely how it works, and so, I would like to trace the progress of an up-to-date grade-A international agreement arrived at for the worthy purpose of promoting peace.

Let us take, then, four European countries. Of course our countries do not have to be European, but I feel that it adds an extra touch of realism. Let us call our countries, sticking to alphabetical procedure, Abalonia, Belgravia, Cumberland, and Damaria. Our countries, looking at the facts fearlessly, come to the conclusion that in recent years they have not been getting along with one another any too well, and that unless something is done about it, the guns may go off any minute. And so what is the first step?

I am sure you know. It is to call a conference, for the purpose of working up a treaty. Of course there is usually some difficulty about agreeing on a suitable time and place for the conference, but as a rule, to the lasting credit of diplomacy, these differences are ironed out, and the treaty begins to take form. I would like now to call your attention to the opening paragraphs—what might be styled the preamble—of the treaty. Here there seems to be complete agreement throughout the civilized world. No treaty shall crudely break right into the middle of things by agreeing that no more wars shall be fought, because that would be neglecting to state the *cause* of such a decision.

This cause *must* be stated first, and so, accordingly, we are told in the first paragraph that the four nations concerned hate, loathe and abominate war. *That's* why they have decided to give it up. Because they hate it. No use leaving any room for wild guesses

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in the matter; they come right out with the facts. Usually this hatred of war, this passionate love of peace, is elaborated on for several sentences, and in my opinion there is no more beautiful literature in all the world. *Romeo and Juliet* and all those poems about mother-love and skylarks and daffodils don't rank one-two-three in lofty elevation—not in my opinion. I've been reading preambles like that for a good many years, and I still can't put one down without crying, they are so beautiful.

But do not get the idea that these lovely introductions imply that it is only recently that our quartet of nations has decided to worship at the shrine of peace. Perish the thought! They have all—you will see it there in black and white—*always* been peace-loving. And here is a proof that our countries are in a nice amenable mood, because nobody injects a sour note in the proceedings by making references to past history.

Having thus dispensed with their attitude toward peace, both past and present, the diplomats are now at liberty to proceed to the crux of the matter, and declare that Abalonia, Belgravia, Cumberland, and Damaria hereby agree not to resort to armed conflict with one another. And here, if our nations happen to be in a good mood, they may go further, and agree not only to renounce armed conflict with one another, but with the rest of the world as well. It costs nothing extra. Paper and ink are cheap, and there are always plenty of stenographers to be had.

It might now appear that the whole matter is settled, and that there is nothing more left to chronicle, but this would be rashly to jump at conclusions. There are other angles to be covered, and the next one, as anybody who has studied international affairs realizes, is to agree on what weapons are not going to be permitted in the event of war—I mean armed conflict—between any of the signers of the treaty. . . . What? It is a waste of time to decide on what weapons shall not be used when the diplomats have already agreed there isn't to be a war? Pardon me, but that is a naïve objection. You must remember that diplomats are practical. It's all right to be idealistic—but only up to a certain point.

And so they sit around a table and agree on the weapons to be banned. That's right; the weapons to be banned in the conflict that they've just agreed they aren't going to have. You're beginning to get it now. Perhaps I neglected to state that these countries are civilized ones, and naturally they will want their conflict to be a civilized one. In fact you can just imagine the hue and cry that would be raised if someone started an *un*civilized war! . . . You want to know the difference? Please don't ask any more questions. I'm doing the best I can with a very complicated subject.

This part of the treaty doesn't come off quite as smoothly as the introduc-

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tory paragraphs, but at last they agree, and decide that in the event of conflict, mushroom bullets will be barred as being barbarous and inhuman, and that they will stick to nice humane ways of killing one another, such as shrapnel, poison gas, machine guns and any new disease germs that seem capable of spreading a good modern civilized epidemic.

This settles things for the nonce. The conference now breaks up, and the diplomats go back to their country estates for a rest—or for sessions with their prime ministers in which they are asked to explain why they made so many concessions to the other three countries. They can stay away for perhaps a year. At the end of that period it is usually time to call another conference, a disarmament conference. . . . Questions again? Why have our nations been arming when they had agreed not to fight? That's easy to answer: Because they have been co-operating with one another in the friendliest possible spirit. They all understand human nature, and realize that the kindliest way to prevent another nation from attacking you is to build up such a big army and navy that nobody will dare try it. It's as simple as all that when you just stop to analyze it.

And so our four countries get together again, in the persons of their diplomats, and proceed to further the cause of peace. Abalonia starts the good work by declaring that she is going to have a standing army of a million and a half, and that she is laying the keels for six new battle cruisers. But is Damaria just going to sit there and let Abalonia get ahead of her in the promotion of peace? Perish the thought! Damaria's representative gets up, takes a tug at his beard, and says that his country also wants to co-operate. She is so anxious to avoid armed conflict that she has decided on a *two* and a half million arm, nine new battleships and four hundred peace-promoting bombing planes. . . . Just a pacifist at heart.

It would be tedious to go into further details of this conference. Suffice it to say that each of the four countries is so eager to prevent hostilities that they finally decide it would be injurious to their purposes if their hands were tied down by any armament treaties. The common good dictates that each nation—now as always a passionate lover of peace, remember—should be free to further the cause in its own inspired and altruistic way. This decision has a healthy influence on all the nations concerned. Steel and munitions stocks go up anywhere from ten to fifty points, and what could be nicer than a business boom like that?

Now when war breaks out—but this is a treatise on peace. And so let's salute the diplomats. They are not men to beat around the bush. They do not mouth empty phrases. When, stirring within their breasts, they feel an all-encompassing love for peace, they come right out and say so. —PARKE CUMMINGS

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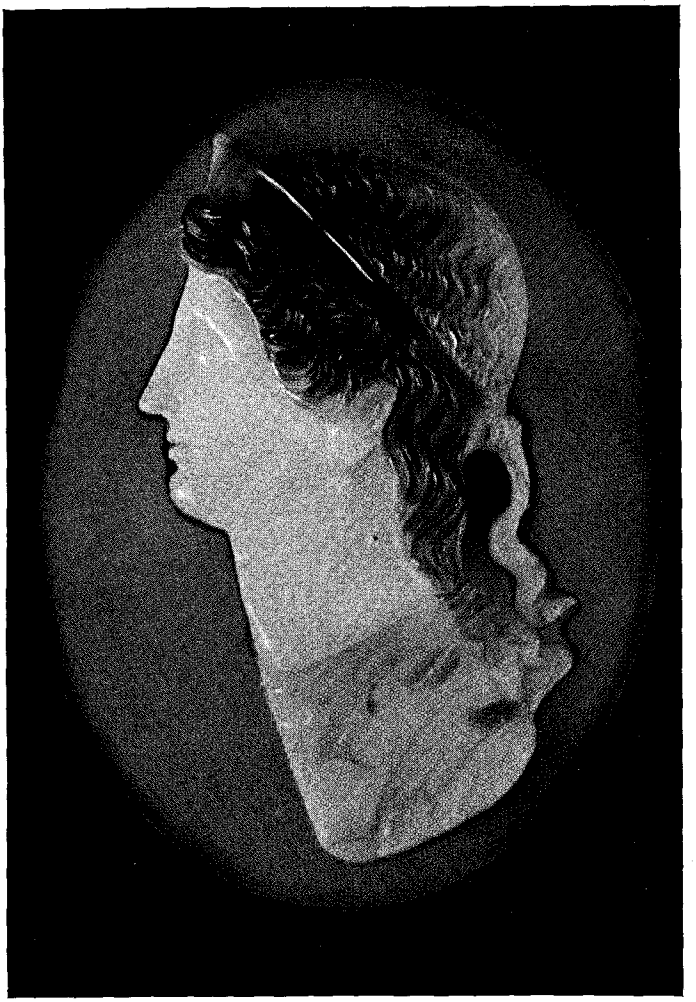

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

ANCIENT ROMAN CAMEOS

For all the twenty centuries they have weathered, these cameos dating from the reign of Augustus and produced by Greek artists brought to the Imperial City are still considered among the finest in existence. Above is a sardonyx bust of Julia, daughter of Emperor Augustus.

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AGRIPPINA THE YOUNGER

The mother of Nero is depicted here wearing the headdress of ladies of the Claudian family, her hair in rows of parallel waves and tied in a club at the back. Agrippina poisoned Claudius to get the throne for Nero, and was subsequently put to death by her son for her pains.

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THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS

This bust, cut from three layers of sardonyx, is the finest known specimen of cameo work. The stone is perfect, as are the cutting and polishing, and the design of the head is superb. The artist, believed to be Dioskorides, has attained an unusual softness of modeling.

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BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

JULIA AND LIVIA

This exceptional sardonyx cameo is a double portrait of Julia, in character as Minerva, and Livia, Augustus' third wife, representing Diana. Livia is considered to have been responsible for the deaths of Augustus' intended successors to the throne and even his own death.

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THE TIME WATCHER

HE HAD MADE HIS CONTRACT, THE BLACK ONE, AND THAT NIGHT HE CAME FOR THE DYING MAN'S SOUL

I WAS in my house when I saw that my cousin's time had come. I took my staff, and told my wife, "Luwín is finishing now. Make a little prayer here in the house. I am going to him."

My wife is wise, she knows all that concerns me; I did not need to tell her more than that. Then I set out for Luwín's house, in the latter part of the afternoon when the sun is low but still hot. As I walked along, at first I merely let my thoughts run of their own accord, about my cousin, this man of whom I was so fond. As an old man will, I looked at the bright pictures of our childhood within my heart.

Being of the family of Chapa, we were slightly apart from other children of the tribe. There was a distinction which drew all of us cousins together. From among us, more than from other families, would come persons of sacred gifts, to Show the Road, to Teach Prayer, to Heal. Some group of brothers and sisters among us were children of the Time Watcher; upon some one of us in his time, the gods would lay that burden.

There are villages nowadays in which the Time Watcher is known to all, he performs his task as if it were an office, he receives honor and his power is slight. Those are the tribes where many men speak Castilian, even some of the women, where they are beginning to put on shoes and become Ladinos. We of Nanluum keep to the true way; only the Principal of the Village and a few priests know who is the Time Watcher, save for his wife and perhaps his sons. Wherefore our people do not die when they go far away, traveling, and there is no sorcery among us.

When he was a boy Luwín knew, as I learned much later, that his own father was Watcher of our time in those days. It made him feel a responsibility. When he was already a big boy, he was thoughtful of us little ones. He was considerate, so that we grew up loving him, and I particularly, as we became older, was intimate with him.

It is a good league from where I live to Luwín's house. I had plenty of time to remember my grief when the soldiers came and took him to carry their packs while they went to war.

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For two years he was with the army, and he was corrupted. He tried to make himself a Ladino. He was ashamed, then, to make his prayer and his offering to the cross of his fathers. Far away among the men who wear shoes, he began to feel his powers, and after their custom, he studied sorcery. He came back speaking Castilian, dressed like a Ladino, pretending to be one. He was at odds with his own tribe, he bore a grudge against the world. I remembered him as he was then, how sorry I felt for him, how I thought for him.

As I climbed the hill to the house where death and the Black One waited for him and me, I fixed the details of his life in my heart. I was afraid, as the sun dropped low. Over and over in my heart I built my strength as I came to Luwín's house.

I entered without knocking, calling a greeting as I crossed the threshold. The fire was dead, there were no offerings, no flowers or pine-tips around his little father cross on the altar, the place was already almost dark. He lay on his bed under an old blanket, his face drawn and pale. One could see the fear sitting on his heart.

"It's no use, Palás," he said. "I cannot answer any more questions. I cannot show you the road now. I am finished. Leave me alone, cousin."

I went ahead and made a fire, while he watched me, too weak to lift his head. Then I took beeswax, resin, copal and pine-tips from the pouch I carried and went to the altar.

"No use to do that," he said, "our father there will not serve me. For fifty years now, I have not fed him for myself, only when I made prayer for others."

"Still let us feed him," I answered, putting the offerings before the cross, lighting the resin and setting on it the sweet-scented copal.

"Do as you like," he said, "but it is no use. I know you are a good man, and your prayers are strong, but you cannot help me. Now go away."

I thought that he did not want me to know the greatness of his sin, and also that he wished to save me from great harm if the Tiltik should find me here. I was planning hard, for there was no way to help him unless he himself confessed to me. So I made myself stupid.

"You talk strangely," I said. "Perhaps you have a fever. I shall stay with you."

He hesitated. "There is danger here."

"What danger?" I said. "I am old. Death is my uncle."

He hesitated again, but he was fond of me, and at last he made himself say, "The Tiltik is coming."

"How can that be?" I asked. "The Time Watchers of our tribe have been famous. We have no sorcerers; the Tiltik dares not cross our boundaries."

He closed his eyes, lying still and thinking. Then he said, "For many years no one has watched the time of these people. No one has guarded them. There is no Watcher in this

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village." His voice was very weary.

"Foolishly you talk," I said. "You and I, who are Chapas, know that there must be one among our relatives, even though we do not know who he may be."

"There is none." He waited again, thinking. "I will tell you. You have some kind of power, I don't know what. And it is well to confess even though it be useless. I am the Time Watcher."

"Well then—" I made myself surprised.

"But I never took up my burden. I never did anything about it. Listen: I sold my soul, I made a bargain with the Tiltik. I, the Time Watcher. I am accursed. Now he is coming for me. Go away and be safe."

I shook my head. "Why do you think you are the Watcher?"

He sighed. "Prop up my head, then, I shall tell you the whole, and hope then that you will go away.

"My father was Time Watcher. There is no reason why I should not let you know that now.

"I was unhappy when I was away. I was pretending to be Ladino, and really I wanted to be Indian again. I counted on two things for my return, on my father and that girl I wanted to marry, with whom I had spoken when she went to get water. With their help I should forget the evil magic, I should return to my kind.

"But I came back to find my father dead and the girl married to Keshel. I went to Keshel's house, I sat by his fire. They were ill-at-ease, and sought to please me. While I was there, looking at that woman and seeing her bustling for another man, joined with him, my heart burned, my heart fought. Sitting there, I thought of all my sorrows. There is no Time Watcher, I thought, and I am a sorcerer. Then it came to me, it was I to whom my father's burden was given, it was I who should protect the village from sorcerers, from the Tiltik, from evil happenings on the roads.

"I left hastily and I thought hard. I walked long by myself, I decided to repay myself for all that had happened to me, to punish this world which had turned against me. I decided to call the Tiltik and make a contract with him."

"What was your contract?" I asked.

"First, that since he was to have my soul, he would treat this village just as if it had a Time Watcher, save for what concerned me."

"Why did you ask that? I thought you were angry with the village."

"I was. I don't know why. It came to me, then, as if it had been told to me, and he agreed."

"Then what?"

"That he would help me in all my sorcery. I could make myself rich and great, I could become Principal of the Village. I could take that woman, and as many others as I chose. I could wither my enemies."

It was quite dark now. I looked around in the firelight, putting on some sticks of fat pine. I thought to

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myself, that if he had not completed that evil bargain, he would always have gone on trying after evil, nursing his anger. The pine sticks flared up, showing the room's bareness and disorder.

"Have you chests of gold hidden?" I said. "This house is poorer than when you moved into it."

He said, "When will you let me die? People mentioned my name, they came to me. I became a Shower of the Road. I waited for time enough to myself to get rid of the smell of incense, and set down that burden. Then when I did have a space of time, all I felt was pity for my village, for its people whose troubles I knew so well, who needed me. Some day, I thought, I shall do a few things for myself, but I have been too busy, year after year. And now I am finished. You cannot have any more foolish questions. Go away. The Tiltik has to come."

Luwín rolled his head off the folded robe I had put under it, and closed his eyes. He was exhausted, but he had confessed. He lay there in that pain, and the fear to which he had resigned himself, his face gaunt and hollow.

I warmed my hands again.

"Good now," I said, "Let him come now, that Tiltik."

I saw Luwín's eyelids flicker, but he was past speaking.

"Come now," I said. "We are ready for you. We bid you come."

The Tiltik came. It was as if a cold wind blew in the house, a dead, wet cold, although the air was quite still. The fire lost force. By the foot of Luwín's bed there was a black shadow with form to it. One saw no specific thing, but afterwards one would remember a face and shoulders. There was power there. It seemed as though the greatness of my cousin's fear overflowed from him to make that Tiltik.

Luwín turned his head slightly and opened his eyes. They were filmy. He tried to speak, and made a moaning sound. His breath rasped. I assembled my power, I became fully what I am. I was excited and afraid of failure, and glad that the end of this long struggle had come; all this I subdued within myself.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "There is an altar and a four-pointed cross in this house. How come you within the boundaries of this village?"

The Tiltik answered me. "At no time has this man made prayer for himself to this little cross. At no time has he fed it on his own account. His father did before him, and you have since, but he never. I can do as I please in this house."

"You know better than what you are saying," I told him. "The cross of his fathers is fat with offerings, it is strong, its content exists, there. That he prayed always for others, showing them the road, only makes his prayers stronger. You know that."

"True," said the Tiltik shortly. He was angry, he became bigger, his darkness spread.

My cousin looked towards me, as

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though he wished to tell me to run away before the Black One became furious and destroyed me.

"I came for what is mine," the Tiltik said. "No cross, no power can prevent me from taking my own."

He slid an arm of blackness along my cousin's bed. I could see the green fear leap up in Luwín as he felt it; I thought his soul would leap visibly out of his body. He could not even moan. I, too, was well afraid.

"What is yours is yours," I said. "But where is it? I do not see it here."

"Nonsense you talk," the Tiltik said. "You waste my time." He slid the arm of his influence almost to Luwín's head. "Here it is, mine by contract, sold to me freely. Go home, you Palás, to that which is within your power."

"There was no sale. There was an offer for sale, but no purchase was made. Make yourself small, you have nothing here."

The darkness came away from along the blanket. "I see we must argue," he said. "Perhaps you will talk yourself into my service. You want to lay the matter before the Great Lords. Very well.

"It was a fair bargain; if he fooled himself, that is his business and no fault of mine. You yourself have bought and sold a horse in your time."

"True," I said, "but if a man offers to buy my horse, and takes him, and no money, no object, not a little copper coin nor a measure of grain has been given me, the horse is still mine. I take him back. Is it not so?"

"Cease quibbling," the Tiltik said. "I made a contract, I kept it. That is all."

"You promised you would do all in your power to help him in his sorcery?" I said.

"Yes. Why not?"

"You promised nothing then. You agreed to treat this village as if there were a Time Watcher in it?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"You agreed to nothing, then. Can a man ask pay for not stopping the sun from rising?"

"That doesn't matter," the Tiltik said. "The terms of the bargain are of no importance. When he took that wicked thought into his heart, when he was willing to reject a sacred burden, when he called me and offered to bargain with me, right there he became mine. There is no power here to stop me."

He became wider, more menacing, he seemed to press outward towards me, to push against the firelight. He reached, he flowed towards Luwín. The place was full of a cold which was inside one, not on his skin. Fear looked out of all the corners.

"I shall not argue the second part of what you say," I said. "If it be true or untrue, will soon be proven. There was a reason for letting him fulfill his thought, as you well know. For the first part: a sin can be atoned," I said. "He has paid a thousand times over for his time of wishing evil. That cannot bind him

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now. You have only your contract, and in that there was deceit."

"How then?" The Tiltik asked. "I grow tired of your chatter. How then?"

"Before the lizard had feasted, before the stones turned over, before the bargain was closed, he was excited then. He was afraid of what he was doing, and he excited himself to complete it, telling himself what desired things it would bring. He talked so as to encourage himself."

"True," the Tiltik said. "What of it?" He was uneasy.

"On that night, at that time, you were pleased to be trapping a good soul for your service, and you were afraid that he might draw back."

The Tiltik was slow in answering. "True," he said.

"When, then, at the last moment he faltered, when he said to you, 'You will give me that girl, now as soon as this night is over you will give her to me, to have as long as I please,' when he said that, in those words, what did you answer?"

The Tiltik grew, he became huge, he filled the house. "I answered 'Yes,'" he said with a roar.

"And you knew you lied," I said.

He reached up to the rafters, up to the rooftree, he stretched from side to side, he crushed the fire down. There were great seizing hands.

"What of it?" He roared. "You have let me in. I shall take you both, then I shall consume your village."

I leapt up, I rose high, with all my power in me, with my staff in my hand.

"Let us try ourselves, then," I shouted. "Out! Out, Black One, Evil One, out Thief, out Liar! Now the crosses of the corners close in, the four directions close in, the middle arises. Out, out of this land!"

There was a great noise of the wind which stirred nothing. Stars were blotted out and appeared again, one after another. Then there was silence, and the dogs of the outlying farms near us, and down in the village, began to howl together. The fire leapt up brightly, giving forth warmth.

I looked at Luwín. His eyes were open, his face was tranquil, happy, and he had the astonished look of a man to whom a surprising truth has just become clear.

"No matter how great one's power," I said, "one cannot read the unseen in what concerns himself."

He smiled faintly, then he turned his head towards his cross, and his lips moved. I was satisfied then, I let him go.

I arranged him, and set the death candles around him. Later I would call the family to lament him properly.

I felt tired and peaceful, and ready for my own time to come. It was over, the life-long struggle, the constant vigilance, the heaviest part of my burden since first, when my cousin's father died, I became the Time Watcher of this village.

—Oliver La Farge

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GREAT-AUNT SUSAN

SURELY MR. NATHANIEL KNEW BETTER THAN TO COMMIT SUCH A SHOCKING INDELICACY

MY GREAT-AUNT Susan died many years before I was born. To me, until yesterday, she was merely one of the six daguerreotyped girls in the cherrywood frame, one of the twelve decorous children my Kentucky grandfather took into Lexington on that January day in '45 when he received word that a Mr. Husband was there from Maryland making a new kind of picture.

Susan's brow was untroubled as she sat for her daguerreotype that morning. Her gentle face showed no sign that she was troubled by that ugly thing that she had done, that offense she had committed at seventeen against what from the age of three she had well known was not nice or right or ladylike.

Until yesterday, had I thought of Susan's individual behavior at all, I should have assumed that it was correct beyond question, that with a demure and delicate dignity she had observed for her life's length the exacting pattern of her day's gentility. And yet there was a time, my mother says, *one* time when Susan departed from this pattern. Since my mother told me I have been wondering not only about Susan but about a certain Nathaniel whose daguerreotype I have not seen.

Items and anecdotes and names and tunes and lines long dormant stir in my mother's memory as she grows old. The bit of song that she sings before breakfast is less and less likely to be something we have heard her sing before. Yesterday it was the chorus of *Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall*. One day last week it was:

Miss Lucy had a baby,
Was born on Christmas Day;
She washed his head with whiskey
And named him Henry Clay.

Where did she learn that one? She isn't sure. From one of the slaves, perhaps. There was a brisk girl named Becky who had charge of the weaving —it was she who wove the girthing carpet in the watermelon colors—and she always sang at her work. Or it may have been a girl at school—at the Female Academy—who sang about Miss Lucy. It may have been Allie Grossett. Allie had a tapeworm and the teachers let her eat in school whenever she chose. She used to carry

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cake in her pocket and no other girl had ever been envied as she was. Allie's mother was very much disappointed in the Female Academy after she found that Allie had picked up an unladylike expression there. Before she had been there a week she was saying "Hello" and when her mother spoke to her about it the child didn't even seem to realize that was a coarse thing to say.

At breakfast, usually, and apropos of nothing, we get these jig-sawed snapshots of scenes from our mother's eighty-odd years. She may recall an incident that makes a long-dead relative real to me for the first time, such a story as the one about how Uncle Phineas Hockaday was caught under the hoops of a Mrs. Greer as the congregation was seating itself on Sunday morning after the opening hymn. Uncle Phineas, who was barely three, stammered for some months after that. He finally overcame his stammering but politely and determinedly to the day of his death he avoided Mrs. Greer, even after hoops had gone out.

Apropos of nothing, my mother may shudder at the memory of the heavy-wheeled blue wagons of the Yankees. The noise of them used to rumble on ahead like the threat of a beast. One morning there was blood on the schoolroom floor and the older children told her it was Yankee blood. They solemnly admonished her that if even the tiniest fraction of a drop of it so much as touched her shoes she would be haunted forever and ever.

There are times, too, when she wonders whatever became of this and that. Whatever became of the little china mug that had "From rocks and sands and every ill may God preserve the sailor still" in reddish brown letters on it. It had belonged to her mother when her mother was learning to walk—that was about 1830—and older members of the family used to say it was charmed, so many falls it took without breaking. After all that it was a pity we couldn't have kept it safely.

Yes, most of them are anecdotes or semi-anecdotes apropos of nothing, but when my mother recalled Aunt Susan yesterday it was because we had been talking of the sartorial and conversational frankness of our neighbors' children.

Somewhat tolerantly and with no great feeling of responsibility (since she has no great-grandchildren of her own) my mother regards the uninhibited behavior of the young as a mistake, while having the fairness to observe that generations have of course always been a shock to one another. Wouldn't her own good mother cast down her eyes to think of *her* going about town as she does in less than three petticoats and crossing her knees and showing her ankles and saying "Hello" right out over the telephone to anyone and everybody. And some of the words she uses in mixed company! What if her mother or her poor dear grandmother could hear

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them! Why, nice girls in her mother's day would have bitten their tongues out before they would have said "stomach" or "garter" or "safety pin" or "night cap" or "rooster" or "bull frog" in the presence of a man.

She told me then about her Aunt Susan.

Susan was keeping company with a nice young man whom her family considered a suitable prospect for a life companion for her. ("Companion in misery" my great-grandfather Palmer always called *his* matrimonial partner.) The young man had not yet asked for Susan's hand—it was not quite time for that—but it was plain that such was his intention and Susan was discouraging his suit no more than a girl had to do to keep from being considered forward. Susan's sisters, who may have known, were agreed that none of the other young men need waste time asking for Susan's hand.

That is the way things were and it seems strange that Susan, reared as she had been, should have done the thing she did. Surely she knew that out of such rebellion against things as they were no good could come.

She was knitting on the porch one summer afternoon when this young man Nathaniel rode up to the gate. She was knitting a stocking for herself and the leg of it was within a few inches of completion. She had hoped to turn the heel before suppertime, but it could not have been urgent that she hurry. Her little round-topped stocking trunk was already crowded with stockings, all of which had "S. G. B." dropstitched into their tops.

Susan had known, naturally, since she was three or less that the appearance of a man was the signal for concealing stockings. Certainly the arrival of a suitor was such a signal. So far as conversation in mixed company was concerned girls and women had no legs, wore no stockings, knitted none. With men it was different. Their legs and socks strode through polite conversation unabashed and no lady, however delicately reared, felt that she need cast down her eyes or blush when a sock was seen or mentioned. Accordingly it was excusable to knit a sock in the presence of a man, but knitting a stocking under such circumstances was "not pretty," in fact it was a deplorably ugly thing for a girl to do.

Susan had time to put her knitting away after she saw the young man. Eliza, Susan's sister, who saw and heard it all from the front window of her upstairs room, tried to explain what happened by saying that Susan was too a-flutter to know what she was doing, but that hardly seems probable. Even at the last minute Susan had time to reconsider and hide her knitting beneath her wide skirts. She had a chance. It was her own fault that she let things happen as they did.

She rolled the top of the stocking and pinned it to shorten the length of the leg. She wasn't too a-flutter to do that. Then boldly her steel needles re-

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sumed their clicking around the small circle that was her ankle's measurement.

Perhaps Nathaniel's question was an innocent one, intended merely to bridge an awkward gap in the conversation. It is possible, on the other hand, that he may have been wickedly or impulsively prompted to ask a daring question.

At any rate he asked, as soon as he was seated, "What are you making, Miss Susan?" and Susan who in rashness or rebellion, or just possibly because she was too a-flutter to do otherwise, had kept her needles clicking, cast down her grey eyes and blushed and answered, "It is a—sock, Mr. Nathaniel, a sock."

He looked at her shyly, this Nathaniel who had been judged a suitable life companion for her, this Nathaniel who was said by some to be even then studying in *The Fashionable Letter Writer* such models as the "Letter from a Gentleman to a Lady, disclosing his Passion" and the one "From the Same to the Young Lady's Father."

"Miss Susan," he said earnestly, as if—Eliza declared later—he very much wanted to know, "why don't you just say 'stocking'?" And when she did not answer or look at him he added, somewhat wistfully, "It's a softer sounding word, Miss Susan."

He never came again to call on her. Susan would not permit it. Perhaps in her quick repentance for what she had indelicately done she wished this punishment for herself. Perhaps she suffered from the sly teasing of her brothers and sisters. Perhaps the pained head shakings of her distressed mother were more than she could bear.

At any rate she did not permit the young man to call on her again and when, some years later, he finally wrote the letter recommended by *The Fashionable Letter Writer* and beginning: "I hope I shall stand excused in venturing to make known to your honored father the great desire I have to be thought worthy of a relation to him by your means" it was not addressed to Miss Susan, but to a girl named Miss Diadana Guinn.

"But Aunt Susan was honorably and suitably married after all, was she not?" I asked my mother.

My mother sighed as lightly as she sighs over the quaint ways of today's youth. She seemed to be speaking seriously but I couldn't be quite sure about the twinkle in her eye. Often it is like that, one can't be quite sure.

"Years later. I dare say her husband never knew . . . I remember this Mr. Nathaniel very well. He and his Diadana had a daughter named Betsy who was in my class at the Female Academy. I used to like to go home with her on Saturdays because no one made better peach leather than her mother's . . . Betsy's father used to say, "You remind me somehow of your aunts, child, of one of them especially. Betsy must bring you home with her again soon."

—Lucretia Penny

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A NOTE ON SOUSA

HIS HEART WAS A DRUM AND IT POUNDED OUT THE MARTIAL RHYTHMS OF A NATION

TO HONOR you, native bands will play a swinging, catchy tune. In Lima, Rangoon, Stockholm, or Venice—wherever your ship ties up—you'll hear that tune. No, not *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, nor *St. Louis Blues*. Not *Dixie*, nor *Swanee River*. Not *My Country*, *'Tis of Thee*, nor *The Star-Spangled Banner*. But THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER. To café orchestras and itinerant bands everywhere, Sousa's march identifies America. It is our musical trade-mark, the emblem of our coming-of-age.

Its author—the only American to make his name synonymous with a musical form—was the third of ten children. Born in Washington to a Franconian mother and a Portuguese father, he drank in lacteal fluid and patriotism simultaneously. In his boyhood, Washington was an armed camp. Bands and soldiers marched everywhere. He played in the muddy streets east of the Capitol dome, a member of the "Navy Yard" gang, became pitcher for the local baseball club, fished and hunted across the District Line in Prince George's County.

The Grand Review of the returning troops took place when the young Sousa was eleven. He described it later in *Pipetown Sandy*, his novel for youngsters:

> Bright an' early, me an' dad starts up, an' when we gets to the Botanical Gardens by the Tiber Creek bridge, we finds a pile o' bricks, an' as they looks handy to set on, we perempts 'em, an' we could see hunky-dory.
>
> At nine o'clock, "Boom!" goes the signal gun, an' afore yer got tired waitin' along comes The Bummers. . . . Yer could hear 'em plunk, plunk, plunk, the boys are marchin', till yer couldn't rest.
>
> Then up comes a tall sojer carryin' a flag pole, an' the flag was faded and shot to pieces. There wuz stains on it that look'd like blood, an' all at once the breeze jest flung that flag out, proud an' defiant like, an' I thought it sed, plain as possible: "*I've bin there, I've bin there; I've bin fightin'.*"

Thus was the military spirit instilled into the veins of the future march-king. At thirteen he became an apprentice in the Marine Band, from which desertion was punishable by "shooting at sunrise." At the same time he fiddled in Ford's Opera House orchestra, conducted a new score at sight, and formed a small quadrille band of his own. This carried him into the society of Washington, N. W.,

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where he promptly turned down a philanthropist's backing and changed the pronunciation of his name from its original Sow-sa.

When love drove him from home, he became a fiddler in Jacques Offenbach's orchestra at the Philadelphia Centennial, returned to conduct for Matt Morgan's Living Pictures (a post-war attempt at nudity), trooped around the Middle West with the undraped ladies. At twenty-five, he had a young bride and was the leader of the U. S. Marine Band.

Musicians were underpaid, undisciplined, grouchy. They needed both music and uniforms. Their audiences consisted of nursemaids and bellowing babies. Their repertoire was anemic. But after a few months the White House grounds filled and Sousa's concerts became social events. Visitors spread the news around the country, and the Marine Band went on tour, finally invading England.

Twelve years, being bandmaster to five presidents, was enough. Sousa resigned to form his own band, selecting the finest virtuosi of the day. Sousa's Band became the country's Number One musical attraction. Breaking all attendance records, it was the Sally Rand of the 1893 Chicago Exposition. For thirty-five years its appearances in American cities rivaled the coming of the circus. Schools were dismissed and mayors declared holidays to watch Sousa show off before company.

Heard by a million a season and this before the days of radio, Sousa's name became a household word in America. He brought not only his own martial tunes, the *Washington Post*, the *High School Cadets*, the *American Patrol*, *Semper Fidelis*, but a first taste of Wagner to many Americans. He played *Siegfried's Death*, the *Meistersinger* prelude in Fargo, N. D., and Butte, Montana, before the turn of the century. He programmed excerpts from *Parsifal* ten years before the Metropolitan gave the opera. Through his efforts Wagner became less of a myth in this country than Shakespeare. "Among musical dramatists, Wagner is giant," he said, "and as the drama vivifies and condenses a story into an easily assimilated tabloid form, Wagner's are the works for the missionary."

Sousa demanded high standards of performance from his men. They were never careless. "A musical instrument," he told them, "is like a gun. Much depends on the man behind it." If one of his players hit a false note or came in wrong, he showed no anger by word or gesture. "There may be one or two people out there who didn't notice it. Why call their attention to it?" But next time the player got it correctly, Sousa would place his hand over his heart, smile and bow imperceptibly in his direction as if to say, "Thank you!"

Sousa was not satisfied to play *A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight* with zest, he wanted to paint the tone-poems of Richard Strauss. But he recognized the sham and hypocrisy in

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the music profession. To him, long hair, green goggles, and an air of mystery were not infallible signs of genius. He warned, "In the end, never forget the dinner horn and a sizzling kettle beat a symphony all hollow."

During all the years he criss-crossed the hinterland, march after march paraded from his pen. He pounded them out with one finger, often before breakfast, and the best of them have never been equaled. As distinctive as a Strauss waltz, or a Chopin nocturne, they are flashes of genuine inspiration —Sousa's and no one else's. A wooden-legged man could keep step to them.

The roll of the musket meant something to Sousa, his tunes carry conviction. They are simple and clear-cut, throbbing and forward-moving, with not an echo of the jungle. They are practical, meant to move the feet as well as the heart.

It was only in this form, however, that Sousa excelled. His sets of waltzes, his symphonic poem *The Chariot Race* from *Ben-Hur*, his stage works will not stand revival. He did not know how to write for voices, he was lost in the theatre. He was successful only with marches, but as he rationalized, "a good march is better than a bad symphony."

During the World War, Sousa became a "Dollar a Year" man, organizing at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station the world's largest band. It was then that he was commissioned—in spite of the rules—Lieutenant-Commander, and lost his famous whiskers, which many in his audiences believed essential to his conducting. "I began to grow them at twenty-two, to look old enough to lead a band," he reminisced, "but now, when a young lady offers to help me across the street—well, that is unbearable. I shall miss them, though, for we were very close these past forty years." As an official reason, he told the press that barbers were raising the price of shaves to twenty cents and he must have his money's worth.

Sousa had a gentle, whimsical humor. There was always a twinkle in his eye, and he was never at a loss for what to do. Called on in a mountain town to give the local band a "lesson," he found that not a man could get through his part, but they had bought the piece—Bucalossi's *Hunting Scene*—and insisted on playing it. It ends with a suggestion of dogs barking, so he had each man play as far as he could and then start *Wow-wow-ing*. Sousa himself whacked the drum until the end and the audience found it very realistic.

When he headed the Marine Band, orders came to appear at the White House within an hour. His men had been dismissed and only the bass drummer could be found. But within an hour Sousa, in a showy red uniform, took his place on the East Room platform, the drummer trailing at his rear. All evening long they stayed. The reception over, they marched out with great solemnity in single file. The Band had reported for duty.

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He relished a cigar called General Sousa, and he enjoyed his pressagent's story about his name. The fiction was started that he really was not Sousa, but a Portuguese exile, and that when he arrived here his bundles were marked" John Philip*so* U. S. A." Hence, John Philip Sousa. The Germans claimed he was Sigismund Ochs, born on the Rhine and emigrated to America with trunk marked: S. O. U. S. A. The English had him Sam, Ogden, a Yorkshire musician. And so the story went from Afghanistan to Hungary, Russia to Zanzibar.

★ ★ ★

The composer of *The Stars and Stripes Forever* was luckier than most men. He made his living doing what he wanted. Broadway, Main Street, and *Unter den Linden* marched to his music. He was, as he said, fortunate in his parents, in the time and place of his birth . . . in his childhood, his marriage and his work. Success came to him early.

He rose like a rocket to international fame; his descent was graduated feather-like over decades. He was the first American composer to become a millionaire. It was natural for him to believe that good was universal, evil accidental.

"A horse, a dog, a gun, a gal—with music on the side. That," he claimed, "is my idea of Heaven."

He stuck to his homely philosophy and had as much Heaven as he could. He was not ashamed that critics labeled his best-selling novels "juvenile melodrama, full of goody-goodness and of Saharan dullness," and described *Pipetown Sandy* as a "chalky, tenth-rate amalgam of Huckleberry Finn and Horatio Alger." He answered with *Transit of Venus*, a 45,000-word sermon about a woman-hater put to rout by the beauty of innocent girlhood. He was proud of his aphorisms: "Women imagine, they don't reason." "A good band, like a pretty woman, appeals to everybody."

He remained a trooper, not content unless he was on the go. There will never be a farewell concert by Sousa and His Band, he said, and there wasn't. To the end he lead his men and god-fathered his girls—harpist and soloist—on tour after tour. His platform—in the beginning a foot and a half high—had to be shortened and shortened until it was only five inches, so he could mount it with ease. His portly figure still erect, his bearing comfortable, his weather-beaten face glowing beneath glittering eye-glasses, his braided military coat littered with medals . . . with a quick down-stroke, a clash of cymbals, a blare of trumpets, he was off . . . His career chronicled an epoch in America . . . an epoch that knew De Wolf Hopper and the minstrel show, the Gibson girls and the two-step . . . an epoch that witnessed the "growing pains" of a healthy, vigorous people who had never known defeat.

He was of that earlier age when life went marching on. . . .

—Carleton Smith

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ROCKEFELLER: A SOUVENIR

EVERY MAN HAS HIS SYMBOL, AND THAT OF THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN THE WORLD WAS AN APT ONE

IT WAS at Daytona Beach that I met the wealthiest man in the world. He was playing golf, and at the time was eighty-eight years of age. His ears and neck were protected by a leather cap, but his parchment face in all its yellow cunning stood out and was exaggerated by the blinding Florida sunlight. Whereas one usually says of old people that they are merely skin and bones, the ancient Rockefeller was only skin.

At supper in his simple house, surrounded by a few grey-haired men and women, he was at first apathetic. At midday we had bathed in the sea beyond the limits of the official beach, and had naturally left our things, including our money, with the taxi man who was waiting for us. With the idea of saying something agreeable to this old American, I mentioned this fact, adding that in this part of the country, one could have complete confidence in a strange driver. At this the old gentleman seemed to awaken. At first he did not understand my reference and made me repeat myself. Then he turned to the whole table and said: "Can you imagine such a thing! He entrusted his wallet to a taxi man! Can you imagine it!" He shook his head incredulously.

"I am more cautious," said the old man, wrinkling his parchment face.

Before eating, he had said a short prayer. And afterwards he presented my wife with a book full of pious proverbs and verses. When he wrote his name in it, his handwriting seemed to me to be as strong as his golf stroke.

It was rather late when, wrapped in a shawl and overcoat, he accompanied us through the garden to the car, like a perfect man of the world. From his pocket he extracted a couple of shiny dimes, gave us two, and asked how many children we had. Then he gave us a dime for each child. To my amazement he also gave a dime to his chauffeur who drove us home. They were absolutely new coins which he got by the hundreds from the mint, in order to make presents of them.

The dime was the Rockefeller order. Just as kings present gold ornaments as symbols of their power, the richest man in the world had selected a symbol of his millions with which to invest his visitors. —EMIL LUDWIG

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LANGUAGE STUDY

Chuck Enslow worked in a factory

He threw tools all over the place in fits and they said Chuck is hotheaded

Once a box fell from a pile and just missed his head

If it had hit him he'd have been killed

But it didn't and he wasn't and he went on working

He saved some money and started a business

The business prospered and he became very wealthy and retired

Now he threw Sèvres vases and bridge cards around and they said Mr. Enslow is temperamental

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Wealth made a lot of differences

He used to eat now he dined

He used to tire now he wearied

He used to be goofy now he was eccentric

He used to be a glutton now he was an epicure

One day he died of heart disease

If the box had hit him they'd have said he kicked the bucket

Now they said he suffered an untimely demise

What a horrid word worms is

—PETER DE VRIES

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QUEEN CITY ON THE HILLS

NATURE DID A LOT FOR CINCINNATI, AND "P-R" WORKED WONDERS WITH ITS GOVERNMENT

THE pre-Columbian culture group known as the Moundsmen occupied a region confined on the east by the Appalachians, reaching north to about present-day Grand Rapids, Michigan, west to Naples, Illinois and south to about Franklin, Tennessee. In the heart of this area was the bowl of the Little Miami Valley, part of Hamilton County, Ohio today: Cincinnati, "Queen City of the West," is located on the terraces and hills through which the Little Miami River spills into the great Ohio River. Impressive burial earthworks of the Moundsmen once stood on the site now occupied by the metropolis and its suburbs.

As early as 1669 Robert LaSalle is said to have gone down the Ohio past the point where Cincinnati now stands. As trade between Pittsburgh, St. Louis and New Orleans developed enterprising traders often voyaged down the Ohio. When, after the last French and Indian War, Canada went to the British and the French retreated west of the Mississippi, the last barrier of their interference with the western expansion of the American colonists was removed.

Men and goods could now move across the Appalachian Mountains in safety. The Kentucky wilderness had long been penetrated and settlements and trading-posts had been established. Now the development of the northern side of the Ohio River basin was begun.

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Benjamin Stites of Pennsylvania, a flatboat trader who dealt with the Kentucky settlements, led a chase after a band of Indian horse-thieves early in the year 1788. Following the trail, Stites came to the Ohio. Resolutely he pursued across the river and went as far as the Indian village of Old Chillicothe near the site of present-day Xenia.

Stites never caught the Indians. Instead, traveling through the Miami Valley he became captivated with the beauty of the land, the hills, the valleys, the creeks, the streams and the forests. If legend can be trusted Stites at this point resolved that he would one day return to found a settlement in this valley.

Shortly thereafter he returned east

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and attempted to persuade other persons of the suitability of this land he had seen for colonization and development. John Cleves Symmes, member of Congress from New Jersey, became interested in Stites' story and finally went down the Ohio River to see for himself. Symmes returned convinced and at once began negotiations for the purchase of land and for the organization of a company to colonize and to sell lots.

The first settlement in the Miami country, however, was made not by Symmes but by Stites on November 8, 1788 at the mouth of the Little Miami River and was called Columbia—the eastern suburb of Cincinnati today. Later the same year another party came down the Ohio to the mouth of the Licking River and there founded another town. "Losantiville" they called it, the pioneer John Filson of Lexington, Kentucky, making a word to signify "the city opposite the mouth of the Licking."

The following year Losantiville was surveyed and a fort was built and named Fort Washington in honor of the first President. It was General St. Clair, the governor of the Northwest Territory, who in 1791 changed the name of Losantiville to Cincinnati in honor of the Society of the Cincinnati, the American Legion of its day, composed chiefly of former officers of the Revolutionary War.

The War of 1812 was important to Cincinnati because it inspired the first manufacturing there. A steam mill was established. Cotton-spinning, wool-carding and sugar-refining were begun. About the same time the first river-steamboats appeared and stimulated more trade. From Kentucky and Tennessee came cattle and corn and fruit. From the north and west grain, lumber and other products arrived. In 1819 Cincinnati incorporated as a city. The population, no more than 750 in the year 1800, was about 9,000 at this time, a dozen-fold increase for the two decades.

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The "era of internal improvements" stimulated the growth and expansion of the community. By 1830, when the Miami Canal was completed, there were 24,831 persons in Cincinnati. About three years later the costs of transportation were further reduced by the building of turnpikes, or toll roads.

Then the railroads came. Cincinnati merchants realized as early as 1835 that a railroad to the producing areas south of the Ohio would insure the prosperity of the city. The Little Miami railroad was built to run from Cincinnati to Xenia. Then in 1846 the road was extended to Springfield. Two years later there was a railway connection running north to Lake Erie. Additional canals built throughout Ohio still further increased the commercial importance of Cincinnati.

Nor was there any lack of cultural growth in this city. The earliest settlers had been colonists of English

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ancestry. In the forties, with revolutionary turmoil in Europe and conditions particularly painful in the German states, heavy immigration to the Ohio Valley began. Why the German immigrants should have come to Cincinnati is interesting: the earliest arrivals wrote back to their friends that here in the Little Miami was a new Rhine Valley for beauty and fruitfulness.

Serving the South as it did, Cincinnati was bound to feel sympathetic toward Southern institutions. Nevertheless, as a Northern community, it seethed with anti-slavery agitation. The conflict between the two groups of partisans was not always bloodless. More than a dozen years before the Civil War broke out a mob destroyed the presses of the anti-slavery journal, *The Philanthropist*. Harriet Beecher Stowe lived here from 1832 to 1850 and gathered much of the material for *Uncle Tom's Cabin* from the heated discussions she heard and the tales fugitive slaves brought. In 1854 the "hundred per cent American" members of the Know-Nothing Party created disturbances directed at the immigrant population, which composed a large share of the approximately 135,000 persons in the community.

Abolitionists became more and more active and Cincinnati became an important depot on the "underground railroad." When hostilities broke out between North and South, Cincinnati remained loyal to the Unionist cause. Early in the war the city was alarmed by the threat of a Confederate invasion and martial law was invoked, but the enemy did not get close enough to do any damage, although local historians referred to the ten days of excitement as "the siege of Cincinnati."

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By 1870 the city had a population of 216,239. However, the unification of the German Empire soon checked immigration from that country, and there was hardly a ten thousand increase in population in the next decade. But in music and art the city continued to make progress, organizing the present Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in 1872; later there was a college of music and still later a museum of fine arts was established.

In 1880 the municipally-owned Cincinnati Southern railroad was completed, the only city-owned railroad in the United States; it is still owned by Cincinnati but is operated on lease by the Southern Railway. Realization of educational needs was met by more schools. Viticulturists made a great wine-producing center of the Little Miami Valley. The community progressed steadily . . .

Except in self-government. Nationally, it was a period of civic slumber; but Cincinnati slept hardest of all. Accustomed as the citizens were to public-stealing, the gang that took over this community went too far. George B. Cox, newsboy, bootblack, tobacco salesman and finally saloonkeeper, entered the city council in

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1877 and from that date until 1910, when he retired, had a large and powerful voice in the political destinies of Cincinnati.

It is said that Cox studied New York Tammany methods. His real success lay in his own shrewd way of running his organization and of compromising with the opposition, and in the "who-cares?" attitude of the citizenry.

His lieutenant, Rudolph Hynicka, followed him in power. However, the withdrawal of Cox may have awakened "the better element." For a long and steady campaign was now begun to secure for Cincinnati a self-governing charter. But when the charter was finally obtained in 1917 the large city council blocked any real progress.

The "Citizens' Charter Committee" then began a new war for good government and in 1924 succeeded in getting the charter amended to provide for a city manager and the election of a council of nine by the proportional representation method of voting. City Manager Clarence Osborne Sherrill, summoned from Philadelphia to fill the post, at once began to saw off the shackles that had chained the city and left it helpless in the hands of machine politicians.

The city managership was, of course, important in the democratic rejuvenation of Cincinnati. But the secret of the Queen City's continued good government is proportional representation, or "P-R," by which the city councillors are elected at-large, instead of by wards. P-R makes possible adequate representation of minorities, eliminates rotten boroughs, and makes precarious the existence of corrupt machines.

Depression and flood disasters, labor and capital difficulties, and party conflicts have tested the city manager system and it has not been found wanting. The proportional representation system has subsequently been adopted by other metropolises, and is unquestionably one that will be accepted by all alert and progressive communities in the near future.

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Today approximately 475,000 persons live in Cincinnati. They own their university and were the first to sponsor the co-operative education system. They run their own street railway system. They manufacture soap, playing cards, metal products, automobiles, radios, boots, shoes and clothing, slaughter and pack meat and engage in printing and publishing. They have one of the most modern passenger rail terminals and the largest radio station in the land. . . . The Chamber of Commerce reports, "Theatres—legitimate, 3; burlesque, 1; motion picture, 52."

However, as an example of a metropolis that rid itself of rats Cincinnati shines. Furthermore, the Pied Piper P-R is ready, willing and able to go to work in any other American community that will rouse itself from its slumber long enough to summon him.

—Louis Zara

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FERARGIL GALLERIES, NEW YORK

ETCHING BY WILL DYSON

"Sometimes I feel it would have been better had I never put it on."

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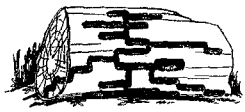
INSECT UTOPIA

GO TO THE TERMITE, YOU UTOPIA SEEKERS, AND LEARN HOW A TRULY EFFICIENT SOCIETY WORKS



WHAT a salutary effect it might have if we could force the noses of our dallying diplomats into a termite hill so that they might observe how a society should be run. Instead of meeting around polished tables in Nyon, Brussels, or Geneva, these gentlemen should be taken to equatorial Africa or to some obscure plain in the interior of Australia. There within the darkened chambers of huge termitaria—architectural wonders of the insect world—can be observed a social system no less complex than our own, but one that works.

Perhaps it isn't fair to expect man who has been a social animal for just a few hundred thousand years to have evolved as highly developed and effective a society as that of the termite. After all the termite has been a social animal for about one hundred million years. Perhaps if we give man that long he too may some day reach a point where his energies are not spent in the aimless destruction of his fellow man, or in thousands of other stupidities of the modern age.

Unfortunately termites have never received the notice they deserve. Perhaps their ignominious ancestry accounts for it. Biologically they are considered as first cousins to the cockroaches. Although they are commonly called white ants, they are not at all related to the true ant. All that the man on the street knows about them is that they sometimes destroy wooden foundations of buildings. Some parts of the tropics are uninhabitable due to the presence of these insects. Occasionally they play amusing tricks on man. There is an incident related of a traveler in India who went to bed wearing pajamas and awoke the next morning stark naked. The termites had eaten his bedclothes. Termites will eat anything made of cellulose. One of the reasons for the general lack of progress in tropical countries is said to be due to the fact that books are among the first articles these insects will devour. Libraries in such countries can never be established because of the omnivorous literary appetites of the termites.

The social habits of the termites are among the wonders of the animal world. It has not been an easy task

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to observe these secretive insects. They are blind and shun the light, and live either under the ground or within huge hillocks or nests. Some nests are as much as twenty feet high and house colonies consisting of hundreds of thousands of insects. These termitaria, as they are called, are made of a highly resistant material produced by the insects. Even the hardest steel axes are sometimes bent when used to open the nests.

The panic that results when an entomologist hacks his way into a termite nest gives him very little insight into the social habits of these insects. It has therefore been necessary to bring them into the laboratory and to adapt them to artificial termitaria made of glass. These glass paneled nests are not much different in principle from the kind used to exhibit bees or ants.

Through the glass walls the scientist is able to observe the insects in their routine activities. After a short time in these nests the termites try to block out the light by smearing their opaque exudations all over the glass. This makes the biologist's job just that much more difficult. It is surprising, in the face of the many impediments, that entomologists have discovered all they know about these cryptic insects.

Among the recent technical achievements of which man boasts is air conditioning. Yet this is old stuff with the termites. They have enjoyed its benefits for million of years. The insects have a thin skin, and unless the air within their dwellings is just at the right humidity and temperature it would mean destruction for the colony. Therefore they hermetically seal their nests and keep the air at just the desired conditions. Just how they do it is one of those mysteries which has never been fully explained.

The one universal problem that confronts the animal world is that of getting food. The termites seem to have solved it most satisfactorily. They are among the very few animals that can successfully digest cellulose. This is the basic material of which wood is composed. Since wood is the most plentiful of all organic substances the insects are thus assured of an almost constant supply of food. Within the digestive tracts of termites are found teeming millions of tiny single-celled animals. These protozoa, as they are called, do the preliminary digesting of the wood before it can be absorbed into the insect's system. A termite without these intestinal protozoa would starve to death.

Among some of the more advanced species, there is another source of nutriment. Within the termitarium are found numerous fungous gardens. They are deliberately sown and cared for by the worker termites. And upon the growing plants the members of the colony feed. It is interesting to note that the kind of fungi found within these nests are unlike any that have been found elsewhere in nature. It has been suggested that they are

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the result of a selective process that has been going on for countless generations. We can see that man is not the first or only animal that has mastered the science of agriculture.

In termite nests are found members of other insect groups, principally beetles. These insects are cared for and fed by the termites. In return the guests secrete through enlarged glands a stimulating liquid that is much prized by the termites. Here is a relationship very much like that which exists between man and his domesticated animals. It is as though we had cows that gave cocktails instead of milk.

The social set-up within the termitarium is on a class basis. But is not a case of class against class, or of one group living off the labors of another. Instead, each class has its function to perform and this it does to the best of its ability. For example, the reproductive function is limited to the king and queen. These titles incidentally have no monarchical significance. If anything, these individuals are beneath the social status of the workers. The king and queen are unable to feed themselves, they are therefore dependent upon predigested food from the workers.

After mating, the queen swells to an enormous size. Her bulk may become 25,000 times as great as that of the normal insect. She becomes little more than an egg laying machine, and for several years may go on laying at the rate of an egg every minute.

The most numerous members of the colony are the workers. It is they who carry on the major physical tasks. They build the nests, rear the young, feed the king, queen, and soldiers.

There are comparatively few species of termites that carry on aggressive warfare. The soldiers, therefore, are for defensive rather than aggressive measures. They differ chiefly from the workers in that their heads become enormously enlarged to carry huge crushing mandibles.

The chief enemies of the termites are the ants. Occasionally they manage to break into a termite nest in an attempt to carry off the young and the defenseless workers. It is then that the soldiers go into action. They will attack the largest of ants without fear, and often resort to the most heroic measures in an effort to save the colony. They will often rush out into the open to meet the raider. In the meantime while they are engaged with the enemy, their own workers can wall up any break in the nest. Of course it means certain death for the closed out termites, but their sacrifice thus saves a colony.

Among certain termites the soldiers are equipped for chemical warfare. These soldiers, or nasuti, have their heads shaped in the form of a miniature syringe. A gland in the head produces a poisonous fluid. During combat this fluid is sprayed with telling effect upon the enemy.

Of all the attributes of termite culture perhaps the most enviable is

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their ability to predetermine caste and sex. All termite eggs appear to be the same. Yet from some develop workers, from others soldiers, and still others reproductives. At will the colony is able to raise whatever individuals are most necessary. Just how this is done is still unknown. Some authorities claim that selective feeding does the trick, others maintain that the genetical or hereditary make-up of the eggs is different, although from all outside appearances they may seem the same. Be that as it may, it remains nevertheless that the determination of sex and castes is a matter controlled by the colony.

There are customs among certain termites which are very much akin to those of man. There are some species that are slave raiders. These attack colonies of other termites and make off with the eggs and young, which are then brought to maturity to become the slaves of their abductors.

The most striking aspect of the whole termite community is its social efficiency. There is no waste, no useless movement, neither is there destruction merely for the sake of destruction. One class is not foisted on the backs of another. The philosophy is truly: "To each according to his need, from each according to his ability." And ability is predetermined. As long as an individual can perform his social function he can partake of the benefits of communal life: its warmth, its food, and its protection.

But as soon as he begins to lose his ability to perform his appointed task, then he forfeits his right to be a member of the community. Whether it be due to injury, sickness, or old age, if he can no longer do the amount of work, or in the case of the queen lay as many eggs as are necessary, then such an individual is eliminated. But even in death these members contribute to the welfare of the group. The carcasses of the dead are eaten by the living.

—A. ALEXANDER

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 49-50

1. Geology. 2. Psychology. 3. Biology. 4. Anthropology. 5. Astronomy. 6. Pedagogy. 7. Archeology. 8. Botany. 9. Topography. 10. Economics. 11. Ornithology. 12. Sociology. 13. Dietetics. 14. Medicine. 15. Surgery. 16. Pathology. 17. Psychopathology. 18. Bacteriology. 19. Embryology. 20. Toxicology. 21. Aeronautics. 22. Geometry. 23. Navigation. 24. Craniology. 25. Ballistics. 26. Physics. 27. Optics. 28. Metallurgy. 29. Terminology. 30. Biochemistry. 31. Pharmacy. 32. Numismatics. 33. Astrology. 34. Psychiatry. 35. Dentistry. 36. Genealogy. 37. Politics. 38. Egyptology. 39. Criminology. 40. Phonetics. 41. Physiology. 42. Telegraphy. 43. Dermatology. 44. Ceramics. 45. Linguistics. 46. Alchemy. 47. Photography. 48. Zoölogy. 49. Entomology. 50. Mineralogy.

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STAIRWAY OF SURPRISE

A GLANCE AT THE FOREST OF MODERN POETRY, WITH PASSING REFERENCE TO SOME OF ITS TREES

WHEN he advised poets to "mount to paradise by the stairway of surprise" Emerson spoke to the present with more effect than he did to his own day. For it was by the "stairway of surprise," and not infrequently by the express-elevator of deliberate shock, that many recent American poets sought critical or popular acclaim. Some of them, it is true, wandered around the lower floors and others became imprisoned in elevators that stuck fast in their shafts. But the upper levels received a surprising immigration.

The renaissance that revived a feeble American poetry after 1908 reached its full term toward the middle of the 1920's—and poetry, never a hardy growth amid the cultural droughts and dust storms of the hinterland, appeared to decline once more. Some observers, indeed, professed to believe that the "new poetry," a conservatory species transplanted from Europe by Ezra Pound and Amy Lowell and temporarily favored by war and post-war prosperity, had finally withered for no better reason than its own lack of natural juices.

But (to shift the comparison) it was not that the force of the poetic flood really slackened. At a time when the intellectual climate was altering, the course that the stream of poetry followed brought it at length, so to speak, down to the sea, where its fresh inland waters encountered and were changed by the incoming tide of a saltier actuality.

What one might call the "romantic-realist" period, of which the characteristic voices were Edwin Arlington Robinson's, Amy Lowell's, Carl Sandburg's and Robert Frost's, gradually gave place to a "realist-symbolist" movement typically expressed by William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore and Hart Crane. There is a world of difference, in fundamental intention as well as in formal expression, between Robinson's *The Man against the Sky* and Stevens' *Sunday Morning*, between Amy Lowell's *Patterns* and Marianne Moore's *A Grave*, between Sandburg's *Chicago* and Crane's *Brooklyn Bridge*.

This difference, which had existed from the start in Williams' and Stevens' poems, produced a change in the

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direction of contemporary poetry that was hastened by the disillusionment of the post-war period. The nation had suffered severely from the ill effects of a misplaced idealism. The social and cultural soil was considerably impoverished by the reactionary and cynical temper of the post-war years among a people already emotionally exhausted by the fervors and hysterias of the war and the release of the Armistice. Disaffection and withdrawal were for a while conspicuous traits among American poets.

The Byronic type was seldom a native character. American poets have not been pallid and fragile beings in languid attitudes, whose pale, spiritual faces were framed in uncut hair and flowing neckties. They are less likely to be special instances of aesthetic singularity than they are to be the vigorous and often unwelcome spokesmen of conscience. Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Moody and Markham had more than a spark of the fire of Isaiah, and they did not hesitate to apply it to the social dry-rot and the unkindled spiritual fires of their times. Elderly and bearded gentlemen who resembled the popular conception of the Hebrew prophets, they anticipated in the social "slant" of much of their writing the attitude of the most recent generation of their successors.

For despite the captiousness of newspaper critics and the indifference of a woman's-club public that had merely flirted coyly with a "new poetry" about which it had really cared very little, excellent and even remarkable verse continued to get itself written and published. After an interval of ivory-tower preciosity and of experimental obscurities from overseas, American poets again found themselves successfully climbing Emerson's "stairway of surprise."

Throughout the whole period the writings of "advanced" poets created a dozen successive centers of controversy. The first storm-warnings had come from the irrepressible voices of Ezra Pound and the "Imagists," self-exiled in London before the war. But the earliest note of romantic-realist renewal, a quieter but a stronger note than Pound's, had been sounded in 1897 by E. A. Robinson in his first book, *The Children of the Night;* and Robinson sounded further notes in 1902 and 1910 with *Captain Craig* and *The Town Down the River* before he gained national recognition in 1915 with *The Man against the Sky.*

Others, before 1908, had begun to finger their instruments. In 1904 Sandburg published a pamphlet of immature experiments that foreshadowed the sort of thing he was to do ten years later in *Chicago Poems.* Nicholas Vachel Lindsay began to tramp around the country in 1906 to preach his "gospel of beauty" at farmhouse and village doors with a booklet of *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread.* Pound published in London, from 1908 to 1912, four volumes containing some of his best work in both free and

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traditional measures; and Lindsay issued, between 1908 and 1913, five pamphlets of verse before his first book was published.

From 1912 to 1914 the orchestra really began to assemble. *The Poetry Review* was established in London and Harriet Monroe's *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* in Chicago. *The Lyric Year*, a competitive anthology, contained *Renascence*, which made its twenty-year-old author, Edna St. Vincent Millay, famous. Lindsay published *General William Booth Enters into Heaven* and *The Congo;* and Edgar Lee Masters began to publish his *Spoon River Anthology*.

The "Imagists" first invaded the American field in Miss Monroe's magazine and in *The Glebe*, a little review published in New York by Alfred Kreymborg. They gained book publication in 1914 when an enterprising young publisher brought out the first of four volumes destined to start the bitterest literary quarrel of the decade—the dispute whether free verse was or was not poetry; whether, as most critics asserted, it was "not even good prose." Edited in London by Ezra Pound, apparently with the assistance of Amy Lowell, *Des Imagistes* contained poems by five Americans: Hilda Doolittle, Skipwith Cannell, Miss Lowell, Williams and Pound; and by five British writers: Richard Aldington, Ford Madox Hueffer (now Ford Madox Ford), F. S. Flint, James Joyce and Allan Upward. It was followed, from 1915 to 1917, by three volumes of *Some Imagist Poets*, edited by Amy Lowell.

The "Imagists," voicing a loud concern about escaping the shackles of standardized ideas and images, sought to do so, not as Robinson and Frost did, simply by avoiding them while continuing to write in accepted meters, but by substituting "new images in new forms." They declared for "the exact, not the merely decorative word," for a poetry that should be "hard and clear, never blurred or indefinite," and announced that "the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free verse than in conventional forms." This assertion, widely accepted and followed, let loose upon the public a horde of free verse writers whose verse was remarkable chiefly for its freedom from the discipline and the authority of poetry.

The episode had a certain usefulness. It taught many persons, in the hard school of experience, that "becoming a writer" is not a romantic pastime for otherwise unoccupied hours.

The severer and less readily satisfied state of mind of post-war writers was already being displayed by some of the poets whose work was published by Kreymborg and Miss Monroe. Among Kreymborg's *Others* were writers hardier and more adventurous than the better known poets of their day; and their ideas and methods, together with the ideas and methods of the Symbolist school in Paris and of T. S. Eliot in London, can be traced

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as influences in the work of subsequent poets. Williams, Miss Moore, Stevens, Wallace Gould, Marsden Hartley, Mina Loy, Jeanne D'Orge, Walter Conrad Arensberg, Donald Evans and Kreymborg himself exercised much of this influence.

But neither the *Others* magazine nor the three *Others* anthologies that followed it from 1916 to 1919 enjoyed very wide circulation. The writings they contained were at once too exceptional in form and too scrupulously unreticent in treatment to be popular, although they have since gained a larger number of readers, in later anthologies.

An "advanced" poet whom solidly placed reviewers greeted with easy sarcasm and journalistic wit, Kreymborg had a quiet, elfin quality combined with sharp observation and an originality that was at once childlike and adult. He wrote a probing kind of contemporary Mother Goose verse that was realistic without losing touch with genuine poetic imagination and the eternal spirit of play.

Williams dedicated a devoted eye to neglected or ignored aspects of the American background—to vacant lots, backyard fences, alleys lined by tumbledown shanties, roads past contagious hospitals, weeds, wildflowers, willow trees and wallpaper. Except for the willow trees, critics said, poetry couldn't be made of such things. So Dr. Williams went on making poetry of them—exercising upon them, in physicianly patience, the diagnosis of an eye that was not to be put off by appearances, and setting them forth in verses marked by a scrupulous regard for the exact meanings and values of everyday words.

Kreymborg has said that Miss Moore apparently did not insist that her compositions, which she at first entitled *Observations*, be regarded as poems. But she has since published as *Collected Poems* those carefully planned verbal structures with their extraordinary effect of controlled energy. Miss Moore has a philosophic rather than a popularly "poetic" temperament—a mind masculine in many of its interests and yet distinctly feminine in the incisiveness and the particularity with which it deals with those interests. Her poetry is a sharp knife in the hand of a very unsentimental surgeon.

Stevens' verse was probably the least anticipated, the least likely, in American literature since Poe's. A manipulator of verbal nuances and intellectual overtones in a poetry of shifting subtleties, he is also a deft and satiric musician of sad laughter and whimsical sorrow. At one moment he is jesting with "old Pantaloons, duenna of the spring;" at another, composing a dissertation for "the worms at Heaven's gate." He had no superior in the use of aptly original epithets and images. Who else would have conceived of "Appalachian tangs," of "complacencies of the peignoir," of "raspberry tanagers in palms high up in orange air,"

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of a Negress "thridding the squawkiest jungle in a golden sedan"?

More than Williams, Miss Moore or Stevens, Hart Crane was at the head and forefront of that offending which Max Eastman castigated, in *The Literary Mind*, as a tendency to avoid the artist's primary duty of communication. Crane used imagery for its symbolical and evocative values, to heighten the intensity and point the immediacy of the realization he was seeking to induce. A complete experience is often compressed into the scope of a single comparison, as when the whole complex of a day of enervating office work in the throbbing towers of Manhattan is compressed into the three lines:

> As apparitional as sails that cross
> Some page of figures to be filed away,
> Till elevators drop us from our day.

With Crane as its recent archetype, the realist-symbolist movement produced poets as various as Archibald MacLeish, Malcolm Cowley, Edmund Wilson, Allen Tate, Louise Bogan, Babette Deutsch and Leonie Adams. This "lost generation" of Gertrude Stein's phrase returned after the war from its hectic but self-imposed exile in France and sought to persuade itself that Gotham's dizzy skyscrapers were the proper ivory towers for a new intelligentsia. Later, it forsook the Empire State Building and Mr. Rockefeller's Center for the very cultured and very snobbish but not very invigorating New Humanist movement, which arose from the intellectual remains of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More and the doctrinal divagations of T. S. Eliot.

Finally, with the collapse of postwar prosperity in 1929, it split, on the jagged edges of that economic reef that is usually masked by the troubled waters of politics, into two groups, conservative and radical—a division that has sundered the present generation of writers in almost every field of literature.

The realist-symbolists have been followed by the new school of so-called proletarian poets who have arisen since 1929 to revive, with a difference, the earlier American tradition of a social conscience in art, exemplified by the bearded patriarchs of their grandfathers' day. The Promethean fire is applied by this group with some of the wrath of the Old Testament prophets and with rather more than the pertinacity of Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Moody and Markham. A brief inspection of the writings of Isidor Schneider, Horace Gregory, Kenneth Fearing, Stanley Burnshaw, Robert Fitzgerald, S. Funaroff, Selden Rodman and Muriel Rukeyser will reveal what commitments of pity and indignation these young poets have been called upon to make, at the outset of their careers, to the beleaguered victims of economic and social dislocations. They are adding "a further range" to Emerson's "stairway of surprise."

—WILLIAM STEPHENS

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ABOUT DENYS WORTMAN

PHILOSOPHER OF THE PUBLIC PRINTS—A TRIBUTE TO THE DAUMIER OF OUR TIME

DENYS WORTMAN is a rotten painter who became a great artist. He managed the transformation by throwing down his brushes and taking up the comic cartoonist's drawing board. Now he works within the limitations not of canvas but of the newspaper engraving plant. Instead of making pictures out of scenery, he makes drawings out of his knowledge of people and his affection for and understanding of them. Collectors who did not buy his canvases purchase his drawings; museums which were not remotely interested in those early Wortmans depicting Gloucester and Martha's Vineyard scenes collect proofs of his cartoons as a record for posterity of how common folk lived and thought in the time of Denys Wortman.

And thousands of ordinary mortals who never heard the name of Daumier or Hogarth read his cartoons and clip them and talk about them, marveling how this man Wortman sees the things they see and hears the things they hear. Wortman's Everyday Movies mirror in them in no passive but in a creative sense the life we live and know, the people that we are and have met, the situations that ring true.

In no Winchellian sense, and in a sense no Winchell could understand, Denys Wortman is the great eavesdropper of our life, the great keyhole-peeper. In the true sense of that much abused modern word, he has contacted the life we live. He is no gag man in line and half-tone and no illustrator of the current quip. Indeed, while he functions comic artists may hold their heads higher for he has shown how the phrase, comic art, can be lifted from its connotations of guttersnipe mentality and biff-bam-bing morality without losing either the name or the character of comic art.

The difference between Wortman and the average comic artist is the difference of humanity. If Wortman's Everyday Movies consisted only of good draughtsmanship, this article would not have been written. It happens that behind the drawing board there is a man who loves and seeks to understand, without sentimentality, the common, average man, woman and child.

Wortman's earliest inclinations were

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"If my nails didn't look so terrible I'd go get me a manicure."

toward the exact sciences of mathematics and engineering. He went through Stevens Technological Institute and Rutgers College before he knocked at the door of the Chase School of Art. After three years at the Chase School, Wortman became a painter, concentrating on the landscapes around and in Gloucester and Martha's Vineyard. During the ten years of his attachment to pure art, he achieved something of a comparative success and had his pictures hung in one-man and group shows at the Daniel, Montross and Macbeth galleries, in New York. There is no doubt that he even sold some pictures, but the canker of doubt and uncertainty was gnawing at the vitals of big, blond Denny. Why, wondered this art artist,

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"Hello, Momma! We're makin' history!"

should I go on painting pictures people don't really want?

Living in Gloucester at this time of great uncertainty was a friend whose advice Denny dearly cherished. One day a letter arrived offering Wortman a job illustrating a furniture catalogue and furniture advertisements, a chore to make any art artist gag. The friend strove to overcome Denny's scruples. Denny wrote "I'll come," and the day he arrived in New York to begin that dreaded "commercial work" the painter of landscapes began to shrivel and the artist to flower.

For he was discovering not only the innate charm of a weekly pay check, but the lure of the streets of New York whose infinite variety, for Wortman, custom cannot stale. He wandered

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"Don't get up, Mr. Kinkles—I just wondered whether you wanted another drink."

about, making sketches of people and of sidewalk settings, creating portfolios that are a world of Street Scenes. He brought the best of these sketches to the *New York Tribune* which published them and, *mirabile dictu,* paid for them. There are few delights equal to that of being wanted. From the furniture catalogue he moved to the *Sunday Tribune*, for which he illustrated stories, in addition to contributing original drawings.

One block north from the *Tribune* Building of that time was the golden dome of the *New York World*, the dome beneath which Wortman's fame was to receive its first shine, so to speak. Rollin Kirby had inaugurated in the *World* a series of drawings called Metropolitan Movies, glimpses of life

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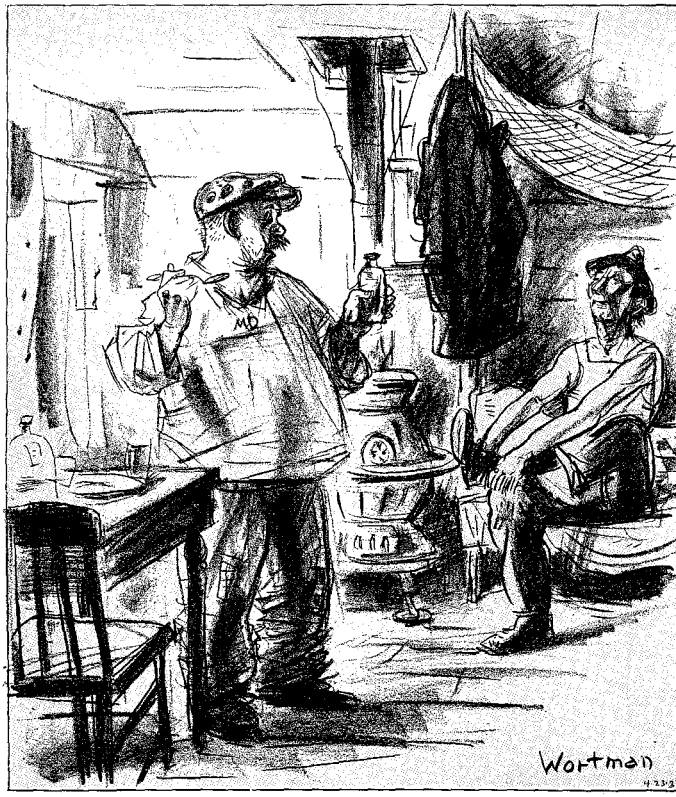

MOPEY DICK AND THE DUKE

"Duke, I'm sure this medicine is bad for me. After I finish this bottle I'm not going to buy any more."

as it is lived on the highways and in the alleys of a large city. Subsequently Kirby became editorial page cartoonist. Gene Carr then took over, but not exclusively. Other newspaper cartoonists contributed and the youngest, certainly in newspaper experience, the most eager and the most determined was Denys Wortman.

Denny girded his loins for a great task and long before the general public became aware of him and long before his cartoon became a daily feature in about one hundred newspapers, in the United States, Canada and abroad, he had his reward. He had his reward when Tom Johnstone, at that time in charge of the art de-

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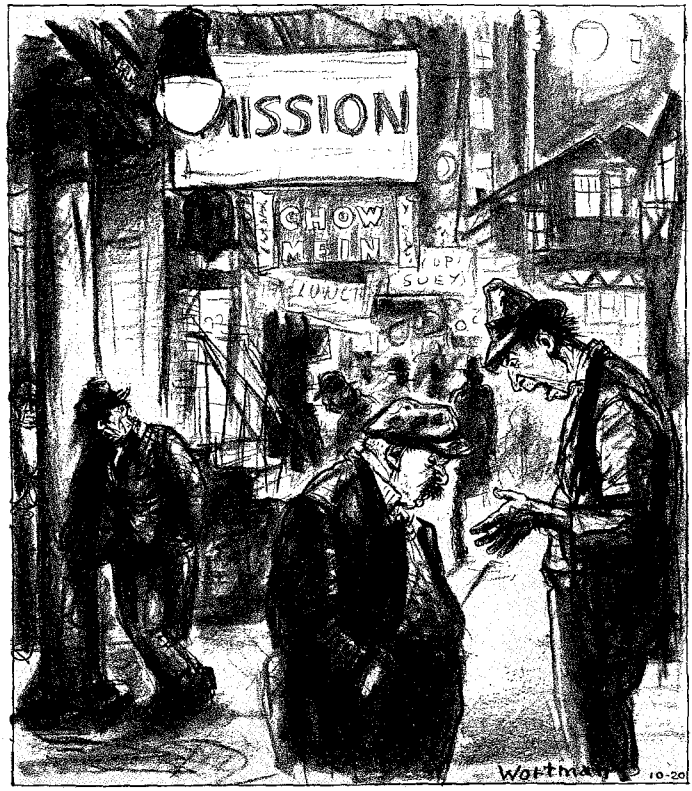

MOPEY DICK AND THE DUKE

"And when the preacher yelled out the number of the hymn, you woke up and hollered 'Bingo!' "

partment of the *World*, would say to the comic strippers who were working at their drawing boards around him: "Boys, we've got an immortal working for us!" He was a good prophet.

Wortman sweated at his task like a day laborer, although a happy one. He made thousands of sketches of people and places, interiors and exteriors, mansions and hall bedrooms. A faithful sketch of a fire hydrant or a sign in the subway was no less important than the look of the Woolworth Building from a dozen angles.

There is no division in his life between work and play. His job is his hobby and his hobby his job. Go with him to the theatre or break bread

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"That man was ready to give up his throne for the woman he loves, and YOU *won't even go down to the corner for a loaf of bread!"*

with him at lunch and you will find his eyes darting around to seize upon, and record, details to which most of us are indifferent, if not blind, for such things as the way a foot is twisted around the leg of a table, a suspender secured with a safety pin, for a heel worn down, a tear in a shirt, the bend of a waiter's back, the ironic implication in a cutie's smile.

All this, however, does not explain the human, the distinctive, quality of the Everyday (or, as it is known in New York, the Metropolitan) Movies. A good Wortman drawing, and the level, day after day, is astonishingly high, is both an abstract and a telegraphic dramatization of an O. Henry story brought up to date. Many words have been written about Wortman's

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"Grandma's still in bed, but I'm keeping the window open so she won't miss the nice June smells and sounds."

cartoons but Christopher Morley summed up the case for the artist when he wrote that "he gives the mind, in one flash, something that hundreds of novelists have often ranted over thousands of pages without attaining."

Wings are not sprouting from Denny Wortman's shoulderblades. But this much is a self-evident truth: the man who draws Everyday Movies likes the human race.

Wortman does not indiscriminately embrace everybody, not even figuratively, but it is not in his nature as artist to detest, despise, or reject. He is neither fastidious nor supercilious on the one hand, and neither sentimental nor driveling on the other. Even in his tear-jerkers he is realistic.

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"C'mon, Tommy—it's all just make-believe."

His shop girls haven't been polished up for occasions. He draws them as if they had armpits and their armpits accent their humanity. His Mopey Dick and The Duke are derelicts who are neither patronized nor pitied, but who themselves extract from their economically parlous state occasions for satiric and ironic humor.

Wortman's cartoons suggest sociology. They suggest that the man who draws them has a philosophy of human effort. But it isn't his job to do anything about anything. It is his job, which he ably fills, to see the world in a human perspective, to give us back our lives in intuitive perception of the lives of others, to forge the bonds of comradeship through a creative form of reporting. —HARRY SALPETER

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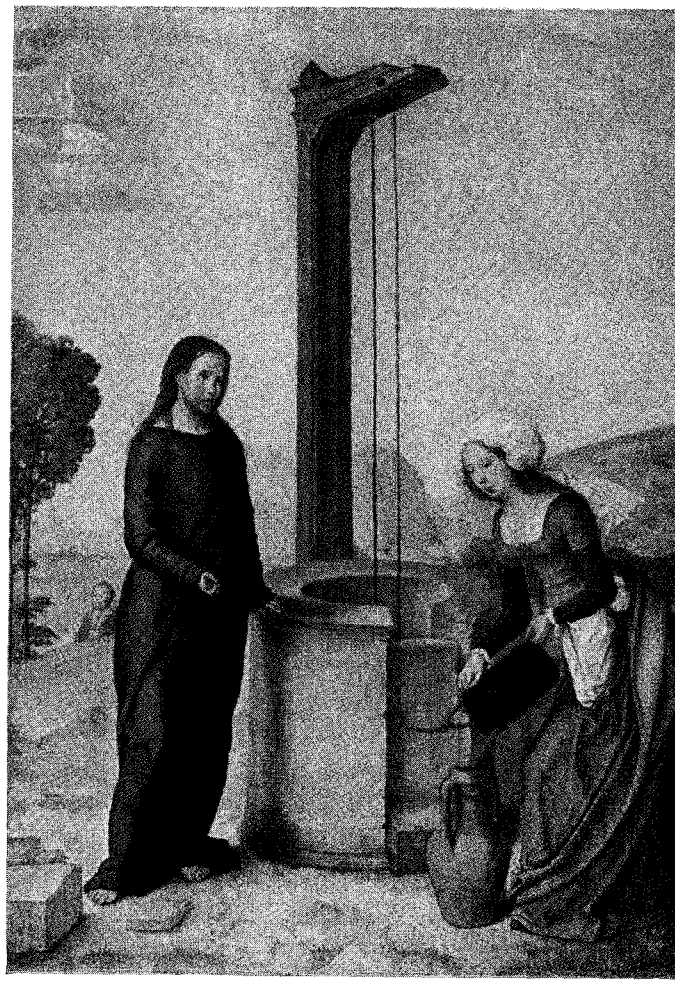

THE LOUVRE, PARIS

15TH CENTURY FLEMISH PAINTINGS

One of three Flemish paintings reproduced on this and the following two pages, *The Well*, above, by Juan of Flanders is hardly typical of the school. Juan spent most of his life in Spain, his major work being a set of forty-six panels executed for the Royal Palace in Madrid.

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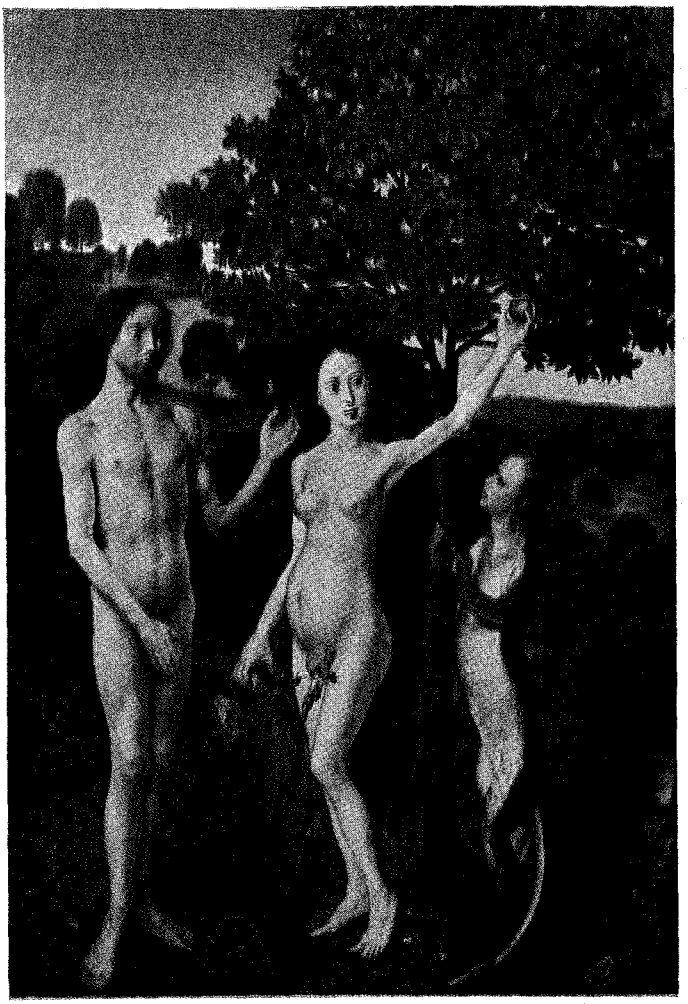

KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

THE ORIGINAL SIN BY VAN DER GOES

The paintings on this and the opposite page form a diptych, an altar-piece consisting of two hinged tablets. Hugo van der Goes (1440-1482), a painter of wide celebrity in Ghent and Bruges, shared generously in the broadening influence the Flemish school derived from Italy.

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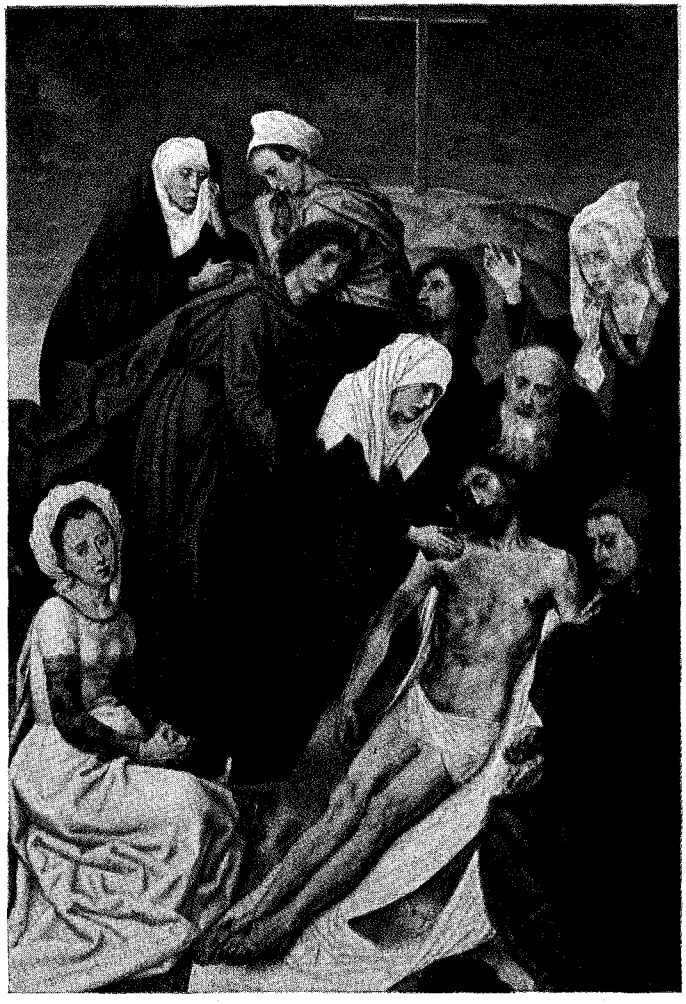

KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

MOURNING OF CHRIST BY VAN DER GOES

In 1475, van der Goes retired to a monastery. The cloistered life did not agree with him, however, for he took to drink and even developed symptoms of insanity, imagining he was damned. His superiors eventually brought him around, and he died a sober and lucid death.

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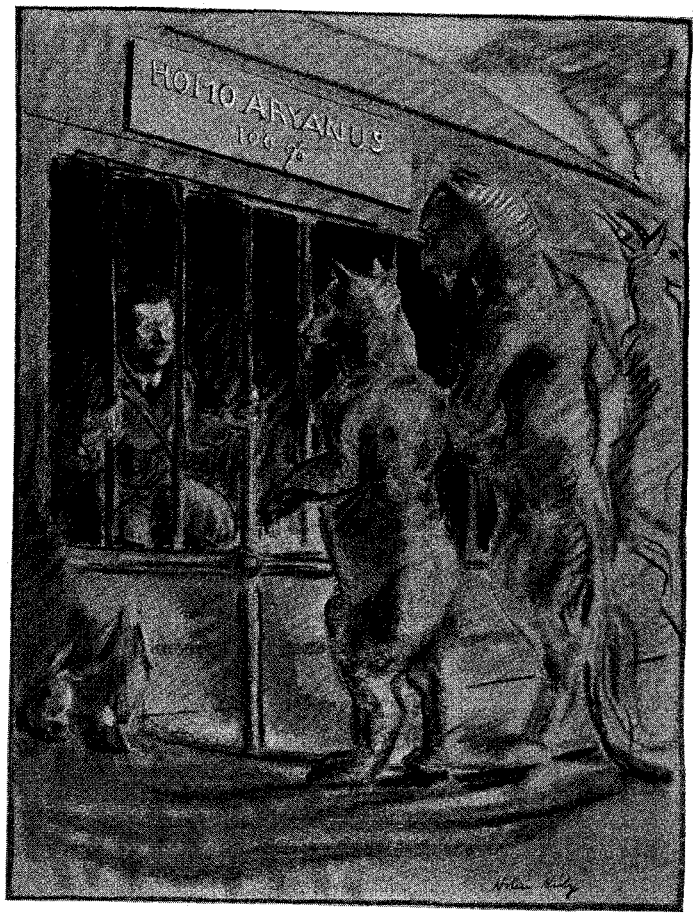

AT THE ZOO

They say he likes to advertise
The difference of his breed;
You'd think if he were really wise,
It's the last thing he'd concede.

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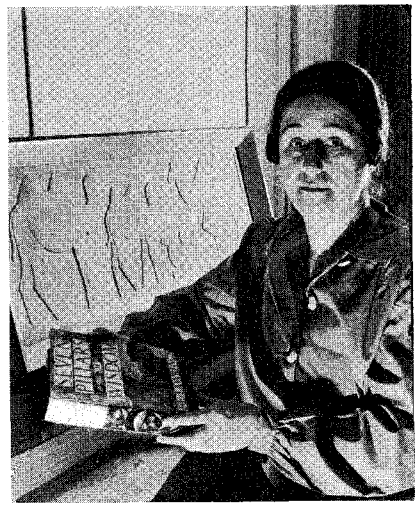
DIRECT FROM LIFE

ONE WRONG CHIP MEANS RUIN, BUT CORNELIA CHAPIN DIGS ANIMALS STRAIGHT OUT OF STONE

She works in a perfect studio that hangs back about fifty feet from the traffic on New York's 38th Street. The studio once belonged to Gutzon Borglum, so it is quite colossal. Cornelia Van A. Chapin works in the center of the room. Surrounding her are portraits in stone of frogs, penguins, turtles, guinea pigs, camels. She means to pay herself no tribute when she says that the eyes of these creatures of her own hand and imagination often make her feel self-conscious and under restraint, as though she were constantly being watched.



Cornelia Van A. Chapin

She held a one-man show at the Fifteen Gallery last April. The preface to her catalog was written by the Spanish sculptor Mateo Hernandez, who paid his tribute this way: "Direct carving is the most powerful means, among all the methods employed by sculptors, to reveal with vigor the true personality of the artist. And in Cornelia Chapin we have one woman who has had the daring, the admirable energy and discipline to practice the technique of direct carving from life in uncompromising blocks of hard stone and wood."

Hernandez can speak thus with pride, for he was Miss Chapin's teacher—and with authority, for he is among the greatest of the "direct carvers." Direct carving means that the sculptor does not use any clay or plaster mod-

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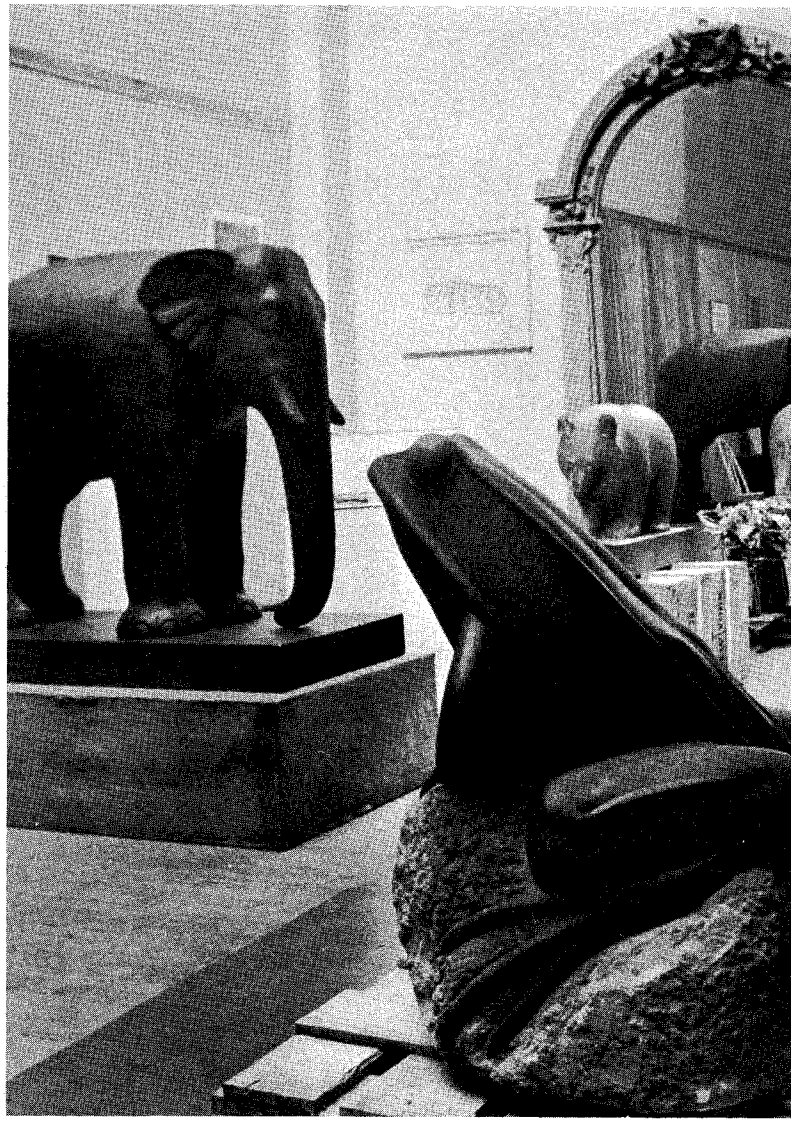

THREE MEMBERS OF THE CHAPIN SCULPTURED MENAGERIE

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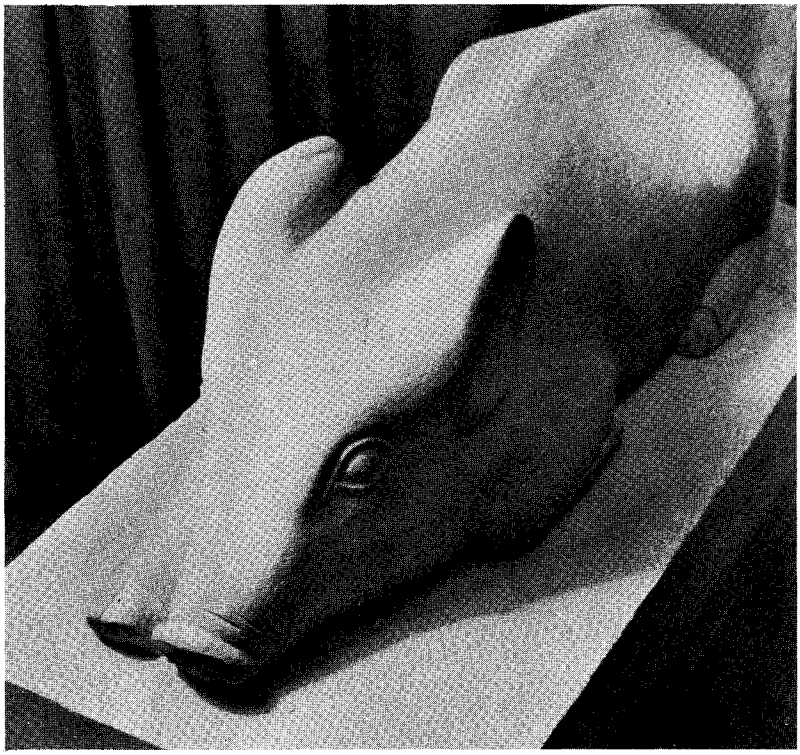

PIG, CARVED FROM LIFE IN ROSE SANDSTONE

els; the sculptor copies directly from life and digs directly into the stone. That is why Hernandez calls Miss Chapin a daring woman.

Animals are her favorite subjects, and the subjects of her most successful efforts. In Paris, where they do these things better, she had a perfect outdoor studio at the zoo. In Paris they do not keep the animals behind bars—they keep them on little islands and the animals have at least the minimum requirement of room. Miss Chapin used to load a block of stone on the workshop-pushcart she uses, and wheel it to the zoo. The animals, she says, knew what she wanted. They knew they were being posed and they behaved accordingly. "I got to know the hours of the day when they would pose precisely the way I wanted them to," says Miss Chapin. "When I was making the penguin, I used to visit him at daybreak. That was when he

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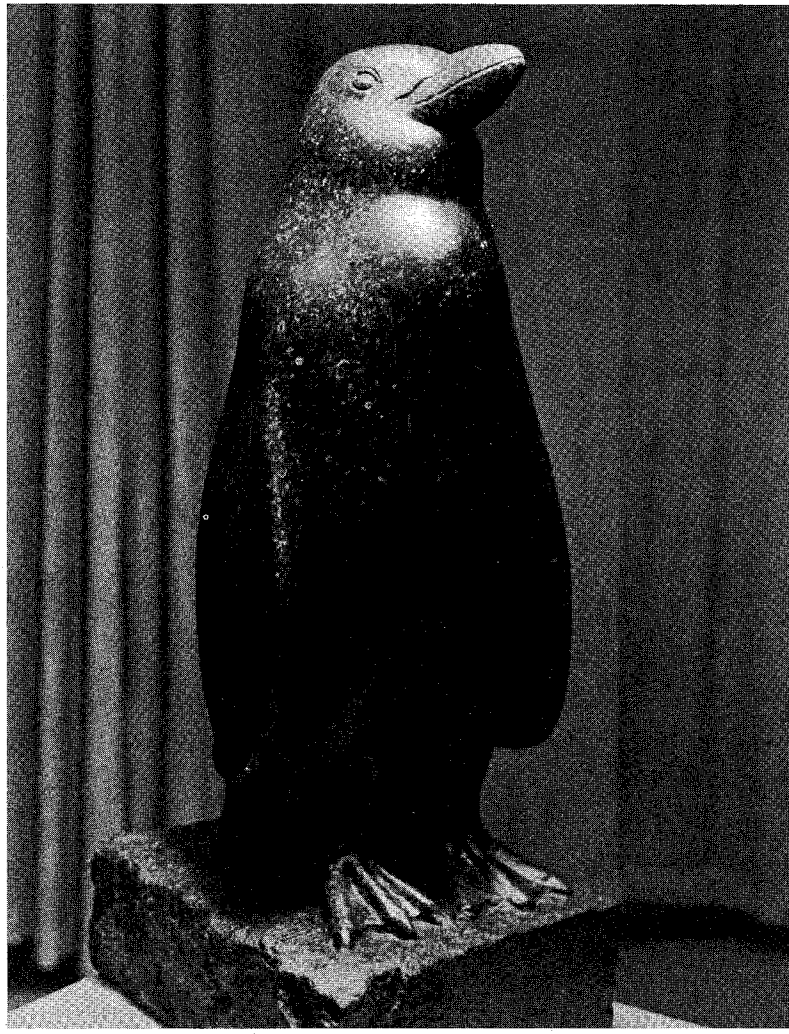

PENGUIN, CARVED FROM LIFE IN BLACK GRANITE

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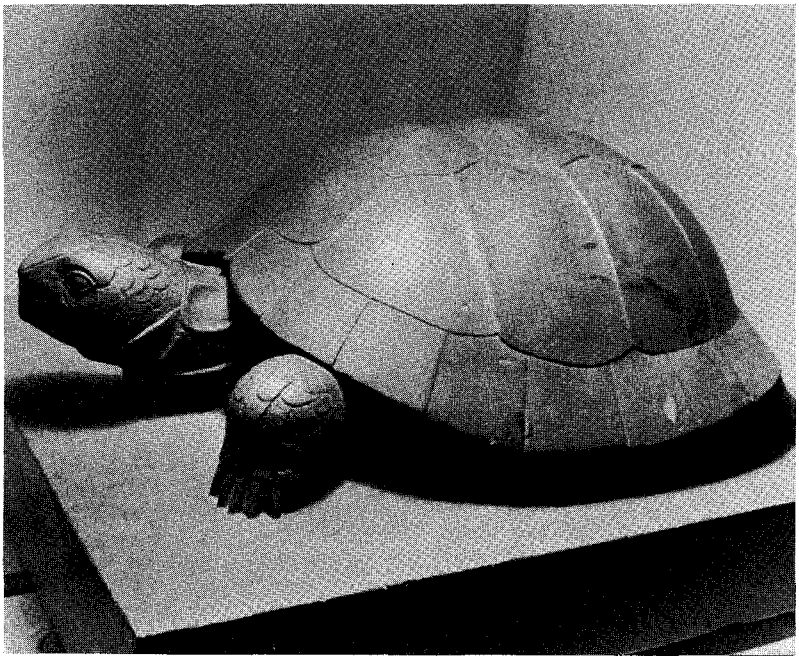

TURTLE, CARVED FROM LIFE IN VOLCANIC ROCK

felt most like assuming the right pose."

The animals which decorate the studio and peer so fixedly at the embarrassed visitor all have their separate and distinct personalities. The turtle is a smooth round pile of patience; the penguin is tremendously pompous and impertinent; the immense frog is filled with his own importance. But the hand of the one artist is easily discernible in their one great common trait—simplicity. All their elegance comes, paradoxically, from their complete simplicity. It is not a matter of stylization. Look twice and you see that any one of these placid creatures is as realistic as the real article. Miss Chapin visualizes animals as a whole, in the round, without the microscopic analysis of sundry details and without distortion. Her little guinea pig, carved from lithographic stone, is as simple in outline as a large drop of water—but he's just as quick.

Miss Chapin, a New Yorker by family ties, was born in Connecticut, studied with Hernandez in Paris. At the Paris International Exhibition of Arts and Technique last year she won

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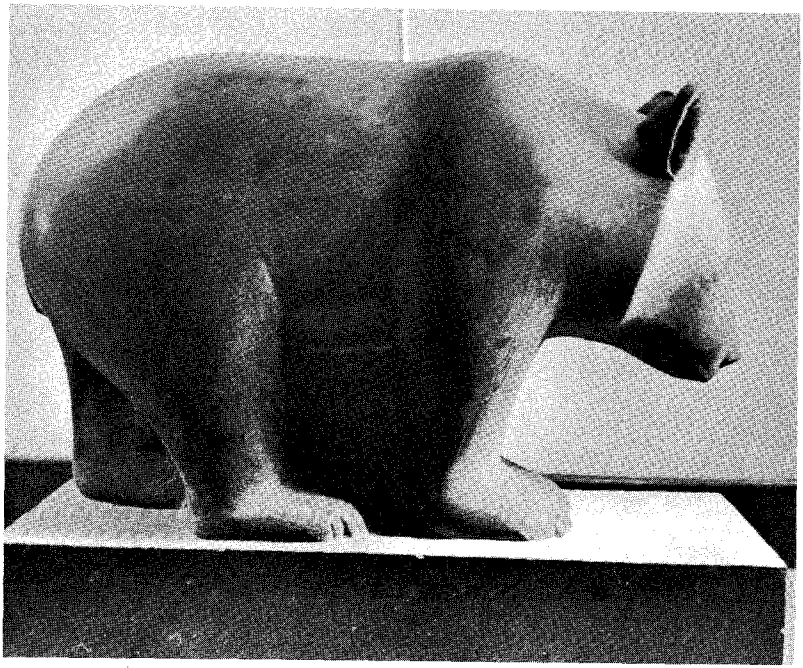

BEAR CUB, CARVED FROM LIFE IN VOLCANIC ROCK

the Second Grand Prize. Now that she is back in America she intends to continue the principles she learned from Hernandez. She wants to do architectural sculpture, but she wants the chance to align her work with the exact form of the edifices she may be called upon to decorate, and to fit her sculptures in with the eccentricities of the lights that shine on buildings through the courtesy of Sol or Edison. (She has a life-size nude in sandstone relief. The figure itself is finished, but the drapes it is about to clasp are still waiting for the finishing touches. Miss Chapin vows she'll not finish it until she sees when and where the relief will be placed.)

She has started to work in the New York zoos, but the bars on the cages are a psychological barrier. According to the sculptress, the animals in American zoos are neither happy nor relaxed, and those *are* barriers to the artist who strikes for fundamentals. "The stone in which I carve," she says, "is icy cold. Yet the reality of art is to transform into *warmth* the image carved direct from life."

—SIDNEY CARROLL

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PIERRE JAHAN PARIS

PRESAGE

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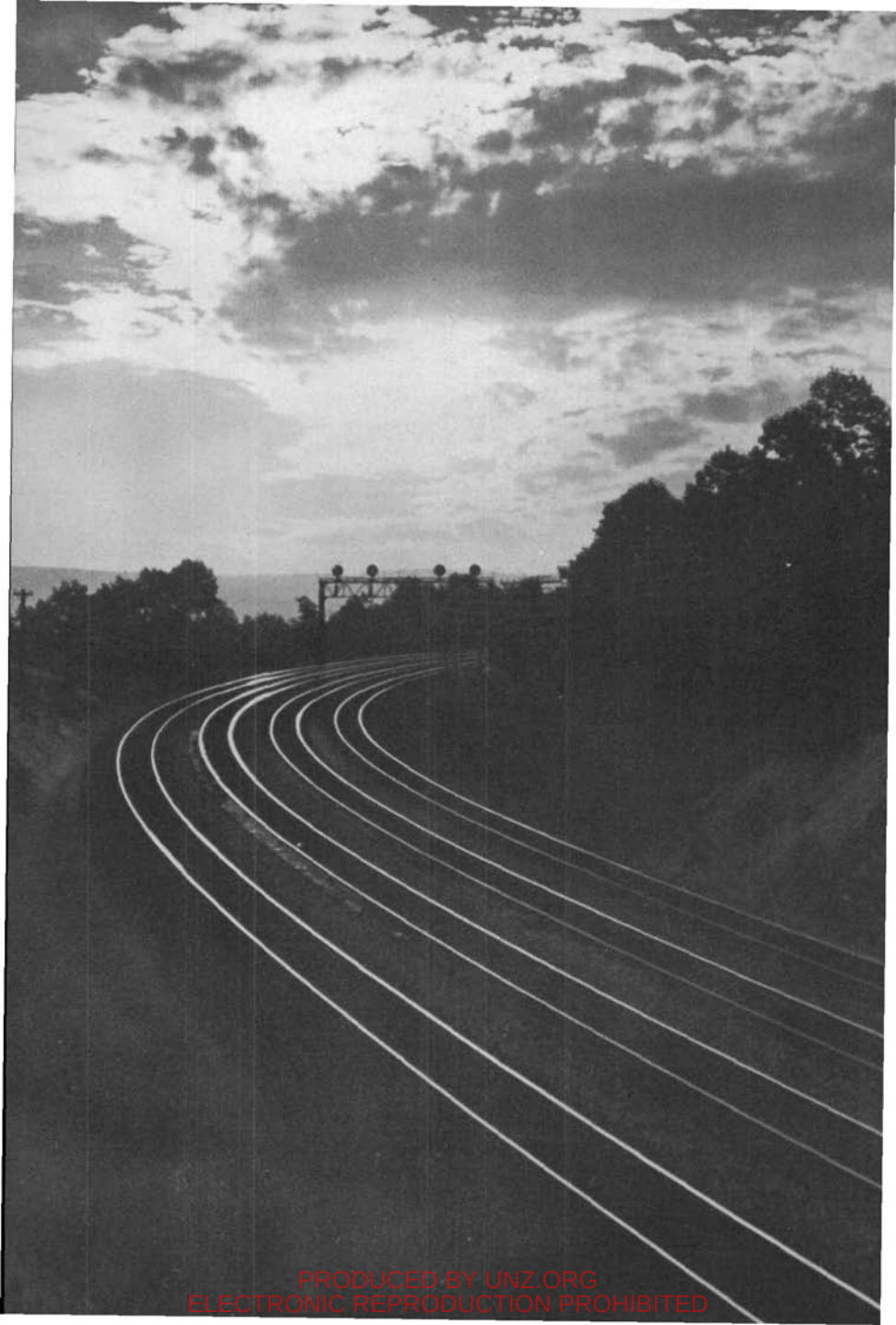

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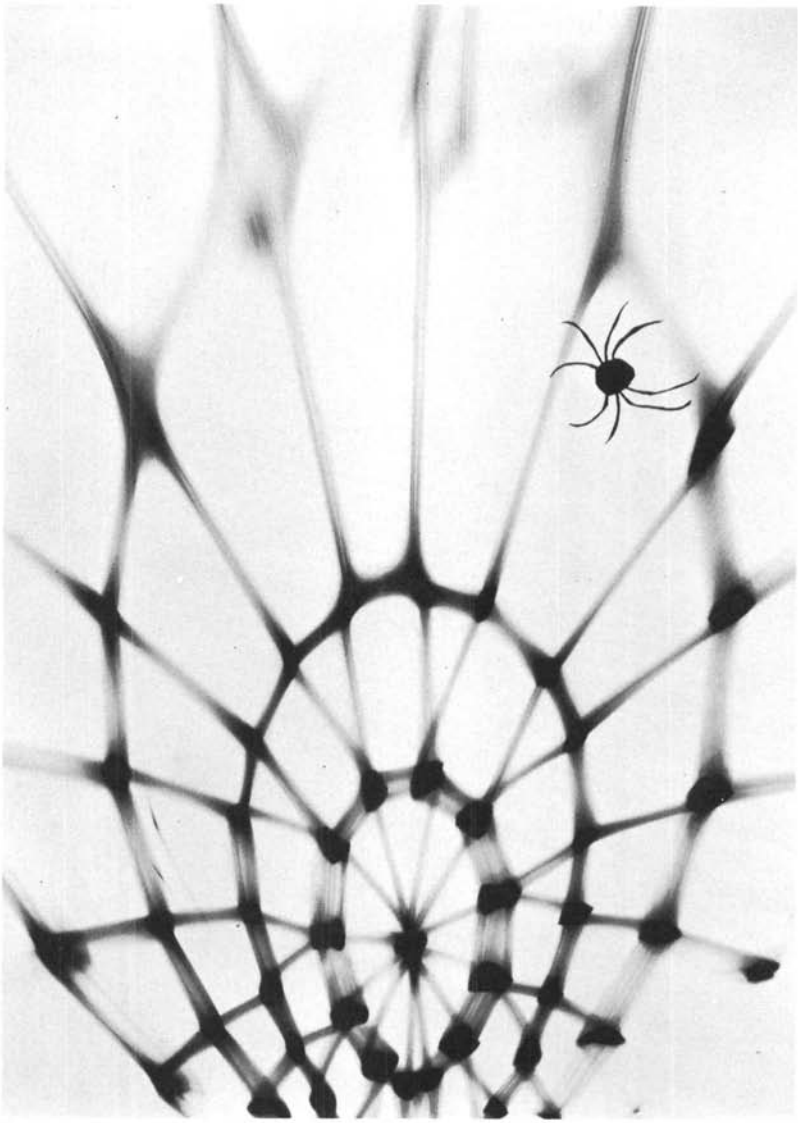

FRED G. KORTH CHICAGO

PARLOR

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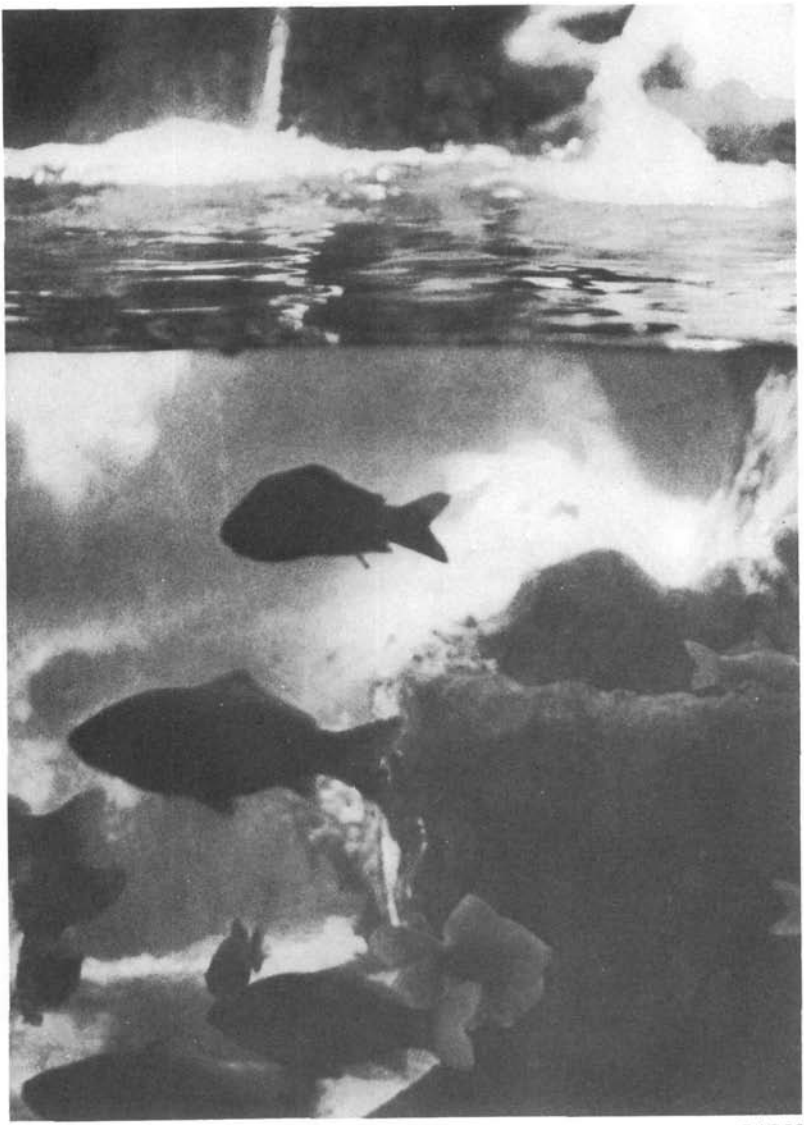

MAURICE BERNARD PARIS

BATH

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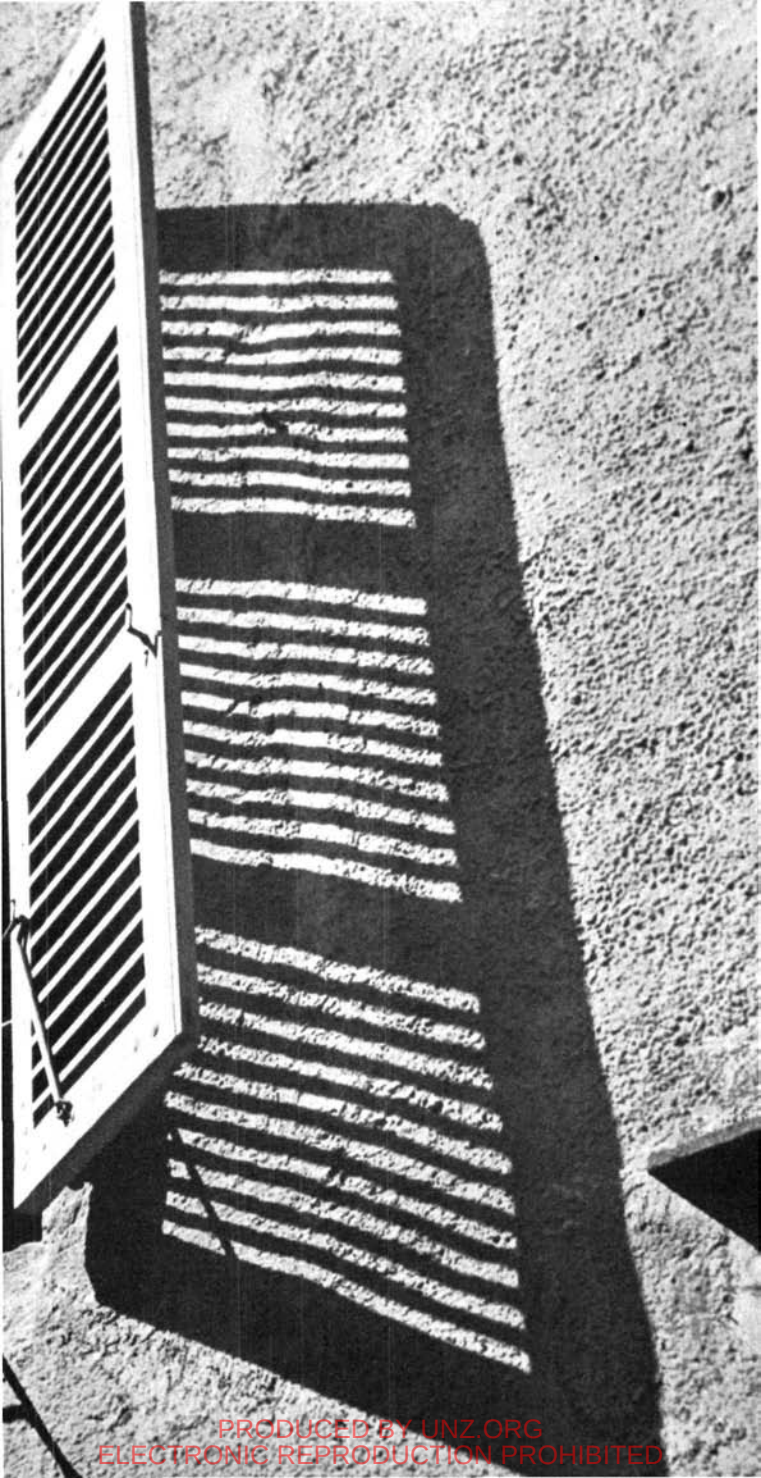
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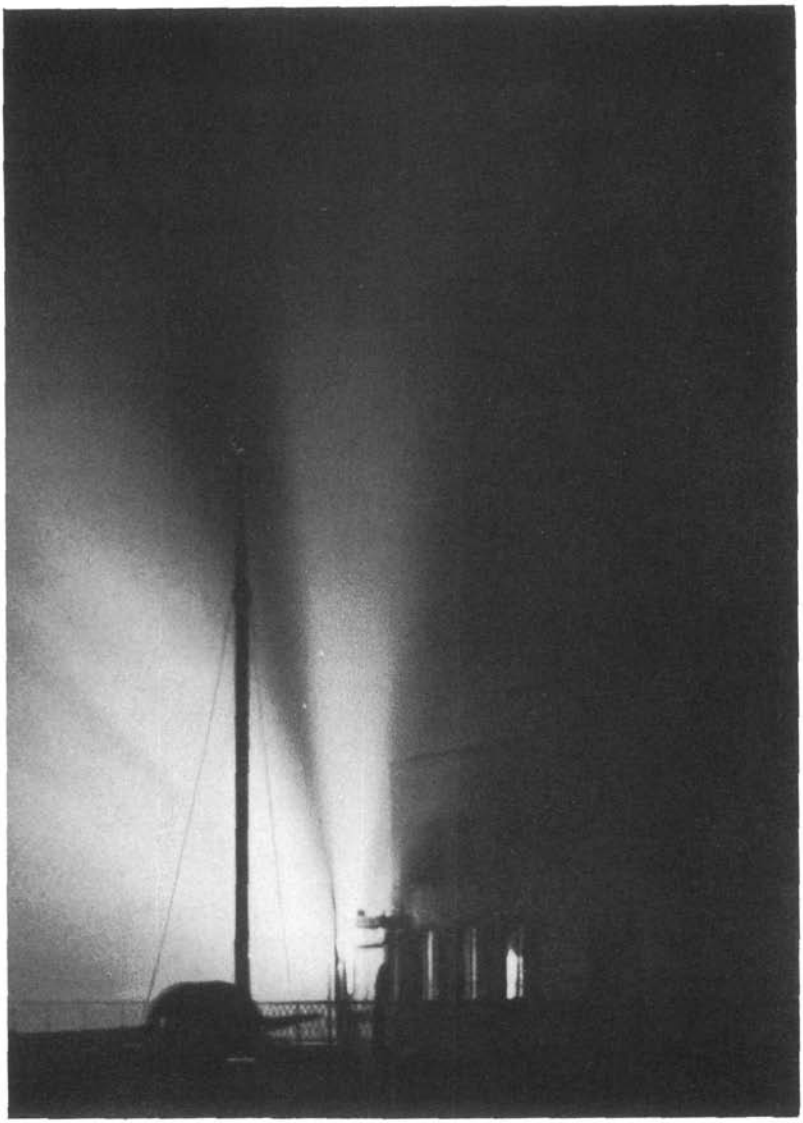

BRASSAÏ PARIS

SHAFT OF LIGHT

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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ

NEW YORK

WITCHING HOUR

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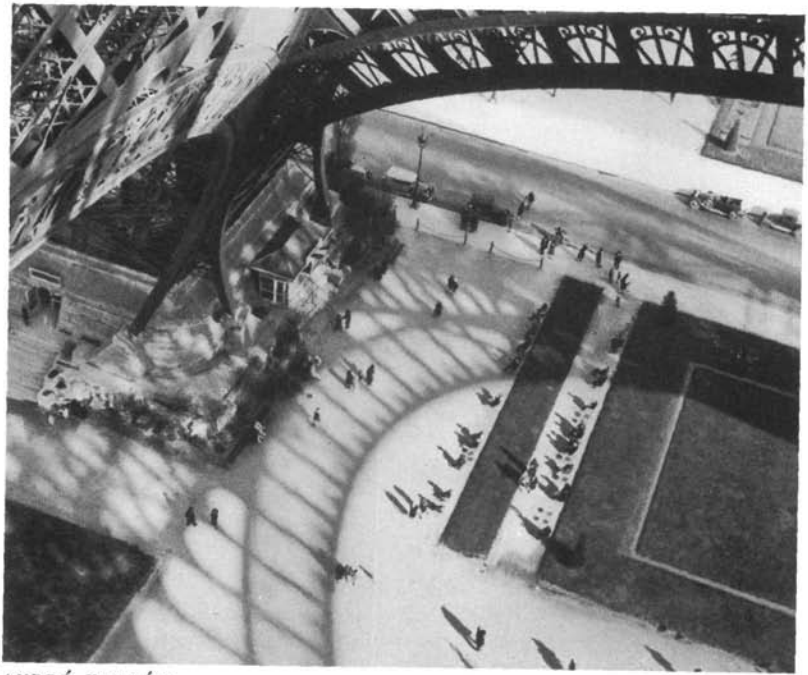

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ

NEW YORK

MICROSCOPIC

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ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

INSOMNIAC

CORONET

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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

IN THE LAND OF NOD

AUGUST, 1938

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H. CARTIER PARIS

BUDDIES

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ELI LOTAR PARIS

URCHINS

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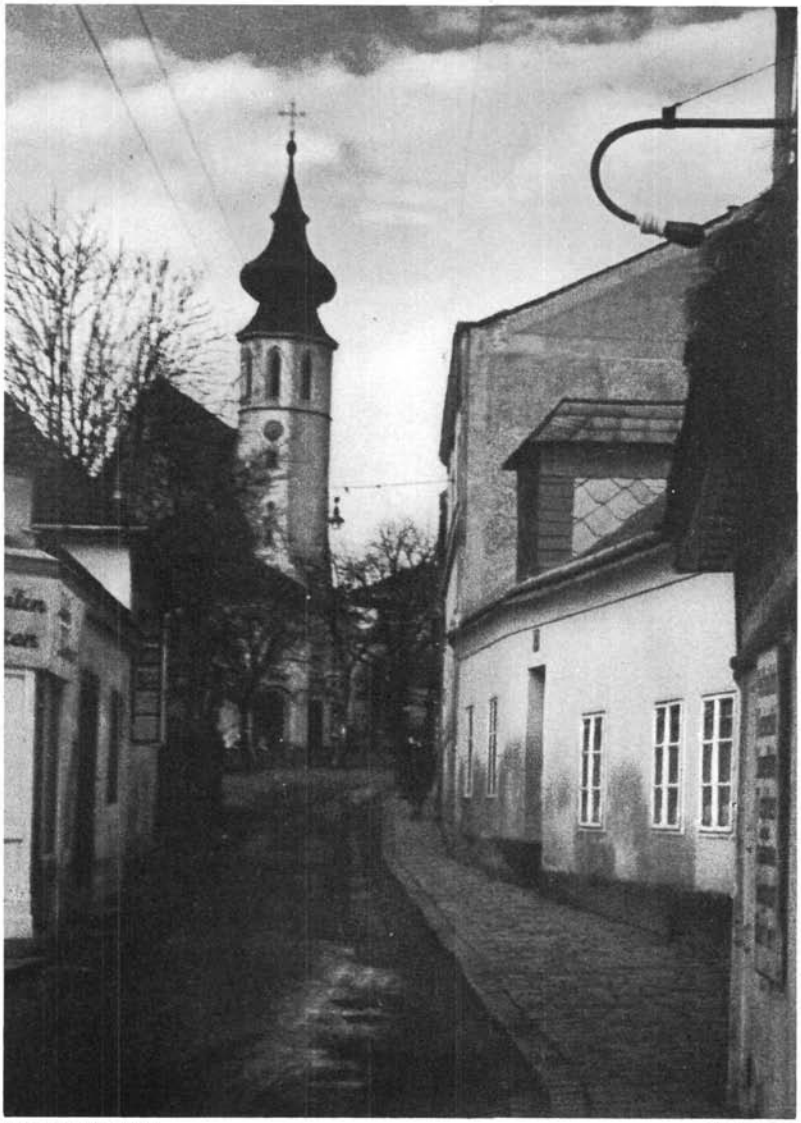

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

SLEEPY VILLAGE

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

SLEEPING CITY

AUGUST, 1938

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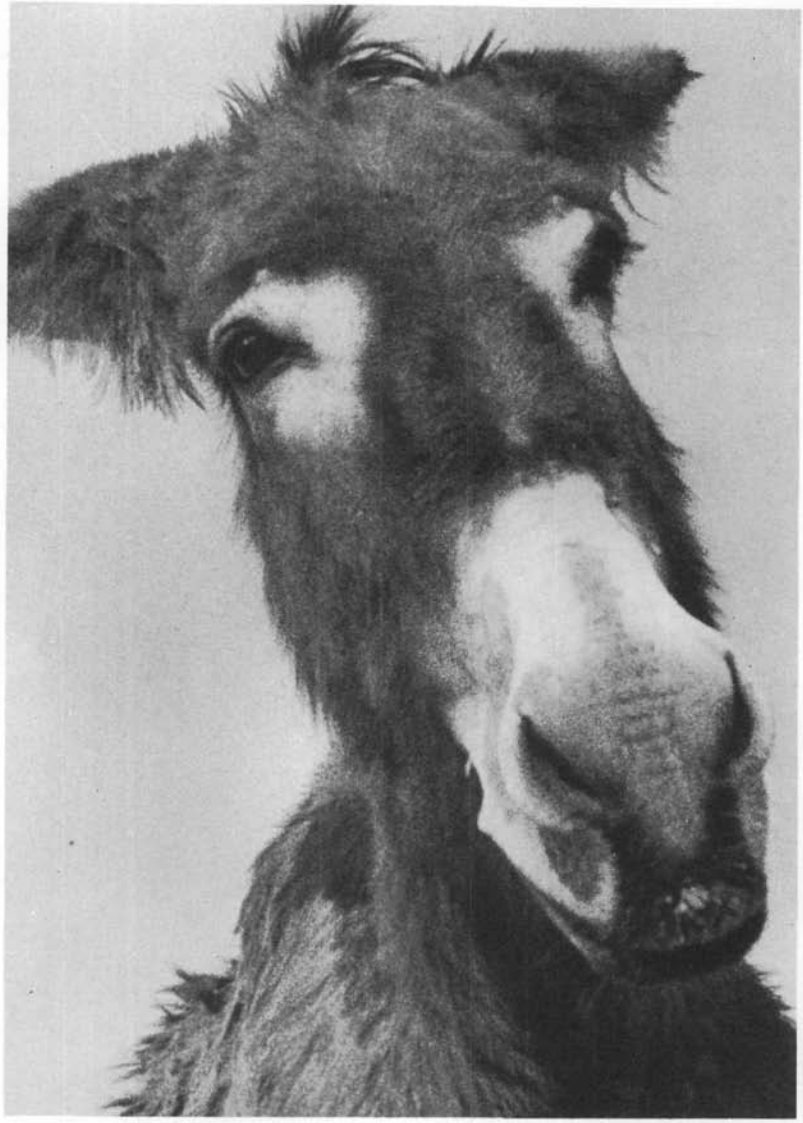

H. P. ZUIDEMA DETROIT

JACK

CORONET

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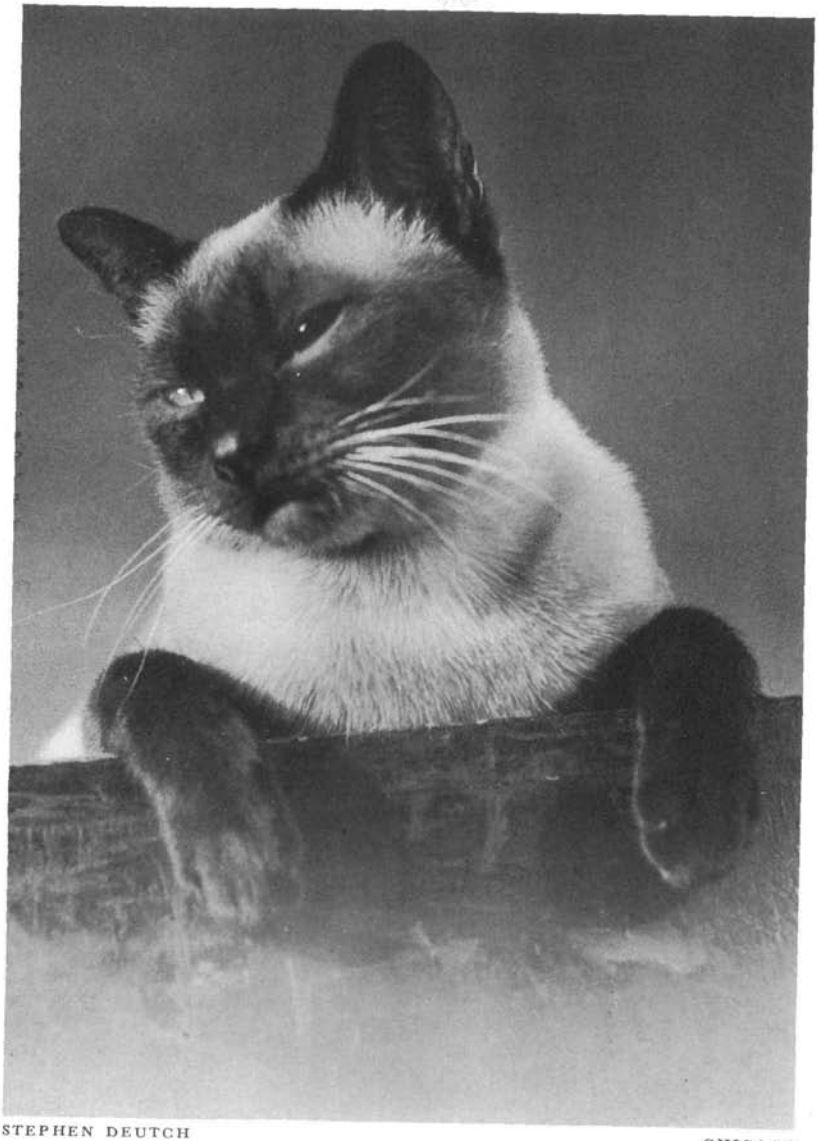

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

TOM

AUGUST, 1938

125

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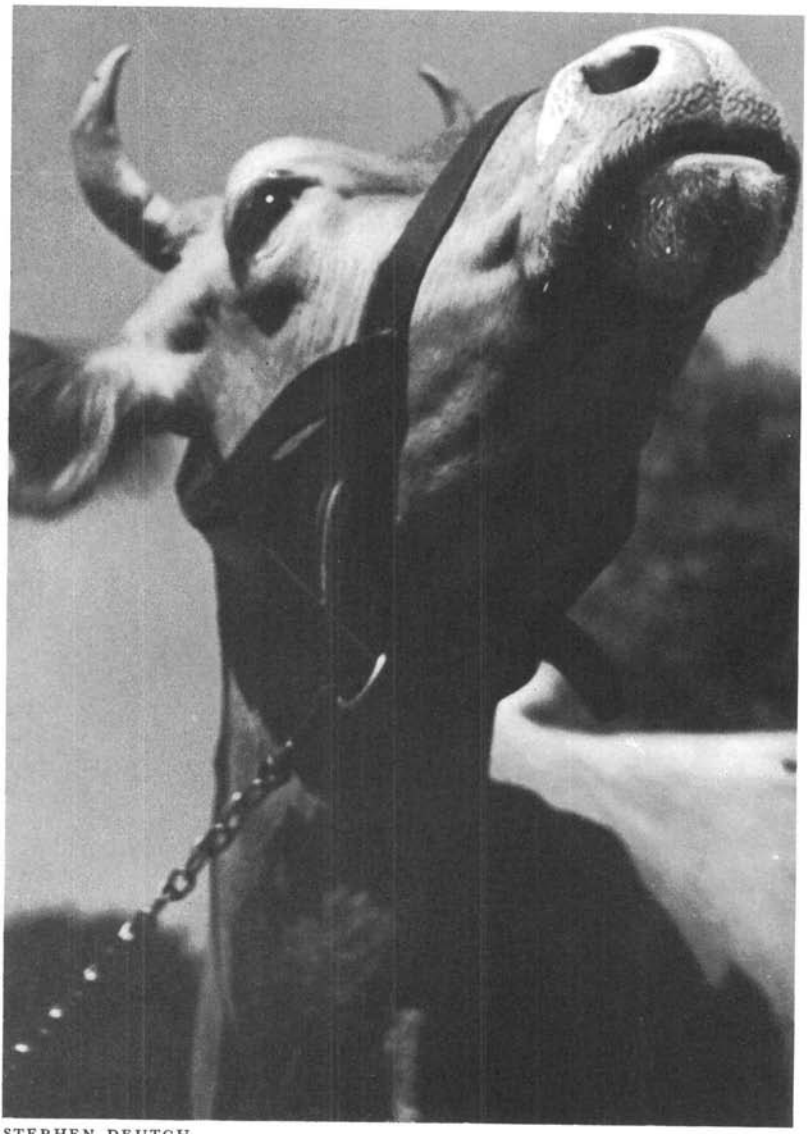

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

ASPIRATION

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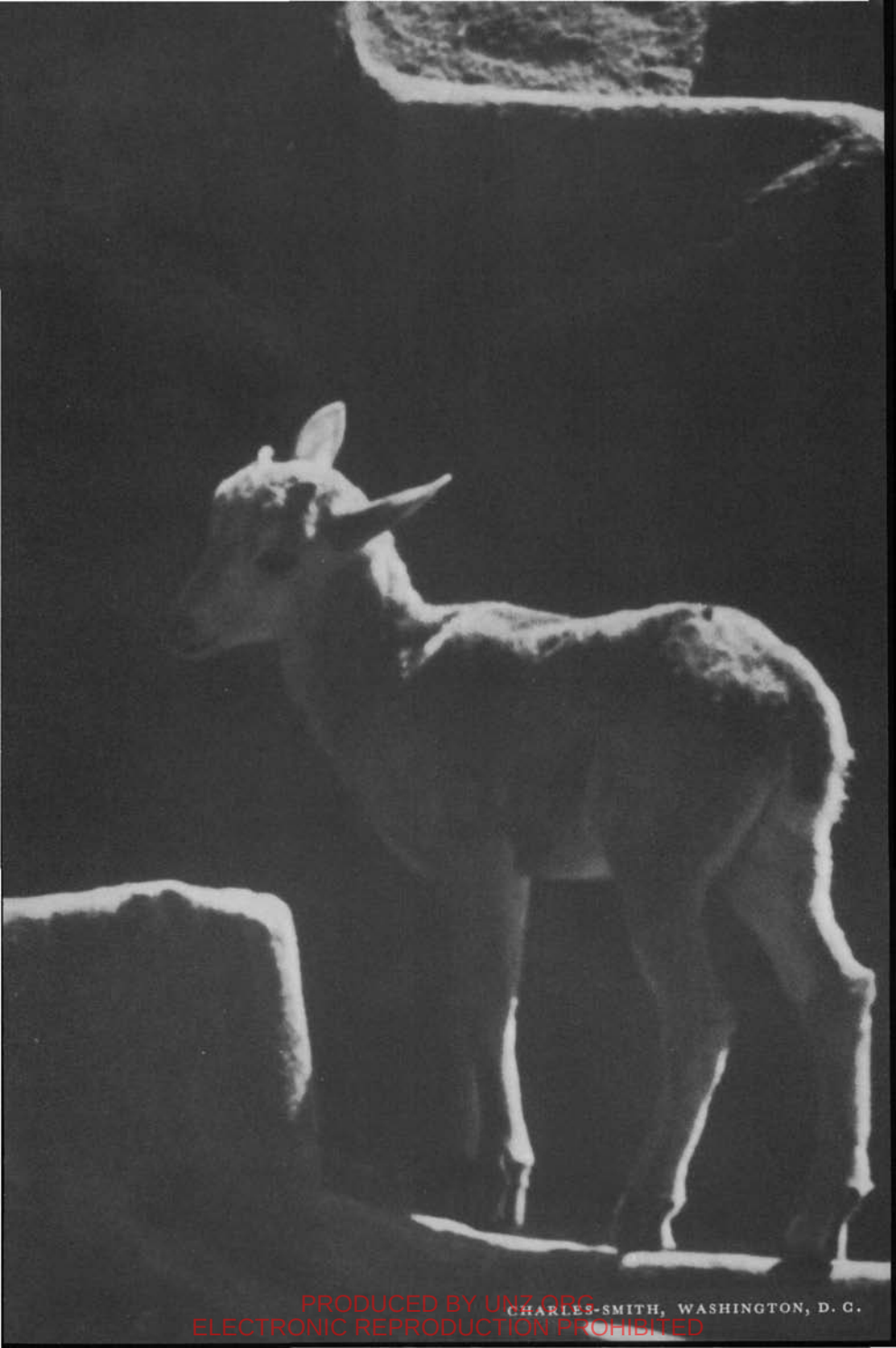

CHARLES-SMITH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

SPARED

CORONET

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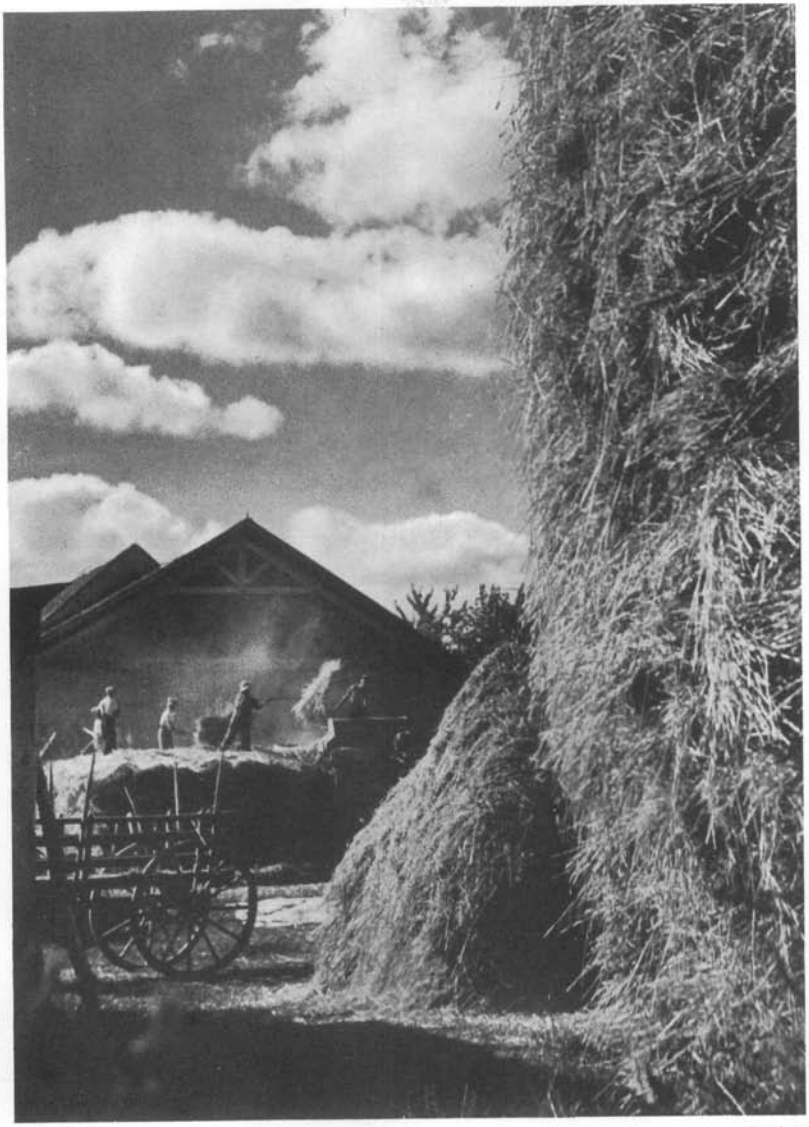

BRASSAÏ PARIS

BUMPER

AUGUST, 1938

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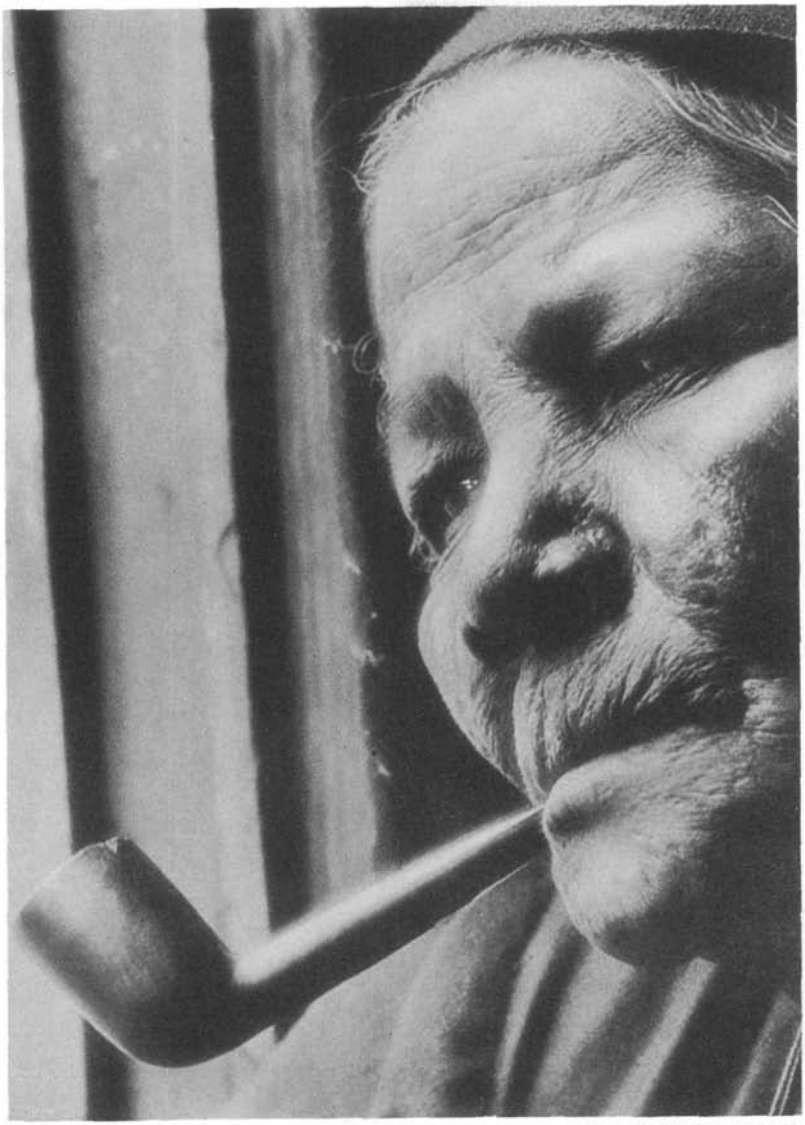

BUDDY LONGWORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

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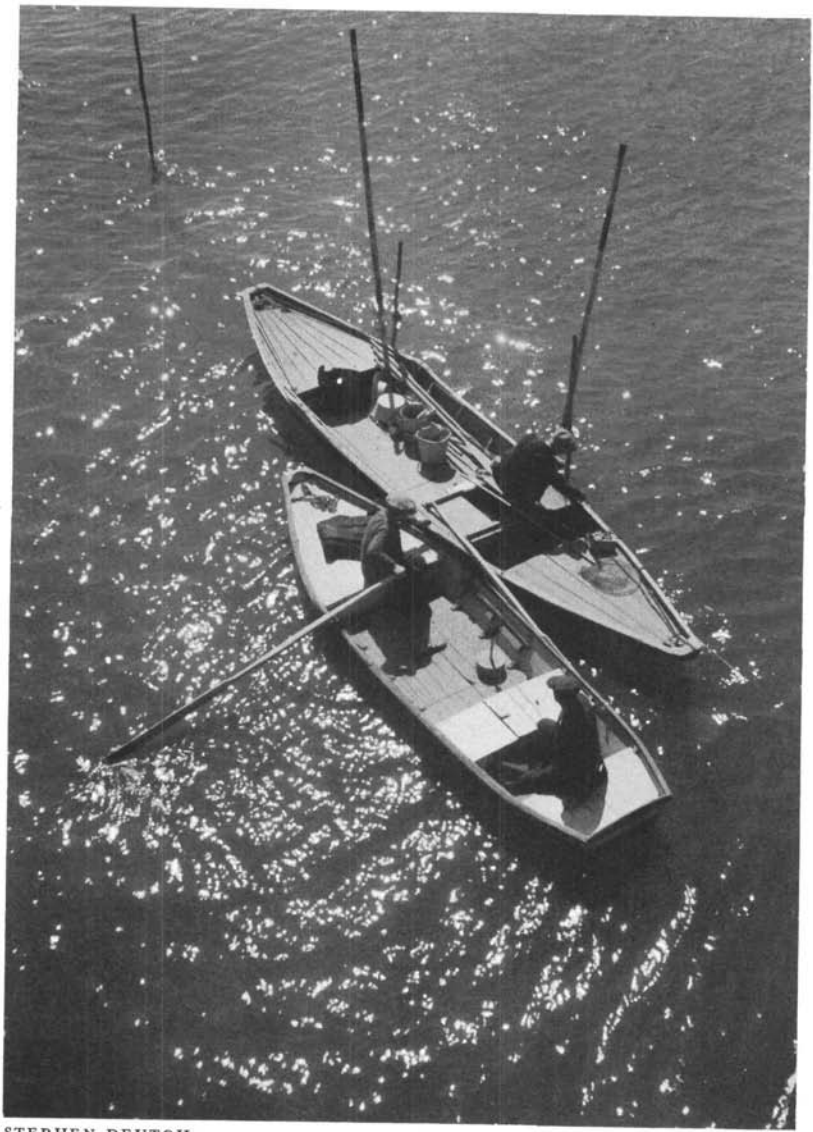

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

TRAPPERS OF THE SEA

CORONET

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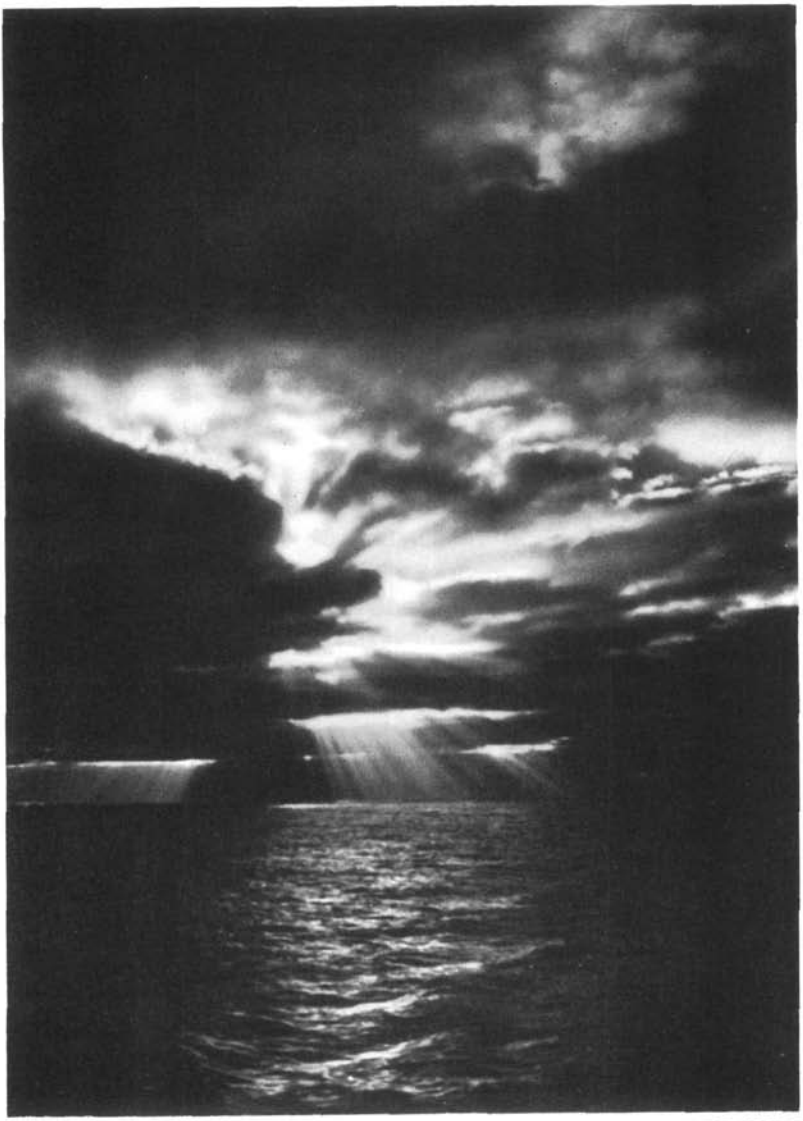

NELL DORR NEW YORK

SILVER LINING

AUGUST, 1938

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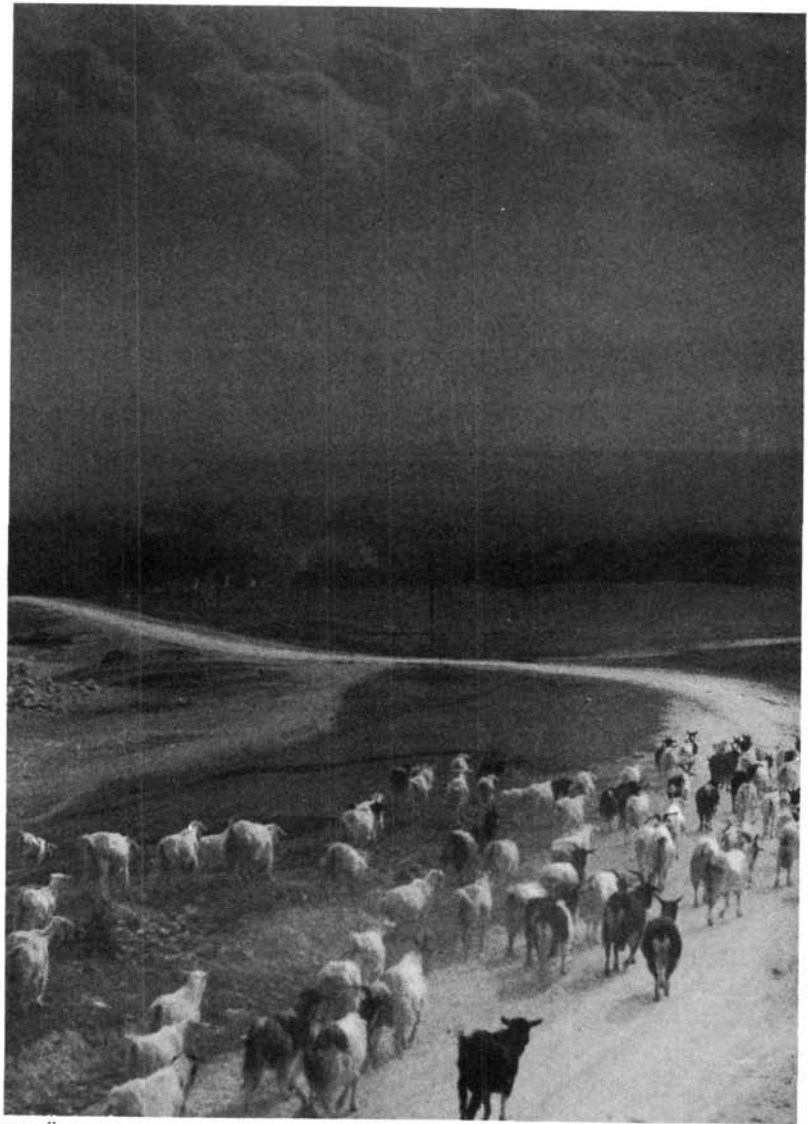

ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

HOMEWARD

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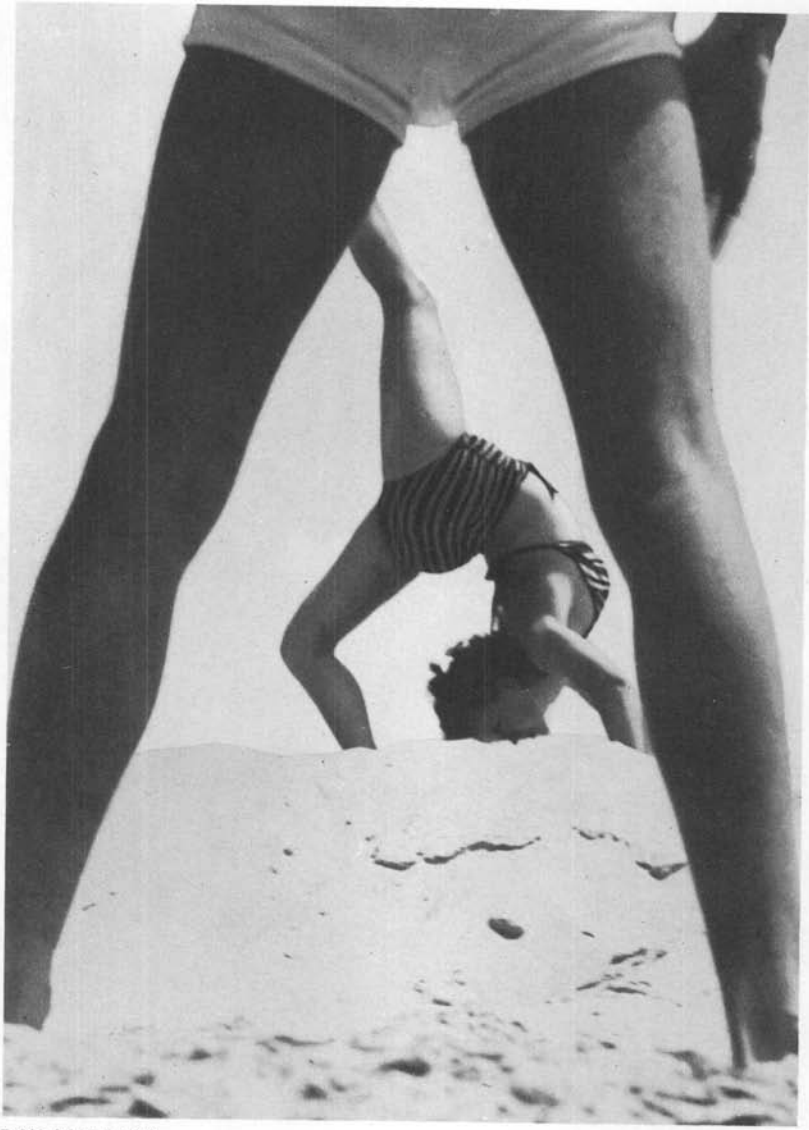

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

TRIANGULAR

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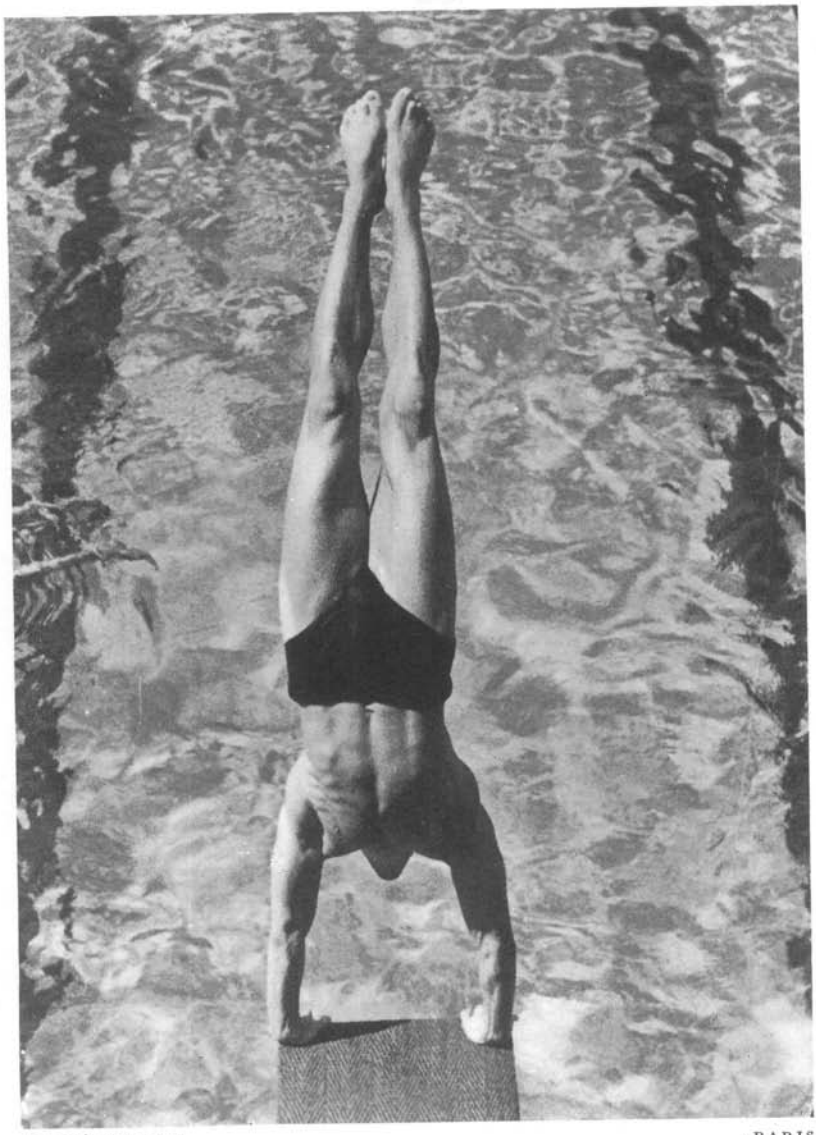

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

PERPENDICULAR

AUGUST, 1938

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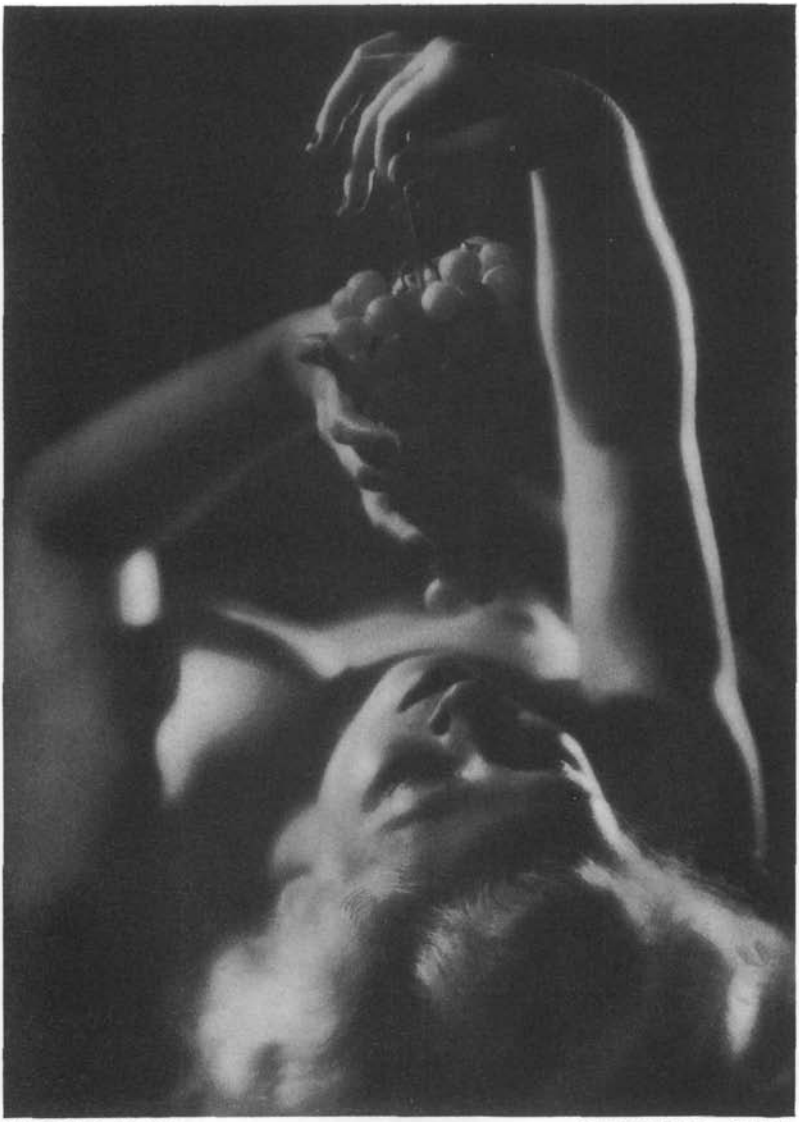

STILLMAN SMITH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

CLUSTER

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BUDDY LONGWORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

DELILAH

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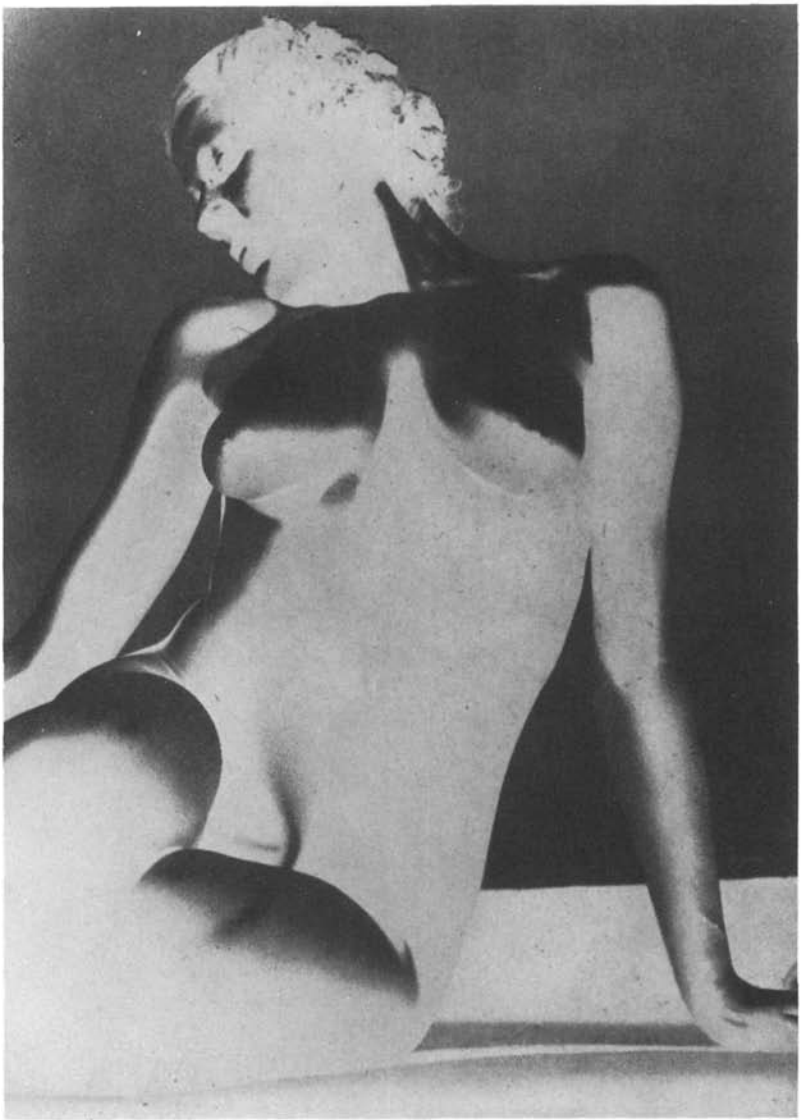

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

HALF-LIGHT

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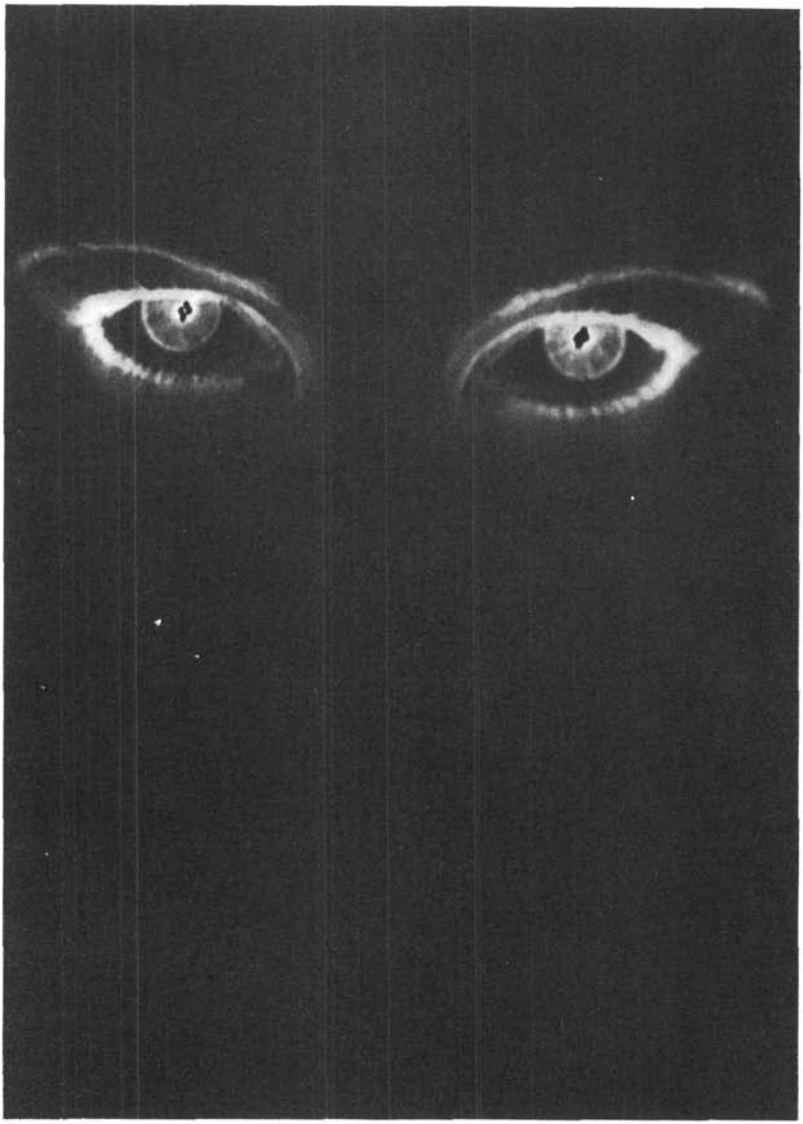

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

SINISTER

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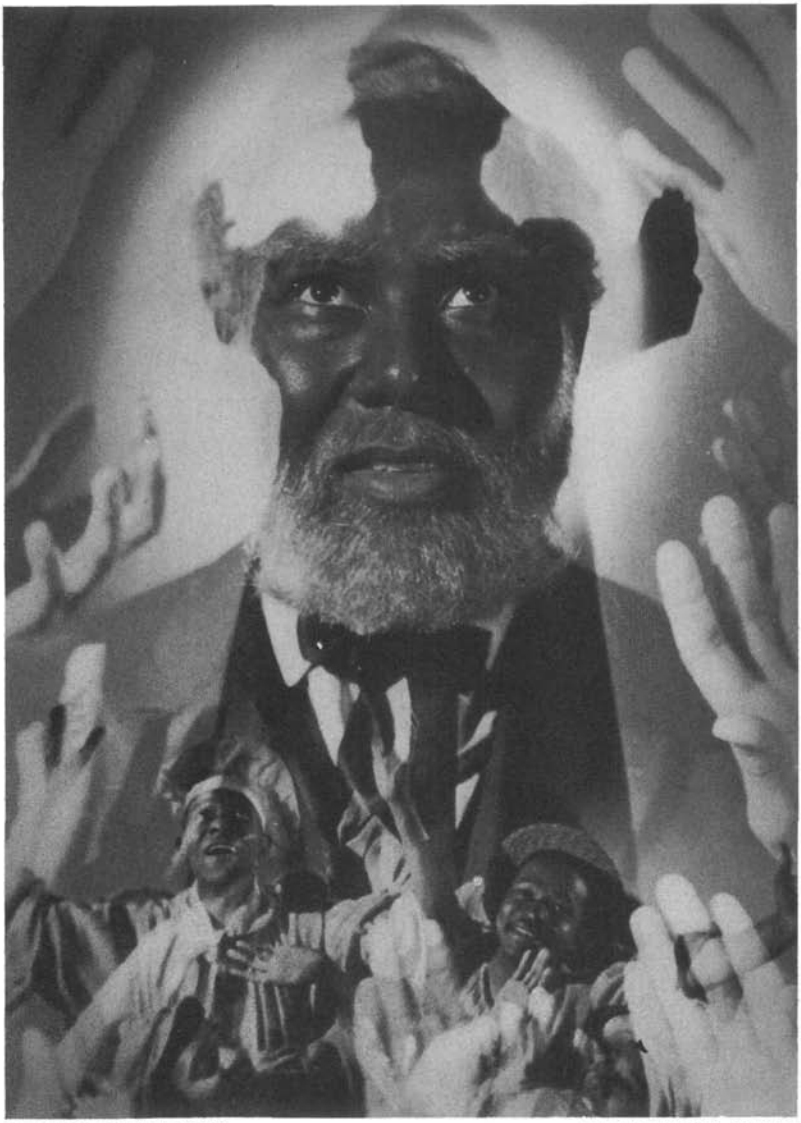

BUDDY LONGWORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

DE LAWD

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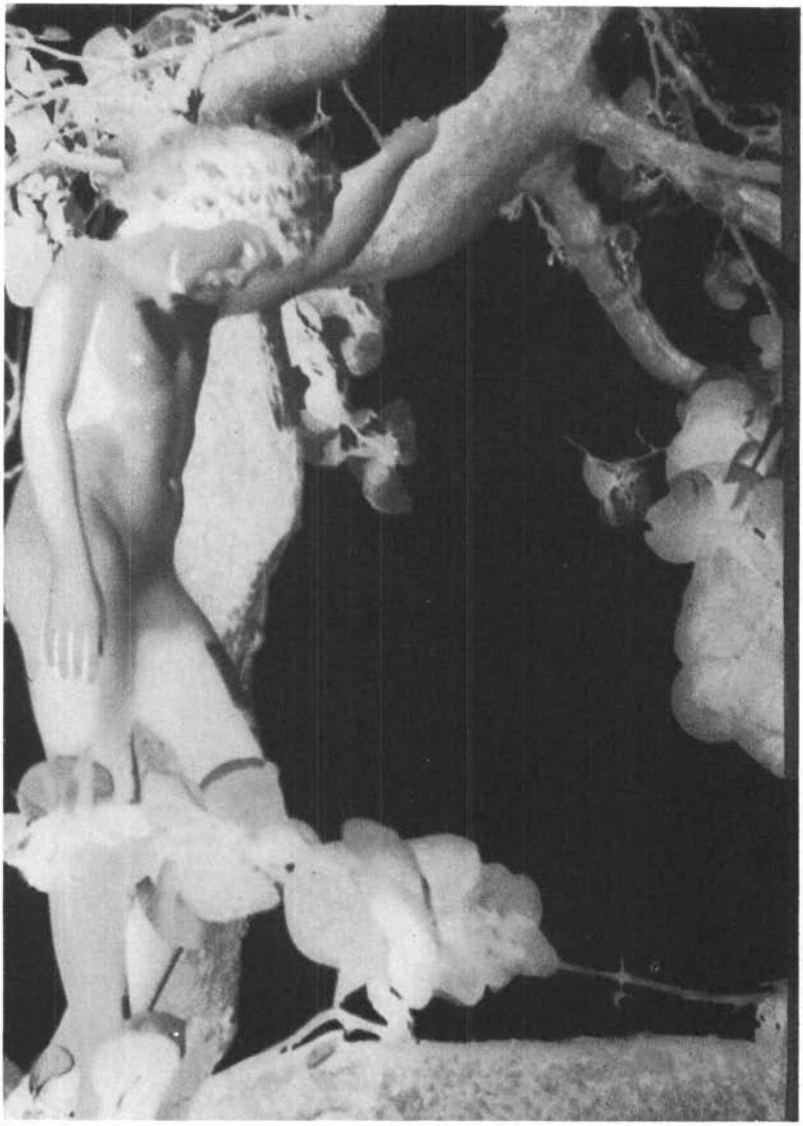

NELL DORR NEW YORK

THANATOPSIS

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

ATOMIC

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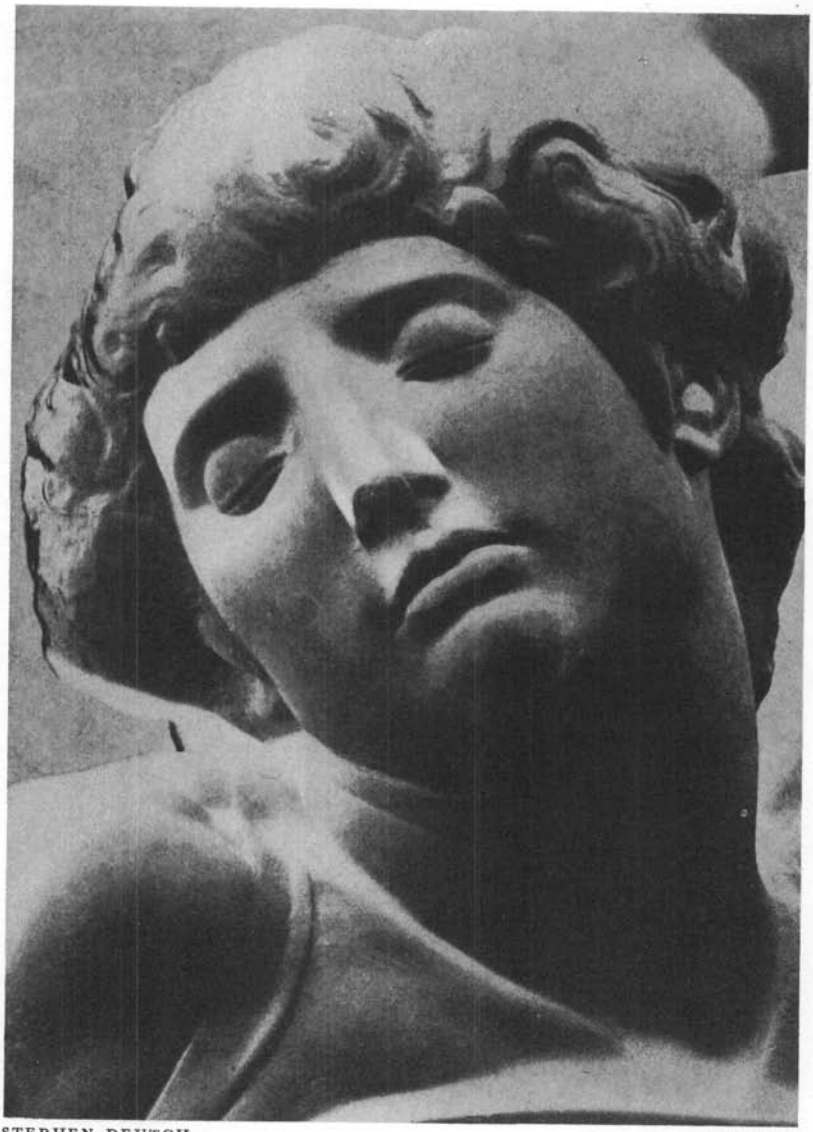

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

MORPHEUS

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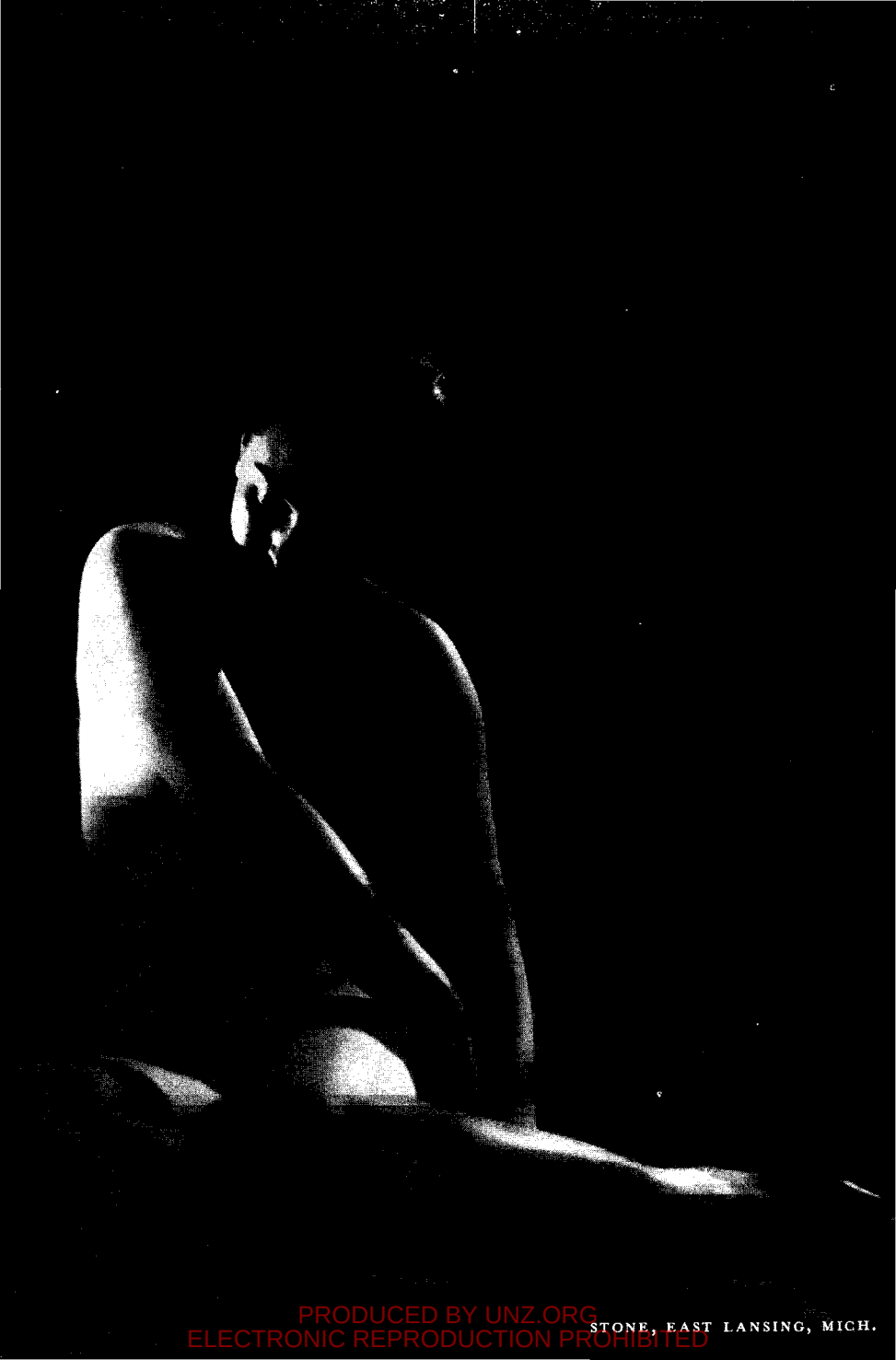

STONE, EAST LANSING, MICH.

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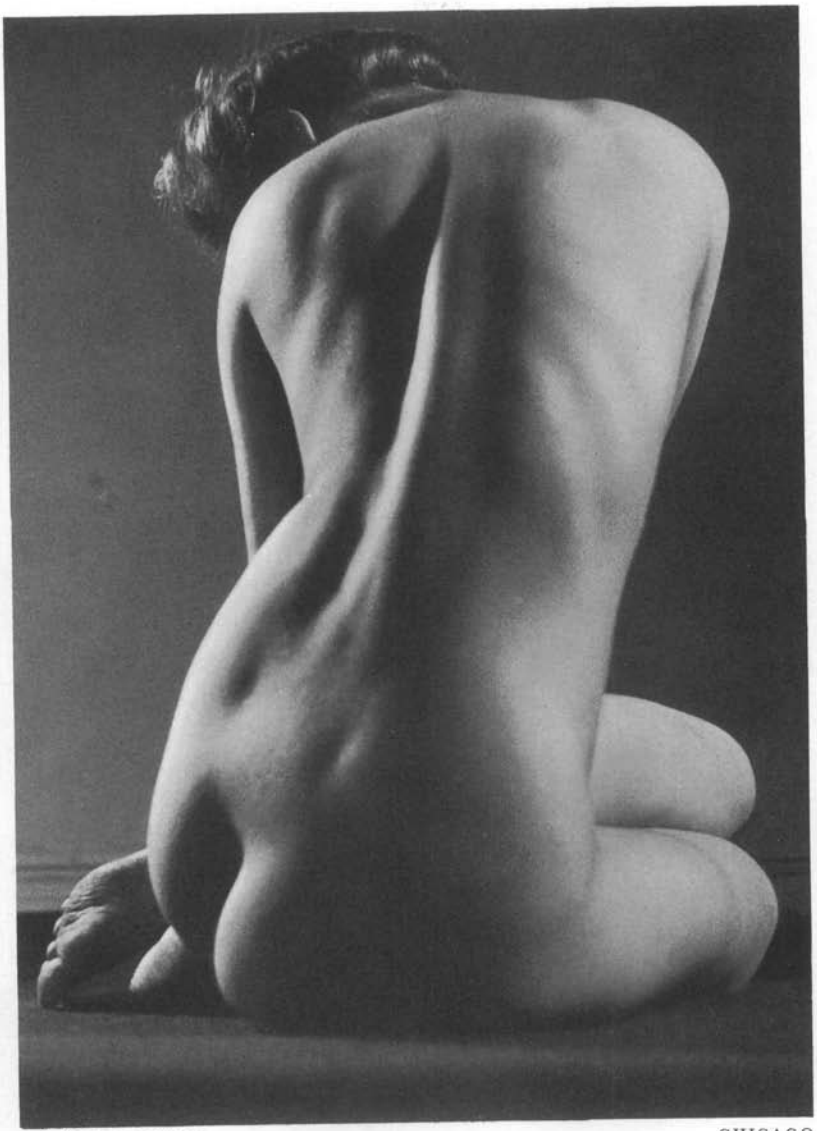

HÉLÈNE DEUTCH CHICAGO

NU DE DOS

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GAUTHEROT, PARIS

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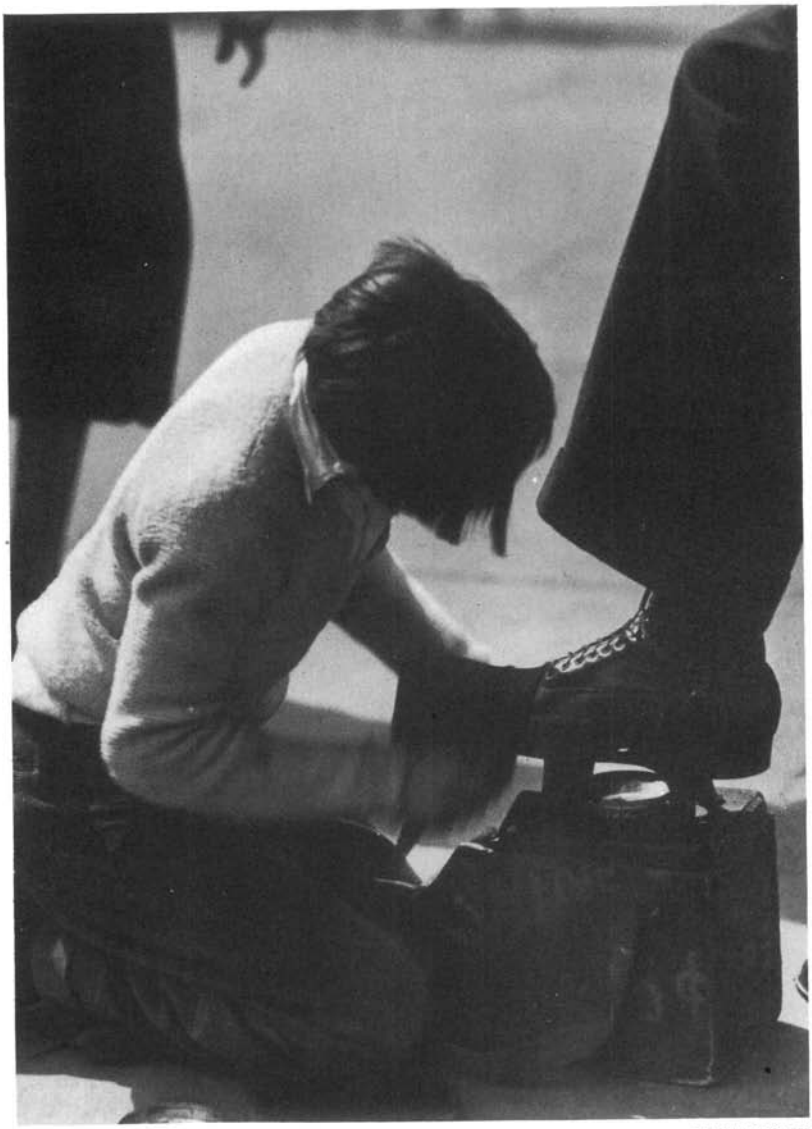

LESTER L. KRAUSS NEW YORK

SHOESHINE BOY

AUGUST, 1938

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BRASSAÏ

PARIS

HEROINE WORSHIP

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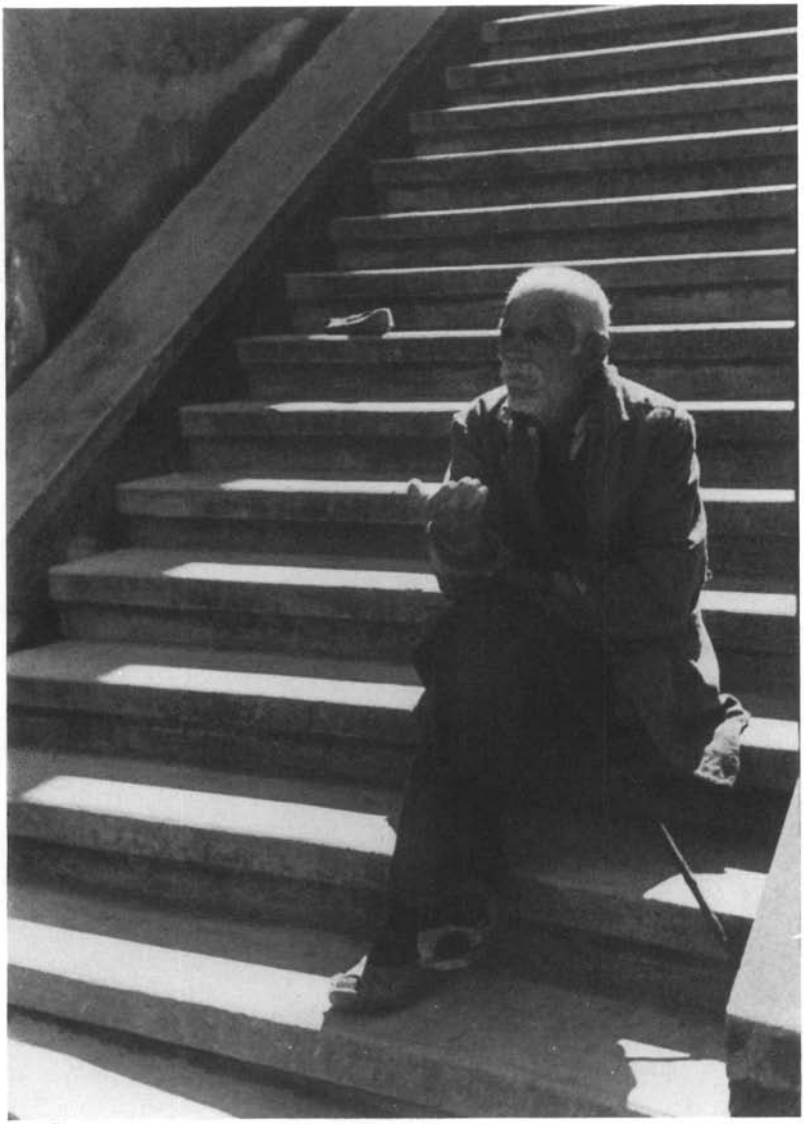

ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

ALWAYS WITH US

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

PATHFINDER

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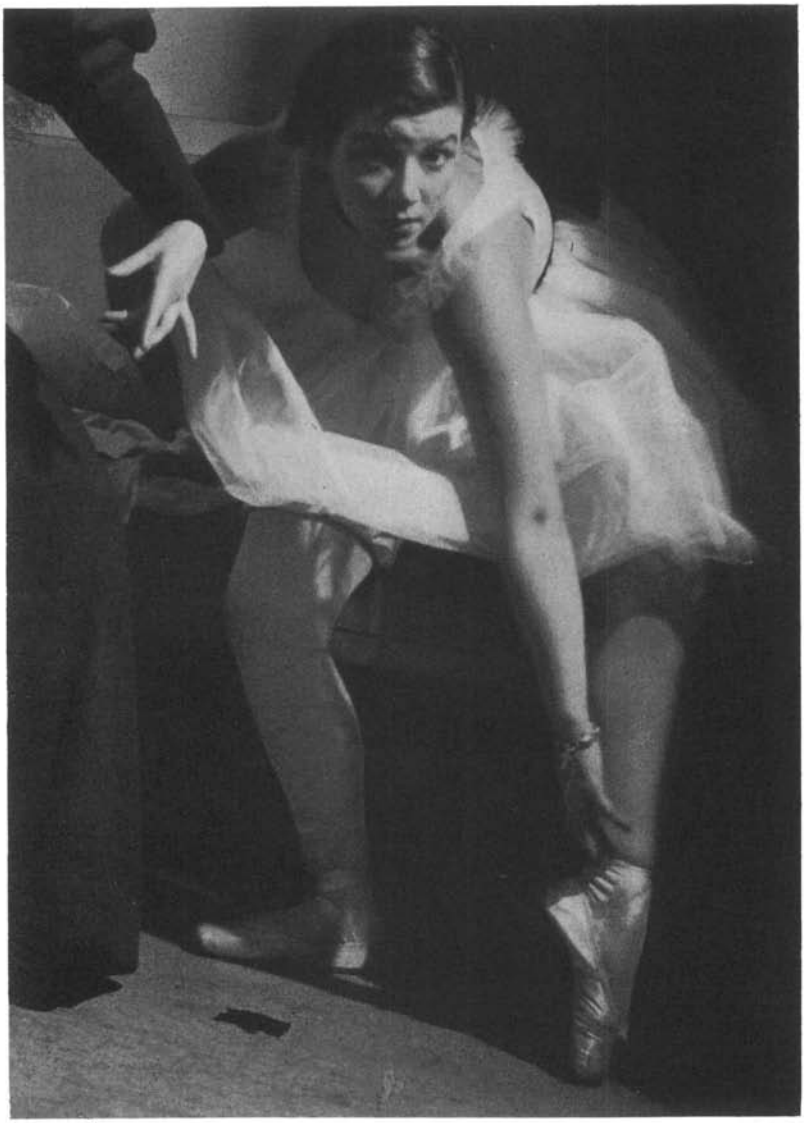

BRASSAÏ PARIS

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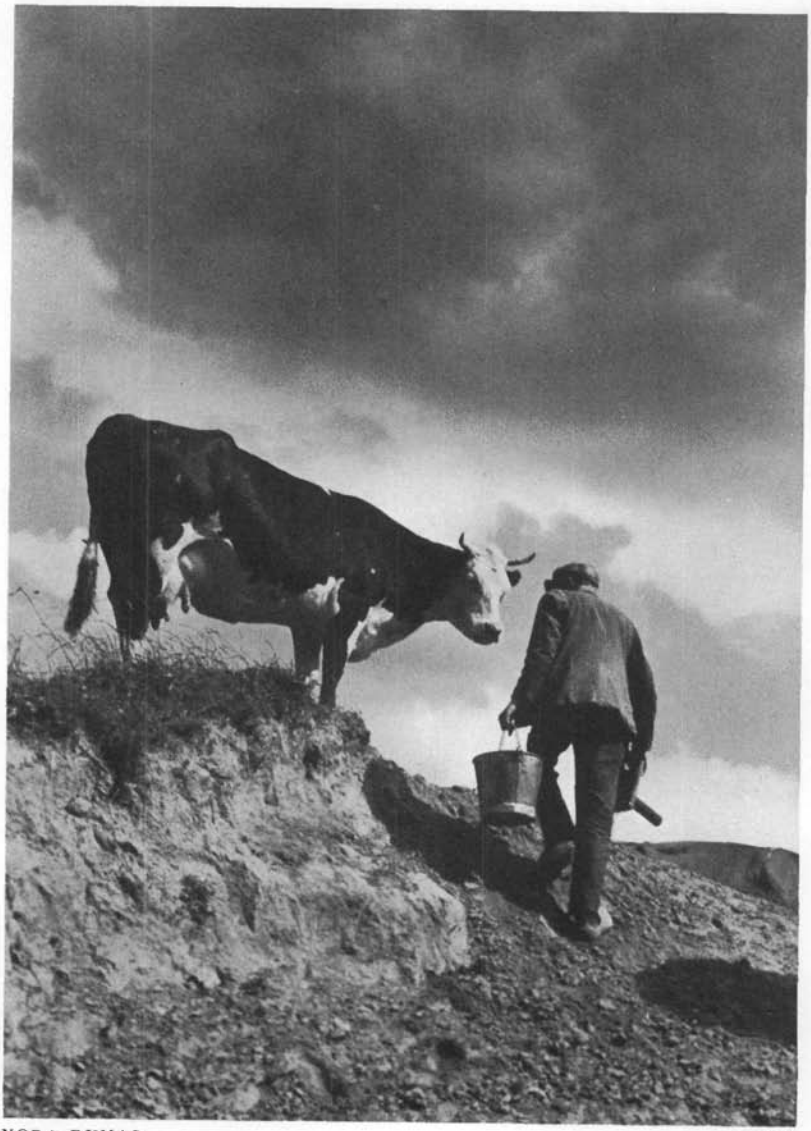

NORA DUMAS PARIS

RENDEZVOUS

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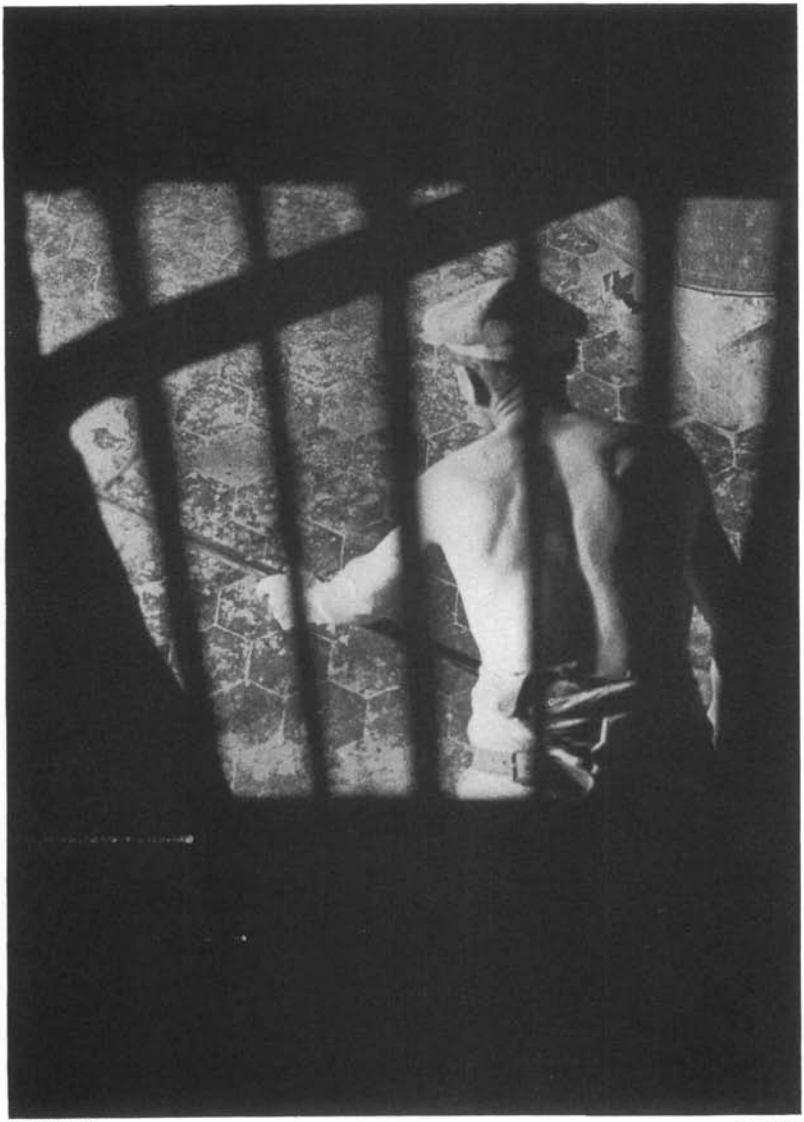

BRASSAÏ PARIS

PRISONER OF TOIL

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MARCEL GAUTHEROT PARIS

MEXICAN FLING

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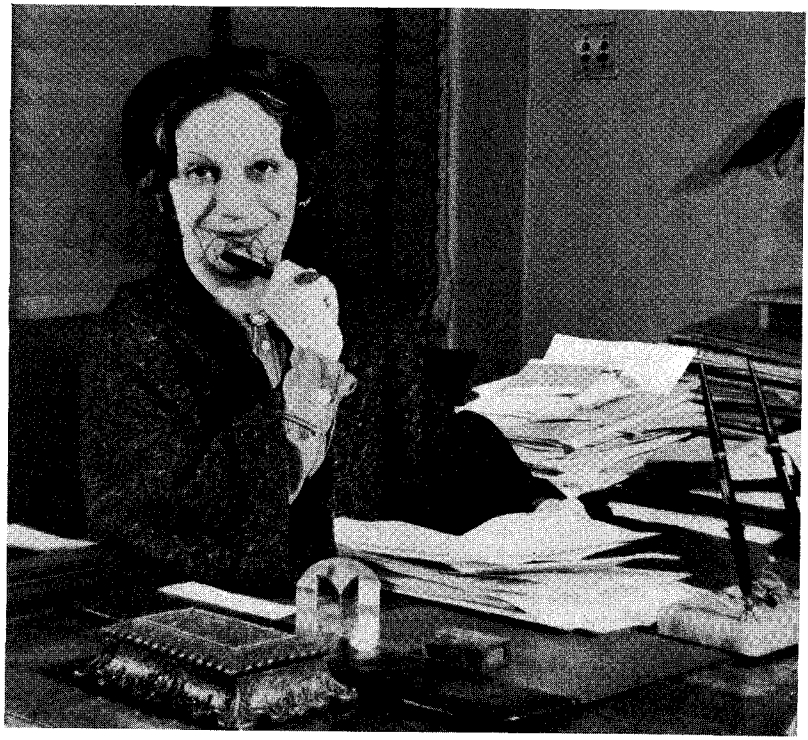

LOIRE BROPHY

WHO CREATES NEW JOBS FOR PEOPLE—AND GOT HER OWN THAT WAY

THE only woman employment councillor of her type—placing executives in upper-bracket positions—Loire Brophy specializes in jobs paying over $5,000 a year. She has placed 22,000 people in fifteen years. Her fee is five per cent of the first year's salary. She collected $1,250 in one swoop when she found a man a $25,000 position. By creating a new job, she once obtained for a man earning $30 a week a post paying $100. Mrs. Brophy selects her clients after reading an autobiography—usually sixty pages of it—and an interview. She looks particularly for self-assurance and poise, a point stressed in her new book, *Men Must Work*. Applications from unhappy Americans working abroad come from Berlin, Singapore, Holland, Calcutta. Born in Texas forty years ago, she started her career as a secretary.

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JOSEPH MITCHELL

TO WHOM PEOPLE ARE SO MANY TRANSPARENT FISH AT THE AQUARIUM

A FEATURE writer for the *New York World-Telegram*, Joseph Mitchell's life is one long interview with geniuses, phoneys and zanies. He pursues the colorful—a visiting fireman, or the strip-teaser who got religion. Having met the classic ear-benders of our time, Mitchell's new book, *My Ears Are Bent*, is aptly if breezily named. In it, Father Divine, Sally Rand, lady pugilist Jeanne Vina La Mar, and other shrinkers from the limelight are so vividly portrayed that you feel, almost frighteningly, as if you were shaking hands with them. "I have lost the ability to detect insanity," says Mitchell. He doesn't care to listen to society women, industrial leaders or distinguished authors. He thinks the most interesting humans, conversationally, are anthropologists, farmers, psychiatrists and prostitutes. A small town boy, just turned thirty, he insists the big city continues to dazzle him.

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LEWIS D. GILBERT

WHO IS THE NATION'S BOLDEST AND BUSIEST CORPORATION GADFLY

THE nation's Number One minority stockholder is a busy man. Lewis D. Gilbert owns an average of twenty-five shares in sixty U. S. corporations. He attends all stockholders' meetings to protect his minority rights and ask embarrassing questions. Gilbert began heckling corporations in 1933 when, out of curiosity, he attended a meeting of Consolidated Edison. He was dismayed at directors' steam-roller tactics and resolved on a career of corporate inquiry. Demanding examination of financial reports, paring of excessive executive salaries and voting by proportional representation, he claims credit for managerial improvement of, among others, American Telephone, in which he owns fourteen shares, Chemical Bank (13), RCA (10). This gives you an idea. He gets admiring letters from other minority stockholders. Single and thirty, Gilbert lives on a modest inheritance on New York's Park Avenue.

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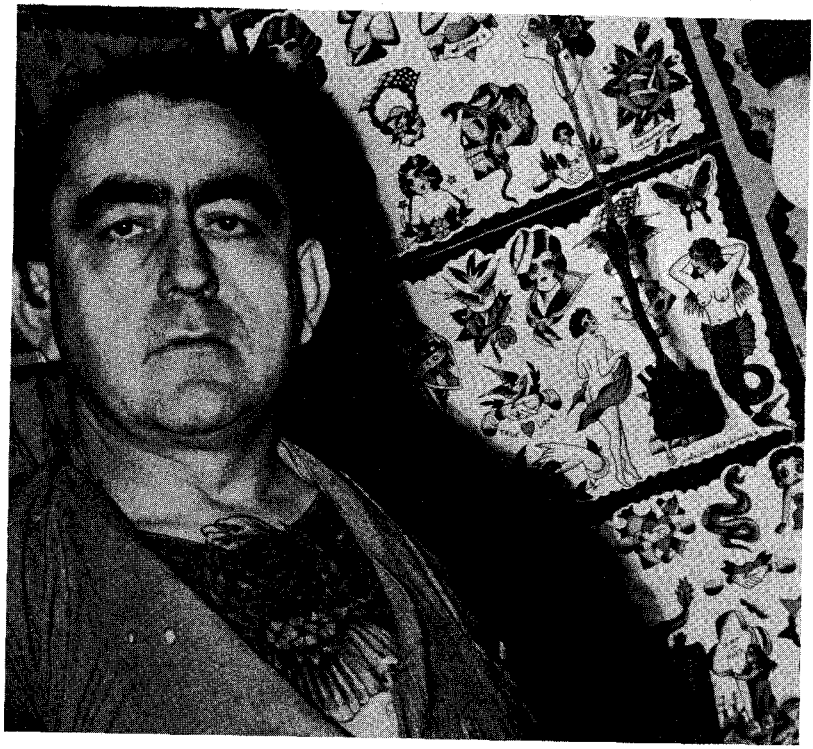

APACHE HARRY

WHO HAS REAPED SOCIAL SECURITY'S MOST GENEROUS DIVIDEND

APACHE Harry is enthusiastic about Social Security. Already it has netted him $2,000—for tattooing numbers on the backs of 8,000 people. Many of these new clients remain for more work, selecting from 5,000 designs. Harry has decorated 500,000 people in thirty years. He works with a sanitary electric needle capable of 7,000 strokes a minute, and almost painless. The average job takes two hours, pays around $4. Last year he got $75 for putting the "Rock of Ages" on a man's back. There is much tattooing in memory of the dead—usually initials in a bleeding heart. Sailors favor romantic studies, immigrants, the Statue of Liberty. The swastika and the Communist hammer and sickle are not rare. Harry's services are free to women, who usually want sweethearts' initials.

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LEAH LEVEY

WHO IS ON THE JOB WHEN BROADWAY SHOWS GO TO THE CLEANERS

Most theatrical wardrobes are cleaned weekly, and a large portion of this business falls to Leah Levey. At present her establishment is handling costumes for eight Broadway shows; ten years ago it was thirty-five. She picks up garments late Saturday night, returning them Monday morning. Finishing on time is difficult when an actress has sat on newly-varnished stage furniture or when coffee has been spilled on a gown, as was the case with Ina Claire. Mrs. Levey began cleaning theatre wardrobes fifteen years ago when her husband, from whom she is divorced, gave her the shop. She seldom sees plays, preferring movies. She thinks films don't present life accurately, though. "Why don't they have the stars spit once in a while?" she asks sadly. She admires Kay Francis—for her ladylike qualities!

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UBERT URQUHART

WHOSE CLIENTS' BOOKS CONTAIN MUCHART BUT VERY LITTLE MATTER

TRY to borrow an impressive volume from the top shelf of some friend's large library and you may have a vicarious encounter with Ubert Urquhart's business. He makes fake books—imitation volumes containing no reading matter. While it might take $10,000 worth of books to give a large house an air of rich erudition, Urquhart will simulate luxuriously bound books at $2.50 a foot. His clientele includes private individuals, hotels, department stores and theatrical productions. The Harvard Classics are most popular, mainly because its publishers co-operate for advertising purposes. People don't often stipulate authors or their works, being chiefly interested in the books' appearance. Urquhart (personally) is a lover of fine literature but shuts his eyes to that during working hours. A former piano salesman, now sixty-one, he is toying with the idea of a non-musical purely decorative piano.

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HELEN RESSLER

WHO LENDS A HELPING HAND, AT INTEREST, TO MANY SALES CAMPAIGNS

IF THE hands pictured look familiar, it is because they are the most photographed in the world. Helen Ressler's hands have been used to sell hand lotion, nail polish, jewelry and cigarettes. Sometimes they are superimposed on another model, more often they appear by themselves. Her face is never shown, though she has been posing nine years. Once a dog bit one hand severely, but fortunately she was not scarred. Miss Ressler's hand must be steady before the camera. She once held them motionless for 28½ minutes for a color shot. She came to New York from Cleveland ten years ago bent on becoming a fashion model, but agent John Powers persuaded her to capitalize on her hands exclusively. She does nothing to keep them in condition except to wear gloves when she goes outdoors and lotion them before retiring. When not earning her living, her hands usually are playing the piano.

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DR. LAURETTA KRESS

WHO HOLDS ONE OF MEDICINE'S AMAZING OBSTETRICAL RECORDS

WHEN life begins, fate gives the infant about a 20-to-1 chance to survive. The life of the mother is another matter. That depends mainly on medical skill. An obstetrician computes his record on the basis of mothers saved, not babies. Dr. Lauretta Kress, 75, of Takoma Park, Maryland, has delivered 4,149 babies in forty-three years and never lost a mother. Not until ten years after they wed did she and her husband, now a hospital director, decide to study medicine. They had two daughters, but they worked in rooming houses to earn their way, winning M.D.'s in 1894. One daughter is practising medicine. On the Kress' golden wedding anniversary, 602 children Mrs. Kress had delivered attended the party. Some brought their children, whom she had also spanked into breathing.

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COLL. PAUL ROSENBERG

FOUR PAINTINGS BY LÉGER

Born in France in 1881, Fernand Léger started out to be an architect but was soon imbued with the ideal of the abstract in art and, along with Picasso, became a pioneer in cubism. He has since kept his work on a high plane of abstraction. Seen above is his *Woman with a Cat.*

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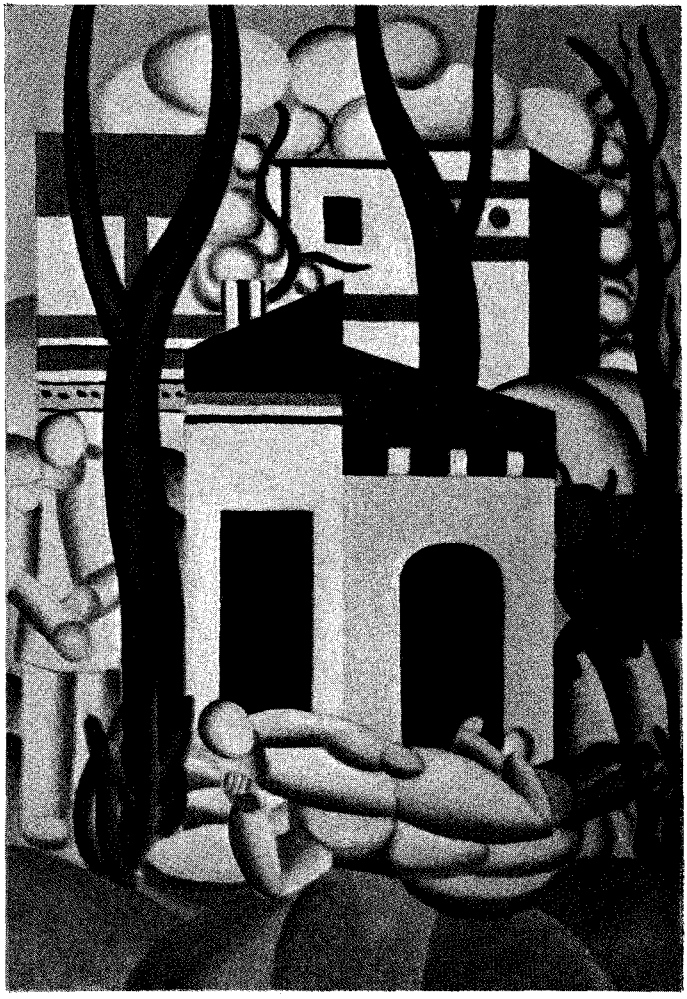

COLL. M. SZECSI

ANIMATED LANDSCAPE

Léger aims to convey impressions not by direct representation, as is obvious, but by the dynamic juxtaposition of solids and colors. It is a violent quest for expression, entailing the outright disassembly of the material world and its rearrangement into arbitrary forms.

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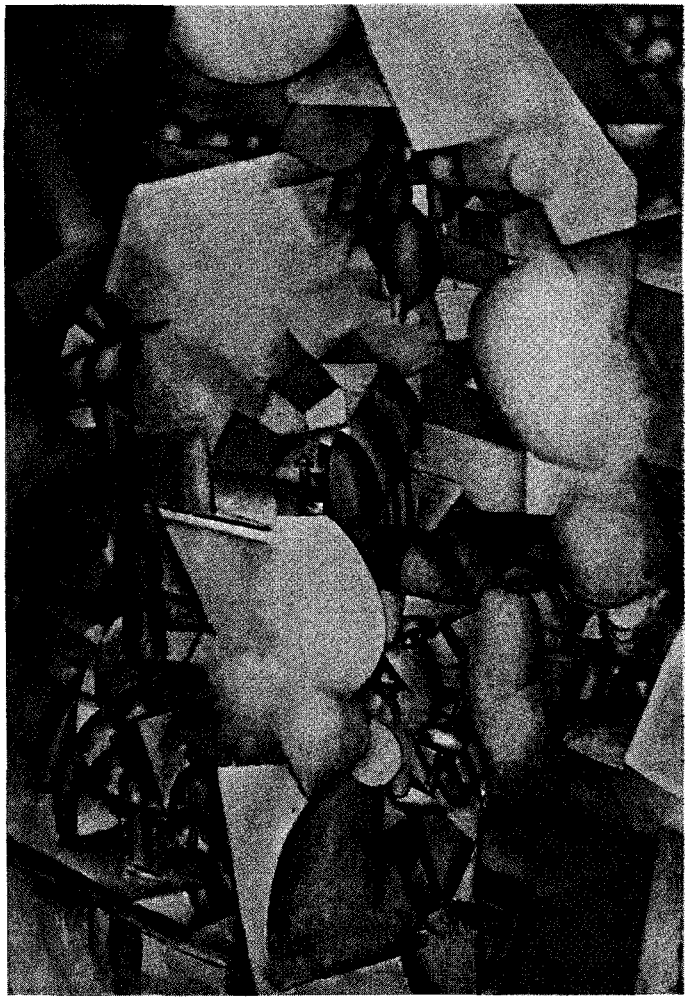

COLL. GEORGES BERNHEIM

THE SMOKERS

Cubism performed a genuine service in liberating art from its last shackles of imitative enslavement. But that battle won, non-sympathizers criticize Léger for persisting in what they term "artificial stylization," although even they admit that he still remains an artist.

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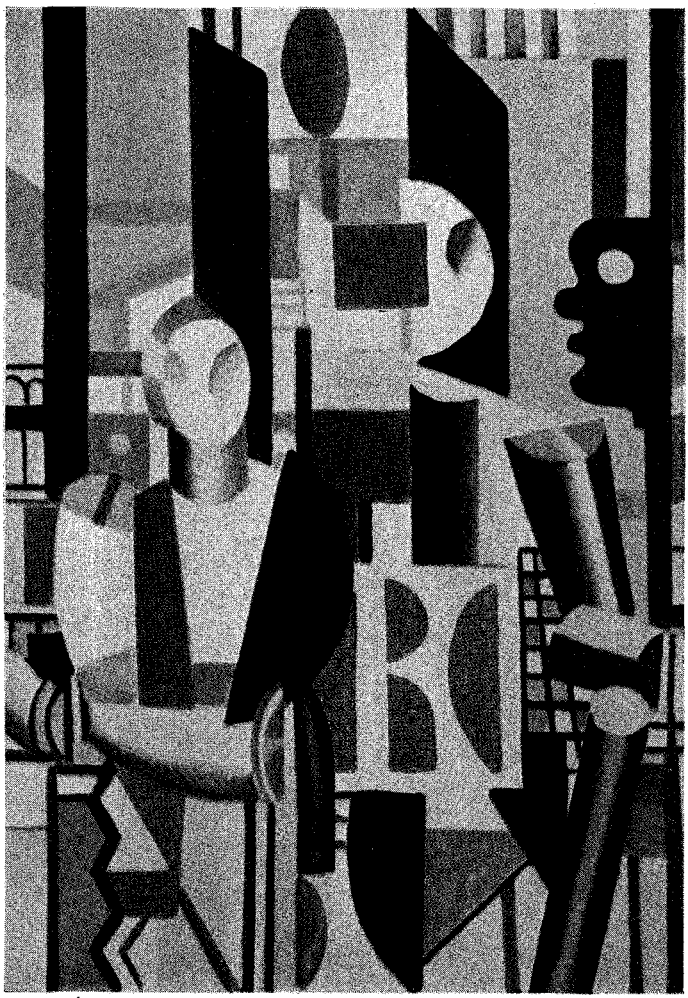

COLL. LÉONCE ROSENBERG

MEN IN THE CITY

Those who see no sense in Léger are balanced by those who see a great deal, and in point of fact he is an artist of unusual influence. Not only has his work affected painting in France and other European countries, but he has also influenced poster art and even typography.

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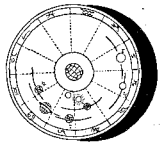
SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

A NOTE ON THE ZODIACAL BRONZES OF BOULDER DAM, BY THE SCULPTOR



FEW realize how delicate are the adjustments of the myriad forces combining themselves into the conditions which make life on earth possible. If the slightest variation should take place in the angle of the earth's rotation, a change in temperature would be the immediate result. It is calculated that, should the main yearly temperature on the earth be raised from between one to three degrees Fahrenheit, the polar ice caps and other sheet ice would melt. This would cause the ocean levels to rise and a redistribution of the gravitational stresses in the earth's crust would follow.

Those movements of the land-masses, which now proceed gradually through an earthquake or two a year, would increase into the birth-pains of newly made mountain ranges emerging from large sections of the earth's crust ablaze with molten volcanic fire. The axis of the earth would show a slight aberration from its present inclination similar to that shown by a spinning top as it seeks its equilibrium on a longer orbit. These variations would show themselves to an astronomer, if he lived a few thousand years, as a difference of a thousandth fraction of a second of an arc—and yet their cumulative effect on life on earth would be comparable to the changes which caused glaciations and destruction of the dinosaur and brontosaurus. If man, who has learned to encase the core of his being, the brain, in the thermos bottle of the cranium, could survive at all, he would find himself becoming a new physical and mental structure modified into a new fraction of the equation of life.

It was the realization that man had to perform a mental journey among the stars before he could go back and forth on the earth which caused me to embody the ancient symbols of the zodiac as part of the sculptured decoration for Boulder Dam. The first requisite of an engineer is the ability to locate himself. He finds his level in elevation on the crust of the earth. He locates himself in relation to the latitude and the rate of the earth's rotation. When he has done these things he can say, "I am here! I am standing on this particular spot in

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Aries, the Ram

Taurus, the Bull

Gemini, the Twins

space and time." Only then is he able to plan and produce an engineering structure such as Boulder Dam. This comprehension of location in space and time forms the fulcrum whereupon rests the mental lever enabling man to contend with natural forces. As this comprehension has increased, the mental fulcrum has become more neatly balanced. With Archimedes, he may with some justification pretend to say, "Give me a place to stand and I will move the earth."

★ ★ ★

Man's imagination caused him early to seek the counterpart of himself in the exterior world which he beheld. He saw the constellations apparently wheel about a fixed point in the sky. He gave them names which embodied the forms of animals, insects and mankind. He thought of them in terms of familiarity which was exceeded in naïveté only by the astounding present-day knowledge that it was essentially true. For what is man but a miniature rehearsal of the same law which operates with simplicity and directness throughout the universe and which knows no essential differences between the blazing super-suns and those *billions of suns* which Dr. Crile and others know to rotate within, and form the structure of, the human body?

It was significant that the invention of the telescope was at the same time also the invention of the microscope. Man thus increased his perception through a sort of mental

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slide rule of comparisons. He came to understand in a new way the saying of the mythological figure, Hermes Trismegistus: "As in the great, so in the small."

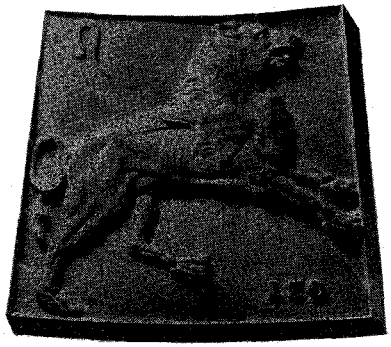
★ ★ ★

In the 5th century B. C. Herodotus, the Greek, visited the Egyptians. He was the first of the real historians because he scrupulously differentiated in his account as between the things which he, himself, had seen and the things which had come to him by hearsay through the mouths of others. Since he was a person of superior mind, he was shown great courtesies by the Egyptians and was initiated by the High Priest of Osiris ("he whose name was never mentioned") into the abstract sciences of that day.

The High Priest showed Herodotus the Hall of the Three Hundred and Forty-One Piromis. These great wooden sculptures each represented *a generation of Egypt* or *thirty-six mean solar years*. Herodotus saw the Three Hundred and Forty-One which the Egyptians had placed on the circle to represent time within the three hundred and sixty common divisions of an arc.

The Egyptians evidently calculated that when the missing Piromis should have assumed their places on the arc, the meridian of the vernal equinox should enter the constellation Pisces and the new year of the great Solar cycle would be at hand. The signs and constellations would coincide and a new beginning of the zodiac of the

Cancer, the Crab



Leo, the Lion

Virgo, the Virgin

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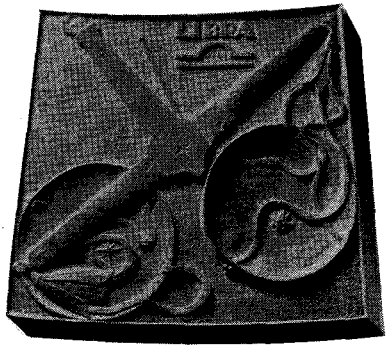
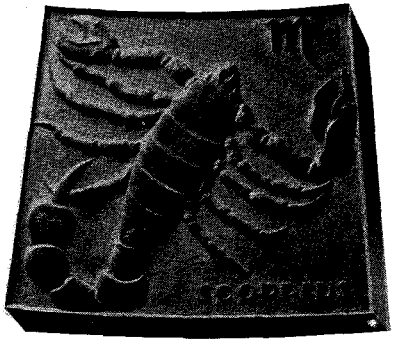


Libra, the Balance



Scorpius, the Scorpion

Sagittarius, the Archer

sun's orbit would follow. This event occurred in the year zero when the great circle of the precession closed once more in an approximate longitude 11′:00 West of Greenwich.

We do not know whether the Egyptians of Herodotus' day knew about the earth's rotation about the sun. We do know that they were aware of the precession of the earth's axis and had a fairly accurate measure for it. We do know that they were able to survey the foundation base for the Great Pyramid, covering thirteen and a half acres and located on sloping rock, to within a sixteenth of an inch on the square.

★ ★ ★

When I came to place a pavement on Boulder Dam as a part of the monument dedicating that structure, I thought of Herodotus and the Hall of the Piromi. The diagram we are placing carries the story a little further and as far as our vision goes out into space in our day. The signs of the zodiac which are made in bronze as a decoration there, have no particular scientific value. However, they represent the early dream of man concerning the world of which he was a part.

It was as much man's inherent feeling for the cosmic as it was his basic egoism that led him from the earliest days to identify the constellations of the zodiac with his own fate. It was well that he did so. There are enough chains to shackle us to the material, the matter-of-fact and the earth-bound. He who looks upward is the

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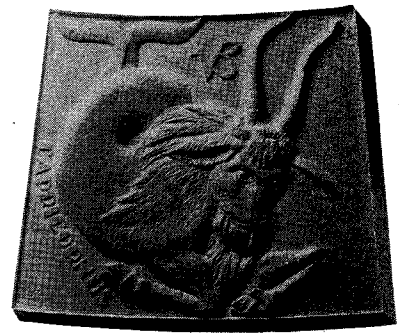
preserver of that aspect of humankind which is most worthy of preservation—the sense of aspiration.

Nor is it incompatible that these symbols are expressive of a groping desire to search out the future. It is denied that a man should possess foreknowledge of his fate, yet it is fortunate that he has that within which impels him to pierce the impenetrable veil. Unless we turn our thoughts to what lies ahead, we can accomplish nothing toward our tomorrows. And if the first thoughts partook of the nature of dreams, that at least was the initial projection of the finite mind which was to bear more edible fruit in subsequent generations.

Because they signify man's early effort to locate himself in space and time, the zodiacal bronzes of Boulder Dam are the project's spiritual antecedent. Through the millenniums, men have longed and inquired until they have come to know relative truth. Seldom has such knowledge been put to better use than in the making of that vast communal expression of contemporary social thought which is Boulder Dam. Under the zodiac of the Archer (Sagittarius), the American nation is again giving national expression to that social consciousness which was the keystone to the progressive civilization of the first millennia in Egypt. The Pharaoh Seti wrote a summary of his reign wherein he said: "In my reign no man, nor even his handmaiden, suffered lack of bread."

—Oskar J. W. Hansen



Capricornus, the Goat

Aquarius, the Water-Carrier

Pisces, the Fishes

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BLACK MAGIC

CHALLENGING OUR SCIENTIFIC MAGICIANS TO FIGURE OUT BEN ALI'S LITTLE TRICK

IT WAS the half-pay colonel at the old Victoria Hotel in Tangier who asked me if I'd care to toddle along with him to the market place to see an Arab magician do his stuff. My NO! was so emphatic that he looked a trifle surprised.

"This chappie is rather worth seeing," urged my British friend.

So I went to the ancient market place of Tangier, and there I saw Ben Ali. He looked like any native, except that he seemed a trifle dirtier. Possibly this was because he had never married. By custom, he was entitled to three baths: at birth, marriage and death. I have forgotten everything he did but one trick; and that has plagued me for years.

I carried a slender malacca cane that I had owned for years, and still own; and I wore the signet ring I am wearing at this moment. In the course of his demonstration, Ben Ali came to where I stood and indicated that I was to remove my ring and slip it onto the walking stick, which I was then to grasp in both hands, so that the ring could not be removed without my being aware of it. Ben Ali did not touch ring or cane; but he threw over it a dirty red cloth embroidered with Arabic symbols, and many dubious spots and stains. For a brief time, eyes closed, he remained sunk in meditation. Suddenly he opened his eyes, lifted the red cloth and—my ring had disappeared! I would have sworn that not for an instant had my tense grip relaxed, nor had I felt anything. After enjoying my bewilderment for a moment, Ben Ali produced the ring from a fold in his burnoose.

Twice he repeated the trick, for a few copper coins. Each time, despite my clutching hands and watchful eyes, my ring vanished. I am not a believer in magic, witchcraft, voodoo, or hocus-pocus of any sort. But this trick, worked by an obscure Arab, still bothers me. Mass hypnotism? Today the best authorities deny it exists.

If some of our own scientific prestidigitators can offer a reasonable explanation, I'd love to hear it. The gaping crowd of Moors, Negroes, Riffs, and half-breeds looking on, had no trouble at all explaining it.

It was *black magic*.—JOHN D. SWAIN

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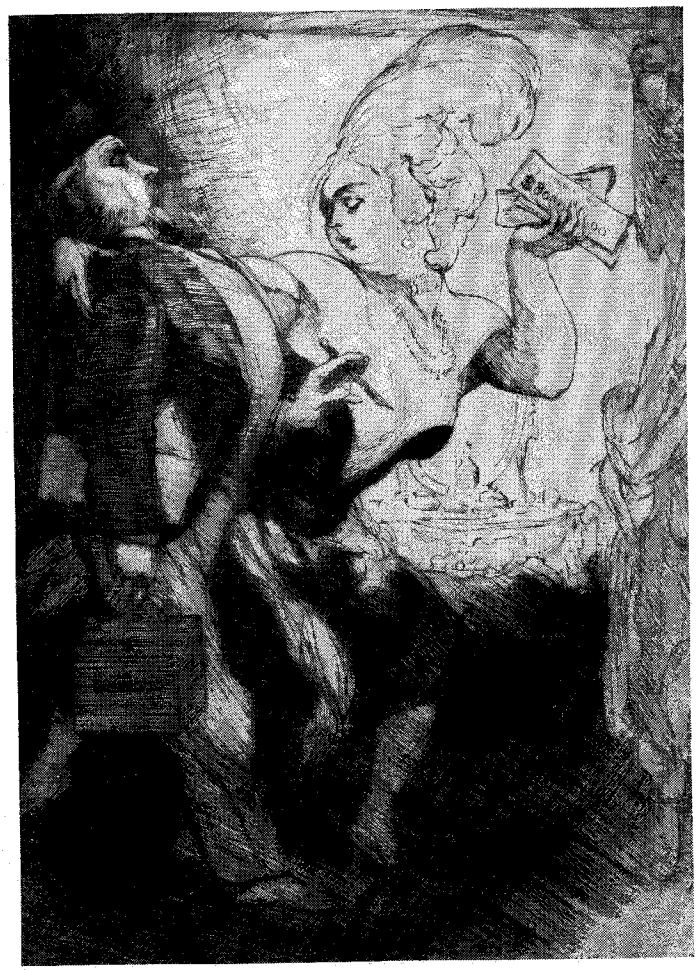

FERARGIL GALLERIES, NEW YORK — ETCHING BY WILL DYSON

THE HIGHER LITERATI

"But understand, Miss Hollywood, only with reluctance, with marked reluctance . . ."

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Voice from the woodshed Perhaps we are reading too much between the lines, but most of the criticism that Coronet receives seems to be tempered with overtones of "this hurts me more than it does you." Obviously enough, there are no chips on Coronet's shoulder, nor does its chin stick out to an especially inviting degree. Yet you would think that when a reader feels he's got us dead to rights, human nature being what it is, he would let us have it with both barrels.

Usually he doesn't, though. There was the Case of the Thoughtlessly Titled Photograph. It was a farm scene, everything serene and peaceful, a cart standing idly by the barn—all topped off by a crepuscular atmosphere of pervading somnolence. The caption for this little gem was "When Day Is Done." That was evidently just dandy with everybody except one stubborn hypercritic, presumably a retired sun dial manufacturer. He wrote in to point out that the shadows in the photograph fell directly under the objects casting them and therefore the picture must have been taken sometime around noon when, as any energetic person must admit, day is certainly far from being done.

Now that was a smart bit of deduction. You'd imagine he'd crow his head off about it. But the sun dial manufacturer was made of tenderer stuff. He was human—he couldn't refrain from making his point. But he softened the blow as much as possible.

All he got for his pains was the flip rejoinder that on that particular farm the workers knocked off at twelve and therefore the day was done at noon. But that only proves the editorial staff is ungrateful. It doesn't disprove that the readers are unusually forbearing.

In most instances, of course, the criticisms are much more basic than that, involving questions of general practices and policies. This century not being an age of miracles, not all readers are happy about everything we put into the magazine, nor do all of them see eye to eye with us on what we leave out. That's understandable, but what isn't so clear is that these differences of opinion should be expressed so much more in sorrow than in anger. The critical letter that doesn't conclude with a smile of reassurance and a sympathetic pat on the back is a rare one. It's getting so the editors read the "P. S." first now.

Perhaps Coronet's big brown eyes are so trusting and confiding that even a prosecuting attorney can't bear to say anything harsh. Perhaps it's simply that Coronet readers are a nicer class of people. In either event, or in both, despite what we told the sun dial manufacturer, we're completely appreciative. You can't avoid catching your share of punches in this world, but it's quite a break when the punches are pulled.

★ ★ ★

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CORONET

for

AUGUST

1938

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ARNOLD GINGRICH
EDITOR

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